A LOYAL LIFE

J. HAVENS RICHARDS S.J.

LOS ANGELES COLLEGE

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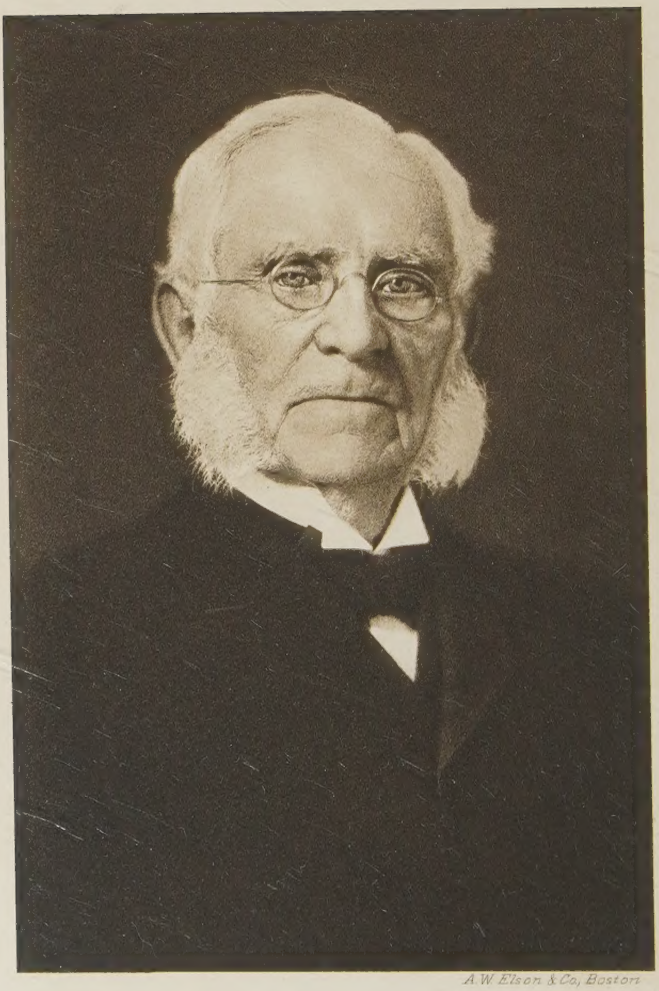


A.W. Elson & Co, Boston

Henry L. Richards

A LOYAL LIFE

A BIOGRAPHY OF

HENRY LIVINGSTON RICHARDS

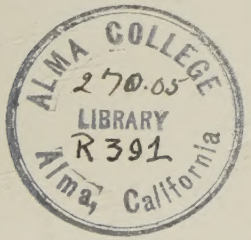
WITH

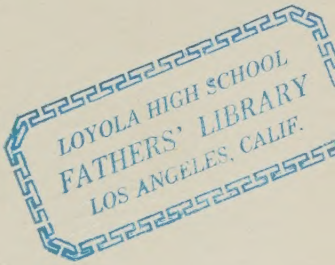
SELECTIONS FROM HIS LETTERS
AND
A SKETCH OF THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT
IN AMERICA

BY

JOSEPH HAVENS RICHARDS

Priest of the Society of Jesus





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INTRODUCTION

The subject of the following biography was not a man of world-wide, nor even, in any complete sense, of national reputation. The history of his life is, therefore, not put forth in response to any imperious demand or general desire on the part of the public.

Nevertheless, it is hoped that such a work will not be without a certain measure of interest to more than one class of readers in the United States, and possibly beyond the limits of our country. Mr. Richards filled a place in the public eye at a critical period in the religious history of America. He was a factor, even if not one of the most important, in that great movement of return to the Catholic Church, which formed so notable a feature of the nineteenth century.

While this current attained its greatest volume in England under the guidance of John Henry Newman and his associates, it did not fail to make its presence felt simultaneously in many parts of the world. Wherever the English language was read and spoken, the printed utterances of the Oxford Tractarians could

not fail to arouse intense interest and vehement discussion. In the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, every step of the Catholicizing party in England was followed closely by disciples as ardent as any to be found in the ancient university of the Mother Country.

Moreover the movement in America was not merely an imitation and a following in the footsteps of foreign guides. It had features of its own; and its leaders worked out their own salvation in ways, which, though in many cases similar to the methods of thought and argument employed by their brethren in England, were yet often strongly marked with their own individual and national characteristics. Their paths, though in the main parallel and leading to the same goal, were by no means identical, nor even in all cases similar. Hence a close study of the soul-history of a single one of the protagonists in this great religious struggle can scarcely fail to arouse interest and furnish instruction.

Moreover, the scene of Mr. Richards' career prior to his conversion lay in a region of peculiar interest. Ohio was then still the West. It had been in his youth the Far West. All the energy and rude vigor characteristic of the region and the time were fully shared by the Protestant Episcopal body, tempered in the latter by traditional refinement and the educa-

tion received by its Divines in the East or abroad. Of the early Catholic movement in this environment no adequate account, so far as the writer knows, has hitherto been given. The Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, late Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Albany, published in 1895 a most important and admirable history of the "Oxford Movement in America"; but as indicated in the sub-title, "Glimpses of Life in An Anglican Seminary," the scope of the work is to some extent restricted, and it deals almost exclusively with New York and the Eastern States. In the same year was printed under the title "The Road to Rome, and How Two Brothers Got There," the substance of two lectures delivered by Mr. William Richards of Washington, D. C., the younger brother of the subject of this memoir. This document is also extremely valuable, especially as illustrating the divergency of the various paths leading dissimilar minds to the unchangeable Unity and Truth of the Catholic Church. But it is necessarily brief and is even more strictly personal in its reminiscences than Father Walworth's book.

After Mr. Henry L. Richards' conversion and removal to the East, his earnest activity in all Church affairs brought him into frequent contact with the leaders of religious thought and work. While his extraordinary humility

and spirit of lowly self-depreciation impelled him always to keep in the background and to consider himself unable and unworthy to assume any leading part, yet this inclination was frequently counteracted to some extent by his natural ardor of character, his burning zeal, and his love of God and the Church, for all of which he was no less remarkable than for his humility. A very large proportion of the converts from Protestantism were reckoned among his personal friends, some were brought into the Church by his efforts, many more were at least cheered and encouraged in their trials by his warm friendship or sympathetic letters. All this makes his life, during the exceptionally long period over which it extended, a compendium, so to speak, of Catholic Church history in the United States.

Finally, it is an added element of interest, impelling to the publication of this biography, that Mr. Richards, always remaining, by the necessity of his position, a layman, gave from the time of his conversion a notable example of enthusiastic fulfilment of the duties of an educated layman in the Church, not only by his intense personal piety and devotion, but also in active labors for the good of souls and the extension of the true religion. In the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and in every form of organized charity, in the teaching and superin-

tending of Sunday schools, in public lectures and in regular editorial contributions to the Catholic press, his zeal was actively employed.

More remarkable than all these perhaps was his personal influence in private life, both by word and example, which, joined to his indefatigable zeal, enabled him to dissipate many prejudices and attract earnest souls like himself from darkness to the light of the true Faith. Such laymen are as important to the Church in modern times (perhaps at all times) as good priests.

A word remains to be said as to the materials drawn upon in preparing this life. The most important document is a manuscript autobiographical sketch. This was begun by Mr. Richards in 1874 in consequence of the repeated and urgent solicitations of the present writer, seconded by other members of the family. It is of a very intimate personal character, intended chiefly to give to his children the interior history of his conversion and to illustrate the goodness of God to one who, in his lowliness of self-appreciation, considered himself one of the greatest of sinners. To print in full for public perusal a paper of this kind would be manifestly a proceeding of at least doubtful propriety. It has been judged best to make numerous extracts from this document and to incorporate the substance of the remainder in

the text. Unfortunately, this paper does not bring the narrative beyond the year mentioned as the date of its inception.

Mr. Richards left a considerable number of private papers, including the manuscripts of most of his lectures and lists of the very numerous articles contributed by him to the *Sacred Heart Review* of Cambridge and the *Catholic Review* of New York; together with a few letters, particularly those received by him at the period of his conversion. Of letters written by Mr. Richards to others, a vast number are extant, as it was the habit of many of his correspondents to preserve carefully, even reverentially, everything received from him. Only a very limited use of this mass of material has been feasible in the present work, without swelling the dimensions of the latter beyond due bounds.

A list of the most important works consulted will be found on a preceding page. Perhaps the most valuable source of all has been the recollections of the members of his family and his intimate friends and disciples. The great age at which he died has left him without the testimony of contemporaries of his youth and middle age, almost all of whom he outlived. But enough remains to give a vivid impression of his natural character, wholesome, cheery, zealous and thoroughly loyal to man, to con-

science and to God, and of the exalted supernatural virtues by which that character was gradually chastened, elevated and spiritualized, until his very aspect became to those who knew him an attraction to the higher life, and his every word and action a commentary on the beauty of virtue.

The writer desires to express his cordial thanks to the Rev. William Foster Pierce, L.H.D., President of Kenyon College, for researches made by his direction in the archives of the College, and to the Rev. John Hewitt, present Rector of St. Paul's Church, Columbus, Ohio, for similar services most kindly rendered. He is also indebted to the Very Rev. C. Lecoq, S.S., D.D., President of St. Mary's Seminary of Montreal, to the Rev. Benedict Guldner, S.J., Mrs. A. Newton Whiting of Columbus, Ohio, Mr. D. J. Scannell O'Neil and many other friends for information, loan of letters and assistance of various kinds.

A LOYAL LIFE

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD

1814—1829

Henry Livingston Richards was born on the twenty-second day of July, 1814, in the little village of Granville, Licking County, Ohio. He was the oldest of four children, two boys and two girls, born to his father, Dr. William Samuel Richards, from his first marriage, all of whom lived to maturity and married. A second marriage increased the family by three boys, of whom one died in childhood. The only one of all these who followed Henry into the Church was his brother William, who came into the world some five years later than the first-born.

Dr. Richards was sprung from the early Pilgrim and Puritan stock of Massachusetts. The names appears frequently in the earliest records of both the Plymouth and the Massachusetts Bay colonies. No less than twelve men bearing the name of Richards came from

England, mostly, it would seem, from Dorsetshire, in the first days of New England colonization, and settled in various places, giving rise to as many different branches of the family. There seems to have been a strong religious tendency in the family character, for among those who inherited it are found many ministers.

The first American progenitor of the subject of this work was John Richards of Eele River in Plymouth, Massachusetts. He is first mentioned on July 12th, 1637, in the records of the General Court of Plymouth, which put him under bonds to keep the peace, especially with regard to one Mark Mendall. In spite of this somewhat questionable introduction to the light of history, John Richards seems to have been a very respectable citizen. Removing about 1658 to New London, Connecticut, he built a house at the corner of State and Huntington Streets which remained the seat of the family for more than a century, and became quite a center of what social life existed in the austere colonial town. But all the consideration he enjoyed could not shield his family from the Blue Laws, for in 1693 his second son, Israel, was sentenced to pay a fine of ten shillings, and to stand in the stock for two hours, as a penalty for walking abroad and otherwise misbehaving himself on the Sabbath evening. His oldest

son, also named John, figures in the military history of New London. He was a lieutenant in the local forces, and in 1711, when the town was menaced by French privateers, he commanded the troops who kept watch of the coast and harbor.

But the chief glory of the family from a military point of view was Colonel William Richards, of the fourth generation, our Henry's grandfather. As Captain in the Revolutionary forces, he fought with distinction at Bunker Hill, and later, during the British occupation of Long Island, New York, he headed a forlorn hope at night, and made a desperate attack on an entrenched body of the British, in which daring enterprise he was completely successful. He was made Colonel, and after the close of the war, High Sheriff of New London, which post he held for twenty-five years, dying in 1825. His sword remains as an heirloom in the family, and during the Civil War was in the possession of Captain William Richards Hillyer of the Union Army.

In Mr. Richards' manuscript notes of his life prepared for his children, he discourses at some length of his Puritan ancestors, for whom his respect had not been diminished, but if anything increased, by his secession from their faith to one higher and more ancient. He says: "I remember the time when I attached

not the slightest consequence to the matter of lineage and family pedigree. As I have grown older, I have changed in that respect. . . . That there were some things in our good old Puritan ancestors that we have no reason to be proud of, I readily admit. I have even seen the time, when I looked at things through Protestant Episcopal spectacles, when I affected to despise the Puritans. The Catholic standpoint, being the very center of all truth, enables me to judge my Puritan ancestors more justly, and to give them credit for great virtues, which they undoubtedly inherited from their Catholic ancestors, or rather perhaps derived from the remains of Catholic principles and Catholic traditions which they had preserved, notwithstanding their apostasy from the old Faith. Their honesty and truthfulness, their directness and manly independence are worthy of imitation by all. What the descendants of the Puritans want in these days is the Old Faith. Grafted again into the original vine of Christ's Church, with all its aids and graces, its authority, its fixedness of faith, its beautiful models of sanctity and wonderful incentives to virtue, I really think they would make a nation of saints."

Of the seven children of the Revolutionary hero, the oldest, William Samuel, was brought up as a boy on his father's farm. His early

education was, no doubt, received at the New London Latin School, of which his grandfather, John, had been one of the earliest trustees. He afterward studied medicine, and, having arrived at the age of twenty-four years, and being qualified to practice, he set his face toward the great West to begin his professional career amid new surroundings. It may be well here to endeavor to gain some idea of these surroundings and of the state of that new yet not altogether crude society of which he and his future family were to form a part.

At that period, when Europe was busy, with allied armies and combined statecraft, in repressing the schemes of the still formidable Napoleon to resuscitate his empire, a vaster and richer empire was peacefully but rapidly growing up on the western continent. The American Colonies, having succeeded in shaking off the yoke of Great Britain, and establishing a Republic of Confederated States, offering freedom and land to all comers, had begun to attract that unexampled tide of immigration which later became one of the wonders of history, and which continues, in undiminished volume but with varying components, in our own day.

While much of this inflowing current remained stagnated in the cities and towns of the eastern seaboard, much also found its way,

either immediately or by degrees, to the forests and plains of the still undeveloped West.

Another feature of this western colonizing movement, more important, perhaps, than even the foreign immigration, was found in the restless energy and ambition of the descendants of the eastern settlers, notably in New England. The same spirit of sturdy independence that brought the Pilgrims and Puritans to the New World urged their sons to penetrate still further into its wilds and fastnesses. They were no passive, stay-at-home race. Moreover, to the rural population, conditions of soil and climate in New England made of life a hard and wearisome struggle. To their ears the stories brought by explorers and returning settlers of level and fertile lands, free from rocks, stones and gravel, of mild winters and fruitful harvests, all to be had almost without money and without price, must have sounded like the Biblical account with which they were so familiar, of a promised land flowing with milk and honey. Hence, for some years before the time of which we write, a great stream of immigration of native American pioneers had been flowing steadily into the western and northwestern territories adjacent to the more thickly settled regions of the original colonies. They pushed back the Indian tribes to new seats, at times ruthlessly exterminating the bands

that opposed their progress; they felled the forests, cleared the land, opened up roads, and founded villages which in many cases grew with amazing rapidity into towns and cities.

As early as the year 1788, the columns of organized emigration had crossed the Ohio River. In that year was made, at Marietta, on the northerly bank of the great waterway where it is joined by the Muskingum, the first permanent settlement in what is now the State of Ohio. Then it was a part of the great Northwestern Territory, constituted by Congress only a year before by the famous ordinance in which slavery was forever excluded from the region. This settlement was carried out by the Ohio Land Company, an association formed in Boston, which had purchased a million and a half of acres on the Ohio and in the Muskingum valley, between the last named stream and the Scioto. To the influence of this great company is generally attributed, in great part, the drafting and enactment of the Congressional ordinance. But the colonization was greatly retarded by frequently recurring strifes with the Indian tribes, provoked most commonly, no doubt, by the rapacity and excesses of the white settlers themselves, until, in 1794, the complete victory of General Wayne, "Mad Anthony," over the confederated tribes at Maumee Rapids broke the spirit of the red-

men, and resulted in the treaty of Greenville. By this convention the Indians were limited to a reservation lying to the northward of the Greenville Treaty Line, which, extending from east to west, divided the state into two unequal portions. To the southern and larger division, immigration then poured in unchecked. One great stream crossed the Ohio near Wheeling, and thence rolled westward, meeting the Ohio Company's settlements, which were rapidly extending northward and westward from Marietta among the hills and valleys of the Muskingum, and coalescing with other similar currents from the south and southwest.

One quite typical instance of the hardy energy of New England agricultural settlers of the period was the settlement of the little village of Granville, Ohio. It lies near the center of the state, twenty-eight miles E. N. E. of Columbus and some few miles west of Newark, the county seat of Licking County. Up to the year 1805, it was an unbroken forest, traversed by wandering bands of Indians and by the bears, wolves and deer which together with smaller game roamed its thickets and glades in abundance, and haunted by numberless flocks of wild turkeys. Even at the time of Mr. Richards' birth, nine years later, it was a backwoods settlement of rude surroundings and primitive conditions, yet with smiling

farms that attested as well the remarkable fertility of the soil as the thrift of its inhabitants. The first settlement was effected by a company of emigrants from Granville, Massachusetts, and the adjoining township of Granby in Connecticut.

Some details of the history of this settlement may be of interest here, not only as illustrating the influences surrounding Mr. Richards' early years, but as affording a vivid picture of events and conditions that were repeated many times and in numberless places, with some variation of circumstances, during that formative period.

The motives of the emigration, so far as any are needed beyond the spirit of enterprise and restless vigor native to the New England character, may be summed up in the desire for more fertile land and a milder climate. The former is illustrated by a story told of Alfred Avery, one of the original settlers, afterward connected by marriage with the family of Mr. Richards. "When he was a mere child (in Massachusetts)," we are told in the History of Granville by the Rev. Henry Bushnell, "his father went out to plant corn, and (Alfred) himself, ambitious to help, took his hoe and went out also, tugging and sweating to do what a little boy could. At length his father noticed that Alfred was crying, and asked him what was

the matter. The child's reply was a turning point in the history of the family: 'I can't get dirt enough to cover the corn.' Then the father thought it was time to go where the world had more dirt. Soon afterward he became a member of the Licking Company."

Another source of the migratory spirit which seems not to have attracted so much attention as it would deserve, is that New England families at that period were uniformly large, and continued so to a comparatively recent period. Genealogical tables reveal the fact that the number of children varied from five or six to twelve, thirteen and even higher figures, and this numerous offspring had to be provided for.

A company was organized among the farmers with regular articles of incorporation, known, after some changes of name, as the Licking Land Company, and Levi Buttles was made President. This organization suffered at first to some extent from the perfidy of land speculators, who abounded at the period; but finally it secured some twenty-nine thousand acres of excellent land at the average price of one dollar and sixty-seven cents an acre. The number of families taking part in the actual colonization was about one hundred. They set out in successive parties, during the autumn of 1805, and traveled the seven hundred miles,

in great part through a wild country, in wagons drawn by oxen.

A feature of the emigration which is well worth noting is the strong devotion shown by the colonists to the allied interests of religion and education. Most of the farmers professed the Congregational form of Calvinism, which had been established by law in both the Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth colonies, and which even at the present day is commonly known throughout the state as the Orthodox Religion. Before leaving their Massachusetts homes, they organized themselves into a separate church, though only twenty-five persons were formally admitted as members. On the arrival of the chief party in the depth of the forest which was to be their future home, their first act, after loosing the oxen from their yokes, was to assemble for divine worship and to listen to a sermon. They then established a little camp between two enormous trees that they had felled, and set to work to subdue the forest.

The log schoolhouse seems to have been the first building erected for the service of the community in general, being used also on Sundays for religious services. Although the main body of the settlers did not arrive before November, and had to face the speedy coming of winter, yet their first thought was not for

the comforts and conveniences necessary for existence, but for the establishment of school and meeting house.

Zeal for education and what we should now call general culture was evidenced by the appointment of a committee, even before the departure from their homes, "to receive subscriptions for the encouragement of a library, and to draw up and form a constitution for the said Library Company." This plan was faithfully carried out, a charter was obtained early in 1807, and books were purchased and put in use the same year. It would be interesting to know how many public libraries were in existence at that early period.

Such facts throw a strong light on the character of these sturdy pioneers and give the key, no doubt, to much of their subsequent history.

When the little settlement had progressed somewhat and the colonists had made clearings in the thick forest, erected log cabins and sown their first crops, they found it necessary to make a regulation obliging every inhabitant to spend at least one day every week in hunting snakes. The reptiles killed were gathered into heaps and burned. Wolves and bears were so close neighbors that it was felt to be dangerous to wander from home at night, and occasionally roaming bands of Indians looked in upon the

busy settlers, but always with peaceful intentions.

Into this little world of primitive conditions, plain living and high thoughts came the young Dr. Richards on Friday, July 19, 1811. He had traveled the whole distance from his home in New London on horseback, coming by way of Marietta. On December 16th, Dr. Richards began to teach school in the house of Elias Gilman, one of the earliest settlers, indeed the head of the first party of emigrants to arrive upon the ground. But this occupation was given over by the next spring or summer, no doubt in consequence of the growth of his medical practice; and some time later, after his marriage, Dr. Richards erected for himself a house, almost in the center of the village. From that time to the end of his life in 1852, Dr. Richards was the beloved physician of the whole country for many miles about Granville, universally respected for his sterling character, and loved for his untiring, unselfish care of the poor and his even too great leniency toward his debtors.

In the year 1813, the young physician married Isabella Mower, oldest daughter of Samuel Parish Mower and Jane Felton. Mr. Mower had moved from Barre, Massachusetts, to the outskirts of Granville, where he owned a large farm. His wife, Jane Felton, was the daughter

of Captain Benjamin Felton, of Brookfield, Massachusetts. This noted man served in the French and Indian War of 1756, and afterward in the Revolution, taking part in the battles of Bunker Hill, Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Monmouth, etc. After this war, he was made Captain of Militia, and commanded a body of cavalry in the putting down of Shays's Insurrection in Massachusetts in the winter of 1786. He died in 1820, at the age of eighty-one, after rearing a family of thirteen children, all of whom lived to be married.

Mr. Richards was thus of sound Revolutionary ancestry on his mother's side, as well as his father's. But what caused him perhaps quite as much satisfaction as this distinction, after he became a Catholic, was that a marked strain of Irish blood seemed to come to him from the same source. The name Mower is, very probably, a modification of Moore, and the tradition of the family pointed to an Irish origin. Moreover, the name of Benjamin Felton's wife, Jennie Dorrity, would seem to point with equal probability to the Green Isle. He entertained a hearty admiration for several traits of character found in the Irish race, particularly their strong faith and unconquerable loyalty to the Church; and he pleased himself with the conjecture that his own return to the religion of his fathers was the effect in part

of his Irish blood, coming to the surface after many generations.

Henry's mother was a capable and industrious woman, with a strongly religious bent of mind. The only relic of her in existence, a fragment of a letter, is entirely taken up with religious considerations and news of revivals and conversions. Though couched in the phraseology of the Calvinistic system in which she was educated, which now appears to us stilted and unnatural, it reveals vigor of mind and depth of sincere religious feeling. It concludes: "My husband and all his family have been profest Christians this ten years, and oh! that I were a Christian indeed and that this stony heart of mine was transformed into flesh that I might be susceptible of ardent love to the immaculate Savior." Mrs. Richards died in 1821 at the age of thirty, after the birth of her fourth child, Isabella, Henry being then seven years old. Her place was taken after an interval of two years by a second wife, who proved to be an excellent mother to her stepchildren.

Henry was born in the house of "Gaffer" Gilman, hard by the old town spring. In later years, " 'Grandma Gilman' used to amuse us," he writes, "with wonderful stories of her favorite child. She insisted that I was the smartest child she had ever seen. Among other

things, she said I used to pound up brick to a powder, do it up in doses, and start off on an imaginary visit to the sick.

"I began to go to school when I was very small. I have a dim recollection of wading through the snow when my little legs were scarcely long enough to measure its depth. As I advanced in years, I fear I did not increase in industry or wisdom. I remember being punished once fearfully by 'Paddy McMillan,' who had been employed to teach the public school. He was a Reverend. I fear I must have tried his patience, for his Irish blood rose to fever heat, and he used up a good-sized switch upon my back. I remember when about ten or twelve years old, having a contest in writing with a boy about my own age, 'Vet' Lyman, for a premium. We both worked hard, and the result was a tie. We each had our backers. I do not think my competitor bore his disappointment well,—and one day we somehow came into collision on the streets and had a regular pitched battle. I fought like a tiger, crying all the time. It was a drawn battle. I was never pugnaciously inclined, and I do not think I could have been drawn or even goaded into a fight without being imposed upon or treated unjustly in some way.

"Now I must confess that I was not entirely truthful during my boyhood's days. I was

thoughtless, fond of fun, extremely enterprising, and easily influenced by bad companions. I would sometimes play truant and tell a lie to excuse myself when I went home. But somehow my sin would almost always find me out, and then, Ah me! what punishment would follow. The scene is vividly before my mind's eye to-day. The old parlor, with closed door and blinds drawn, the very chair I sat in while my venerable father, with grave and sorrowful face, expostulated with me and tried to show me the heinousness of my sin, and to lead me to repentance and amendment. 'I am sorry, my son, that you have been guilty of this fault. You were guilty of an act of disobedience, and then committed another sin to hide it. It pains me to have to punish you, but it must be done. He that spareth the rod, hateth the child.' Then he took me by the collar with firm grip and applied the birch vigorously to my nether extremities, while I commenced a series of gyrations, keeping time meanwhile at the top of my voice with the measured stroke of the baton. How hard it is to beat sin out of a child! But it seems to be the divinely appointed way for expelling the devil; and I fear the multiplied cases of 'possession' in our time and day are to be accounted for by the general disuse of the wholesome Scriptural mode of exorcism.

"After the death of my own mother, when I was seven years old, my father married Miss Tryphena Bushnell, the youngest of a family of five, two brothers and three sisters, originally from Norwich, Connecticut, all remarkable for the excellence of their character and especially for their strict adherence to the traditions of the fathers. The two brothers were deacons in the Congregational Church and had the reputation of saints. My stepmother was intelligent, refined and very pious. She was just, too, and kind to us children, and proved an exception to the alleged rule of stepmothers. She was a good mother to us and made no distinction between us and our half-brothers. She, of course, had the principal care of our domestic education, and she strove to discharge her duty with conscientious fidelity."

This would seem to be the best place to interpolate into Mr. Richards' narrative the names of his brothers and sisters. The second child, Mary Ann, was born two years after Henry, in 1816. William, of whom we shall hear much in the course of this biography, saw the light in 1819, and Isabella in 1821. By his second wife, Dr. Richards had three children, Peter, George and Ebenezer, of whom the last named died at the age of six years, while Peter still lives at the writing of this account, the sole survivor of the family of seven. All the chil-

dren were united in the closest bonds of affection. Isabella in particular seems to have been cherished with exceptional tenderness by her oldest brother, Henry, and all the other members of the family.

Mr. Richards goes on to describe the education to which this double but united family of children was subjected. "There were some peculiarities of that education which are now fast passing away among the descendants of the Puritans, but which were curious and interesting. How different the habits of those times from the luxurious customs of later days! Then we went to meeting in an old frame meeting house, with high-backed square pews, and without any fire. To keep from freezing in the extremely cold winter weather, the ladies took 'foot stoves' to church. These were square tin boxes with wooden frames and perforated with small holes through which the welcome heat from the hot coals within escaped under the enveloping drapery of the ladies, diffusing a genial, albeit a somewhat selfish and exclusive warmth over the whole person. Ah! if we children could but get the loan of the thing for a few moments, how happy we were! And when meeting was out, how we did scamper home to the great fire in the fireplace, made with backlog, forestick and middle sticks, piled high in the chimney!

"The 'Assembly's Shorter Catechism' was, next to the Bible, the textbook of our instruction—'What is the chief end of man?' and so on. That same catechism is a wonderful production. It must be confessed it was rather long for a 'Shorter' catechism, and its theological depths are rather beyond the plummets of most young persons. There are many excellent things in it, but it is of course marred by the strong infusion of Calvinism. It was heavy work for us children, and I shall never forget the relief with which the end of our lessons was reached, and the joy with which we closed our books and bounded away to our play. My father also had Bible lessons on Sunday evenings, before the sun went down, in which we read considerable portions of Holy Scripture, and were asked questions and received explanations of what we read. We were encouraged to read the Bible through in course by the time we were fourteen years old, when we each received a copy of a pocket Bible in reward for our industry. The encouragement for us children to read the Bible through was no doubt injudicious, but I have always been thankful that my mind was so well stored and so thoroughly familiarized with Holy Scripture, especially the New Testament. In that respect it might be said of us children as of Timothy, that from childhood we had known the Holy

Scriptures which were able to make us wise unto salvation. I am afraid however that in the thoughtlessness of youth, even the Bible lessons were not relished as they should have been; for I remember well with what longing eyes we watched the slowly declining sun. You must know that our good stepmother was a strict observer of that curious old custom of the Puritans which commenced the 'Sabbath' on the Saturday at the going down of the sun and closed it at the same point on the day itself. Saturday evening at sundown all work was laid aside, even to the sewing and the inevitable knitting work. The joy with which, on the succeeding day, we young folks, who had been reined in and restrained from every, even the least, appearance of play, and kept diligently at work with our Bibles, Catechisms and religious duties, watched the decline of the king of day, was an indication that at that hour the sacred time had passed and we were free. Then the knitting work was resumed, the wash tubs were brought out and preparations commenced for the hebdomadal cleansing, and all things indicated that the 'Sabbath,' with its gloomy strictness, its prim propriety and its forced reserve, had passed. I have a distinct remembrance of having been chided for looking out of the window on the Sabbath, when a wagon was passing by. 'Henry! Henry!

my child! I am surprised to see you looking out of the window on the Sabbath, allowing your mind to be diverted by every noise, instead of looking on your book and studying your lesson in the catechism!' Oh, if those good souls, with all their strictness and zeal, and especially their faithfulness in instructing their children, had only had the true Catholic faith and the benefit of the grace of the sacraments of Holy Church, what saints many of them would have been!''

Mr. Richards' account of his early youth and domestic education may be said to end here. There are in his manuscript allusions to a period spent with his grandfather on the farm, which was no doubt a very happy phase of his boyhood, and which certainly left in him a permanent love for the country and a desire, to which he perpetually recurred throughout his professional and mercantile life, to spend his leisure hours in the rural delights of farming or horticulture. The boy was now to begin studies of a somewhat less elementary nature than those afforded by the country district school, and was soon to engage in those mental conflicts and moral decisions which present themselves imperiously to every developing human soul, and which, according to the answer made and the victory gained or lost, mold one's character and settle, with virtual

certainty, one's future line of conduct for good or evil. It can hardly be denied that with a character like that of Henry Livingston Richards, the stern Calvinistic home training was in many respects an excellent preparation for the trials that awaited him. The system, if it did not crush or permanently sour the youthful character, or drive it into hypocrisy, would no doubt tend to impart to it a firm sense of duty and a determination to prefer the right to the pleasant or profitable under all circumstances. This was its effect certainly in Mr. Richards' case. He was naturally very docile, conscientious, high-minded and thoroughly unselfish, but ardent and sympathetic, and therefore perhaps inclined to follow where others led. This weaker trait, if it existed, was thoroughly corrected by the strictness of his home training, mingled as this was with the tender affection of his excellent parents and thus relieved of much of its harshness.

CHAPTER II

FIRST EXPERIENCE OF COLLEGE LIFE. KENYON COLLEGE AND BISHOP CHASE

1829—1830

It was in the year 1829, when he was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, that Henry L. Richards entered college for the first time. One of his uncles on his mother's side, Lucius D. Mower, was the most prosperous merchant in the little village. Having no children of his own, he had taken Henry's younger brother, William, with the intention of providing for him and bringing him up as his own son. He now proposed that Henry also should enter his store as a clerk. But Dr. Richards was anxious that all of his sons should have the benefit of a liberal education, and he refused to consent to Mr. Mower's plan unless on condition that Henry should first spend some time at college. It was finally agreed that he should go to Kenyon. This institution had been opened only a year before this time, at Gambier, in Knox County, the neighboring county to Licking, in which Granville is situated, and

therefore for the young boy it was not far from home. As it was here that the first seeds of his future faith were sown in Henry's mind, though not apparently during his first stay, a somewhat detailed account of the college and the remarkable man who founded it may not be out of place. We give it from Mr. Richards' notes, only slightly supplemented from other sources.

The institution was entirely the creation of the venerable Philander Chase, first Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Ohio. This prelate was a man of immense stature and rugged strength, and of executive ability in a measure corresponding to his size. Though his energy of character seems to have been somewhat wanting in balance and control and he was sometimes judged to be imperious and capricious, yet he was withal condescending and affable to those who confided in him. His ambition, though unbounded, was not selfish. As was remarked by one who knew him well, Bishop Chase embraced, in his immense physique, two separate and distinct individualities, the little child and the stern and vigorous man. Feeling deeply the necessity for a college and seminary where candidates for the ministry could be trained under his own eye and in a manner that would fit them for their future work under the hard conditions of his young and poor diocese,

the Bishop undertook a journey to England for the purpose of raising the necessary funds.

To his surprise and grief, he met with bitter opposition on the part of some of his brother clergymen, particularly Bishop Hobart of New York. This prelate feared the effect of the new project on the fortunes of the General Seminary of New York, which had been established by authority of the General Convention with the explicit purpose of serving the needs of the Episcopal Church throughout the United States. Notwithstanding this opposition, which followed him even to England, Bishop Chase met with entire success in his mission. Gaining access to aristocratic circles in the mother country, he impressed them deeply by his strength and sincerity of purpose, and by his accounts of the vast field of the West, with its rapidly increasing population, rude conditions and spiritual destitution. The result was that he received encouragement and substantial aid, especially from Lord Kenyon, Admiral Lord Gambier, Lady Harcourt, Lord Bexley, Lady Rosse, George W. Marriott and others, whose names he was afterward careful to affix to the various buildings and other features of his college. Returning to Ohio with some thirty thousand dollars, a large sum for those days, Bishop Chase purchased from a citizen of Pennsylvania, familiarly known as

"Old Nat Hogg," a tract of eight thousand acres of land near the centre of the state, some five miles from Mt. Vernon. Here he began the erection of a college and theological seminary, and laid out the site of a town. The whole was destined in his magnificent plans to rival the universities of the old world; but it was as yet only a dense and almost unbroken forest. Into this forest the Bishop went almost alone, camping out, living in a log cabin, in which his family was also sheltered for a time, working with his own hands and enduring hardships that would soon have disheartened men of weaker temperament. With stone quarried on the premises he erected the main building of his college, making the foundations and walls of amazing thickness. In 1828 the school was opened with some sixty-five students brought from the preëxisting school at Worthington; and when young Henry Richards arrived in the following year, conditions were still most primitive. One building sheltered the Bishop and his family, the professors and the students. A large stone kitchen stood at a short distance south of the college; but the kitchen girls were not the daintiest or most skillful cooks, and the college commons were often anything but inviting. Mr. Richards records one incident of this nature. As the waiter poured out a cup of coffee from an old-

fashioned tin coffee pot, a considerable length of candle wick came with the liquid, indicating plainly that the spout had been employed as a substitute for a candle-stick. The beds of the students, at least in some of the dormitories, were arranged in three tiers about the walls, like berths on a steamboat, and the straw beds were not without numerous and unwelcome inhabitants. It is little to be wondered at that when Dr. Richards, who had accompanied his son and spent the first night on Gambier Hill, took leave of him, the usual homesickness of the new college student closed in upon the boy's soul with a sense of utter loneliness and desolation. This was not relieved by the fact that he was immediately introduced to the study of Euclid, which at first was hard and distasteful work for him. The "Pons Asinorum," as he declares, was a bridge of sighs to him, and some time and effort were required to turn the wayward current of his thoughts into the fixed channels of mathematical science. But he was naturally a very intelligent and earnest student, and he soon entered with zest into the labor and play of college life. Many of his recreation hours were spent in singing, for which he had great natural talent and of which he was very fond throughout life, retaining his clear, sweet and smooth voice even to very advanced age. He

thus describes the amusement afforded him by this resource at college. "My friend, Forshey, (who was very ambitious and afterward graduated from West Point) was very fond of music. He had a pretty good voice and plenty of assurance, but his efforts were disfigured by a nasal Yankee twang. But he was an enthusiast and so was I, and we took to each other. . . . I commenced singing when I was very young. I had a clear, shrill, high soprano voice at first, and took a leading part at the singing schools, which were fashionable in those days. I remember very well the mysterious longing with which I first began to contemplate the cabalistic signs of music, and how I pored over them, determined if possible to find the secret clew by which the initiated could read the tunes from the book. And I did study over it until I found and learned the secret. . . . Forshey and I did have the most glorious sings. He had an old-fashioned singing book, full of the good old tunes and anthems, and every Sunday evening we would have a regular set-to. Our grand piece was the anthem called the 'Resurrection,' commencing, 'The Lord is risen indeed, hallelujah!' You, my dear children, have often heard me sing snatches of the old favorite almost every year since you were born, especially on Easter morning. It was a rattling, rumbling, noisy thing, and I shall

never forget the enthusiasm with which my musical friend and I would execute the 'Resurrection.' 'Coronation' was another favorite."

As to religious and moral influences, Mr. Richards' recollections of this first year at Kenyon were not particularly favorable. He writes that their church was the dining-room. Daily prayers were said while all the students were in their places at table. But on Sundays, the tables were all cleared away, the folding doors between the Bishop's room and the dining-room were thrown open, and the Bishop, or "Pop" Williams, as he was lovingly but irreverently called, or some other cleric officiated, preaching generally, it is to be feared, to unwilling and impatient ears. Mr. Richards retained very little recollection of any marked religious influence exerted over him, but instead a painful impression that the year had been more damaging to his moral and spiritual being than any other in his whole life. His room-mate, during at least a portion of the term, was a profane and reckless fellow, who apparently had never enjoyed any religious training whatever. It was from this companion that Henry received the nickname of Dick Fid, the name Dick continuing to be his common designation among the students throughout the year. He accuses himself with great contrition of falling into profanity, under the force

of example, and of constant neglect of his prayers, although he had been so strictly brought up and had recited his prayers regularly for many years.

"What a terrible ordeal," continues Mr. Richards, "is that period of life when the young boy is just budding into adolescence! How many souls then lay the foundation of their eternal ruin! How wonderful are the provisions of Holy Church for that season! Since I have become a Catholic, I see how much I suffered and what awful risks I ran by not having a director. The only wonder is that any Protestants grow up pure and free from vice. True, there are plenty of bad boys in the Church, but it is not the fault of our Holy Mother. It is the fault of careless, vicious parents, who do not realize their responsibility, and allow their children to run at loose ends."

Some anecdotes given by Mr. Richards as illustrating the character of Bishop Chase are not without interest. "One evening, about nine o'clock, I had mounted my berth, the uppermost tier, for the night, when some noisy fellows came in. There were three of us in the room and my two companions had not yet retired. Amid the noise which they were making, there came a vigorous knock at the door, and in answer to the summons to enter, the door flew open and what should appear but the im-

mense form of the Bishop with his big cane in hand, darkening the door like a threatening thunder cloud, while with stentorian voice he thundered: 'Ἆρον τὸν κράβαττόν σου καὶ περιπάτει (Take up thy bed and walk!)'. How I did slink back into my berth! 'What are you doing here, you young rowdies?' 'Nothing, Sir!' 'Nothing? Who rooms here?' The names are given. 'Every one of you appear at my room to-morrow morning and give an account of yourselves and receive the punishment due to your offenses!' In the morning we were summoned before 'Pop' Williams, Professor of Languages, a good easy soul, who let us off easily.

"Among the visitors who frequently came from the East to view the wonderful works of which they had heard was a gentleman from New York, who took a deep interest in the institution, and to whom the Bishop paid very special attention. The Bishop generally rode on horseback. He had a favorite bobtailed horse, which, I think, had some intelligent appreciation of the distinguished character of his master. He certainly had an abundant opportunity for learning, sometimes perhaps to his cost, that the Bishop was a man of great weight in the community (he must have weighed over three hundred pounds), yet I am sure old 'Bob' was always proud of his burden.

The way he would prance up and down the avenue, with the episcopal cloak floating in the wind and the tricornered university hat, brought from England, nodding to the measured time of the canter, was beautiful to behold. On the occasion of which I am speaking, the Bishop had taken his New York friend over the plantation. . . . As they ascended the hill leading into the main street of the town from the west, the Bishop, inspired by the magnificence of his schemes and the greatness of the work in which he was engaged and upon which he had been descanting with his usual eloquence, rose proudly in his stirrups, and with a lordly sweep of his hand, indicating the extent of the domain over which he presided, exclaimed: 'They call me King of Gambier—and so I am!' Yet that same King of Gambier I have seen, when prancing in right royal style along the avenue between the town and college, and meeting one of the little boys from the latter, raise his tricornered hat with a lordly grace, and with a most condescending inclination, sweep on as though he had saluted a prince of the blood royal."

We may add here another anecdote of Bishop Chase, derived from another source and not given in his published life. When the Bishop, then occupying the see of Illinois, returned to the East to preside, as senior Bishop, over the

General Convention, he met in the company a minister whom he had not seen for several years. In the meantime, the Reverend gentleman had published a book in which he advocated the opinion that the Virgin Mary had given birth to other sons after our Lord Jesus Christ. Bishop Chase refused to notice in any way his former friend, and when the latter pressed forward, offering his hand, the Bishop, drawing himself up to his full height, uttered with intense scorn, the words, "You beast!"

It is interesting to note in this connection that one of Bishop Chase's descendants became in after years a Catholic and a nun, Sister Mary F. de Sales of the Visitation order. Under the signature of Edselas, her contributions to various Catholic periodicals have been frequent up to the time of her death in recent years.

When the lad Henry Richards returned in the summer of 1830 to his home in Granville, he little imagined that the King of Gambier, whose greatness had so deeply impressed his boyish imagination, was soon to be ignominiously dethroned and to retire in discomfiture from his college and even his diocese. This was the result, in part at least, of those dissensions between High and Low Church parties, which were already beginning to tear asunder the Protestant Episcopal body, but of which

the future Ritualist and convert was still in happy ignorance. The history of this change, so far as it bore on Mr. Richards' future career, belongs to another chapter.

CHAPTER III

EARLY LIFE IN OHIO—THE VILLAGE STORE—RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES—THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

1830—1832

On his return from college in the autumn of 1830, Henry Richards entered the store of his Uncle, Lucius D. Mower, as a clerk. As usual in country districts, all kinds of goods were sold in one establishment, a custom which curiously enough has recently been adopted by the largest city merchants, both wholesale and retail, in the enormous agglomerations now called in America department stores. But in those days, before the advent of railroads and the invention of the telegraph and the telephone, the methods of inland commerce were far more primitive, and perhaps more picturesque, than now. Twice a year, as Mr. Richards records, his Uncle made the journey, "over the mountains," to visit the eastern cities in order to lay in his summer or winter stock of goods. Traveling was usually performed in the stage coach, and the entire trip

consumed about six weeks. Sometimes, however, the merchants went on horseback, with a drove of cattle or hogs, animals which served not uncommonly as a circulating medium for the transaction of business. For this western traffic, the great highway was the National Military Road, authorized by Congress in 1796, and intended to extend from Baltimore to St. Louis, passing through the states of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois. The great event in the village was the arrival of these goods in the spring or autumn. They were transported in immense Pennsylvania wagons, each drawn by six powerful horses. The wagons often went in caravans, those destined for towns or villages off the main highway dropping out of the line as they reached the cross-roads leading to their respective destinations. The collar of every horse was surmounted by a chime of bells, suspended in a bow and jingling as he walked. Sweet and cheering was the sound of the bells to the ears of the expectant village folk. "The new goods have come! There are the bells! The new goods have come!" "Talk about your fashionable openings in modern times," writes Mr. Richards in high scorn, "where fastidious ladies in elaborate toilets visit some fashionable display of the latest styles, partly to indulge an idle curiosity, but partly also perhaps to display them-

selves! We sat up all night. Such a hammering and opening of boxes and piling up of goods on the counter! Cottons, dimities, calicos, broadcloths, silks and satins, ribbons and laces, hats and caps, boots and shoes, hardware, crockery, tea and coffee and spices, sugar and molasses, and last though by no means least in the estimation of the 'boys,' wines, brandies and liquors of every description." Those opening nights saw some jolly times. According to the ideas of the period, for such arduous labors the workers needed to be fortified and stimulated; so, as the weary watches of the night approached the small hours, casks were placed in position, faucets were inserted and the sparkling streams flowed freely. We shall see hereafter that this part of the proceedings possessed few, if any, charms for the young collegian.

This sketch of life amid the primitive conditions prevailing in the early settlements of Ohio would be incomplete without some reference to the great flocks of wild pigeons which then came periodically to that region as a feeding ground. Their numbers were so great as sometimes to extend in a compact mass for many miles, shutting out the sunlight like a dense cloud, while the noise of their wings resembled thunder. When they were observed to be about to settle in the woods in the neighbor-

hood of some village or town all the inhabitants went out, armed with guns, pistols and clubs, and slaughtered them in thousands. So great was the noise and confusion that the reports of the fire-arms were often inaudible amid the general clamor, and yet the pigeons continued to take their position on the branches, which sometimes broke beneath their weight.

Some years later, the annual migration of the pigeons ceased and nothing more was seen of them. The change occurred so suddenly as to preclude the hypothesis of a gradual extermination. The matter remained a mystery until a few years ago, when a traveler in South America gave accounts of immense flocks of the birds in South America, precisely resembling the wild pigeons of Ohio and the West. No doubt they discovered better feeding grounds and less dangerous conditions in the great Southern forests, and, as by a concerted arrangement, directed their annual course thither.

About two years of Mr. Richards' youth had passed in the ordinary routine of business. While the lad of eighteen was most conscientious in the discharge of his duties, winning the high respect of all who came to know him, and the strong affection as well as confidence of his employer, he yet remained unaffected by any strong religious feeling or purpose in life.

He had given up the habit of daily prayers, did not entirely eschew profane expressions, and while never an unbeliever or a scoffer, while indeed attending the Sunday services regularly in the old-fashioned Congregational meeting house and singing in the choir, he nevertheless took little interest in the more intense manifestations of religious feeling, and did not hesitate to joke the young men who had taken part in the meetings, asking them whether they had yet got religion. But at this time, he was himself caught up on one of those waves of religious excitement which swept periodically over the community. His conversion to God was sincere and profound, and however mistaken in some of its features, it implanted in his soul an intense religious fervor and determination of will which never failed or slackened throughout his future life and which ultimately brought him into the Catholic Church. The course and circumstances of this change are not only necessary to the full understanding of Mr. Richards' character and life, but they are in themselves so interesting and valuable as a study of religious experience and of mental and moral processes of a kind now less frequent and popular than formerly, that we think it right to give them at length and for the most part in Mr. Richards' own words.

The original Congregational Church of Gran-

ville, to which the great majority of the settlers had belonged, had been split in the course of time by the dissensions inseparable from Protestantism into four diverse bodies, the Congregational, the First Presbyterian, the Second Presbyterian, and finally the Episcopalian. This last secession had taken place under the leadership of Dr. Richards, Henry's father, under circumstances which will find a place later in our narrative. The three sections still adhering to Calvinism had consented to reunite under a form of compromise known as the Plan of Union, devised in the year 1801 by the Congregational General Association of Connecticut and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and sent forth to the missionaries and missionary churches of the West. By this agreement, the congregation, while retaining substantially its independence of all others both in matters of faith and discipline, and in the appointment of its own ministers, yet acquired a right of appeal to the Presbytery in certain cases, and of representation therein. Of the Presbyterio-Congregational church thus constituted in the little village, the Reverend Jacob Little was pastor at this time and for many years after. Small as was his field of labor, Mr. Little was a remarkable man. A native of New Hampshire, educated at the noted theological school at An-

dover and in character and temperament as well as by education a Puritan of the Puritans, plain and rugged, with strongly marked and even somewhat eccentric characteristics, a shrewd observer of human nature, a good manager, possessed of enough order, method and executive ability to qualify him for the successful government of states, Parson Little devoted himself with the utmost diligence, fidelity and earnest zeal to the labors of his narrow ministry. The children were all carefully taught in Sunday School until they were fourteen years of age, when they were transferred to the Bible Class conducted by the Pastor himself. Those who were found suitable finally became Sunday School teachers in their turn. This Bible Class was an interesting thing. Its members occupied the front seats of the gallery which surrounded on three sides the interior of the old-fashioned meeting house. Sometimes the class was numerous enough to fill some rows of seats besides. The Pastor occupied the pulpit, which brought him nearly on a level with the galleries, so that he could survey the whole class, composed of young and old of both sexes, ranged in order around him. That pulpit, by the way, with its unusual height, stiff double stairway and cushioned book stand, deserves especial mention. Once, when preaching from it, Dr. Sparrow, a Pro-

fessor of Kenyon College, a very tall and slender man, remarked that he felt like a sparrow on the housetop. In his plain and even quaint and homely way, Mr. Little asked questions and explained and commented on the passages of Holy Writ under discussion. Nearly all the members of the class sang well—indeed the little village has been notable throughout its history for the universal interest taken in music of all kinds by its inhabitants—and it was not a little impressive to see and hear several hundred persons, old and young, joining heartily in some favorite hymn and then engaging with pleased interest in the study of God's word. There can be little doubt that the old-fashioned Bible Class, as carried on before the advent of the Higher Criticism and of that mania for purely exterior and archæological details which now permeates so much of Protestant teaching of the Scriptures, almost, it would seem, to the exclusion of the spiritual significance, was a great cause of sturdy and conservative religious faith among those subjected to its training. Then this faithful pastor had a series of methodically organized weekly gatherings, prayer meetings for men and women separately, conferences, inquiry meetings, and a weekly lecture by himself, prepared and written out with much care. "I have often thought," writes Mr. Richards,

"what an admirable Catholic priest he would have made." Every two or three years, he had a Protestant mission—Protracted Meetings or Revivals, as they were and are still called in Presbyterian phraseology. These were times of harvest, at which were reaped all the fruits of the labors bestowed on the working of his system. The young people who had reached a suitable age and who had been in the meantime so carefully instructed were now stirred up in these meetings and were "brought out," "obtained hopes," and were converted and "became Christians." Two or three of the most earnest, zealous and popular preachers available were invited to come and hold the exercises, for which in the meantime the people had been carefully prepared. As a large proportion of the congregation were farmers, a season of the year was chosen when they were most at leisure, and they were exhorted to make ready for the period of revival with as much care as they bestowed on the plowing and the sowing of their fields for the future crop. Sometimes the effect of these meetings was startling. The people gave themselves up to the work with entire abandon, and the whole community became affected with the most profound seriousness and solemnity. The preaching generally was very effective. The farmers came in from every direction in long proces-

sions of wagons and carriages, the merchant left his counter, the artisan his shop, business of all kinds was almost wholly suspended, and scarcely any matter was thought or talked of but religion, the concerns of the soul, the interests of eternity. Then particularly the inquiry meetings were brought into play. Anyone who had begun to be seriously impressed with the importance of the affair of salvation, was set down as an inquirer, and if he could be induced to commit himself so far as to attend one of these meetings, his case was considered pretty safe. "How like our Confessional," says Mr. Richards, "yet how different!" Like the Confessional in the purpose of relieving the overburdened heart and leading it to an assurance of forgiveness and to encouragement and guidance for the future, yet very unlike in method of procedure, and of course destitute of the saving grace of the sacrament. These spiritual conferences, as they might have been called, were generally held in a room of the Pastor's house, though sometimes more ample space was required, as the schoolroom or the "Session Room." Here the inquirers came to lay open their hearts to the Pastor, or to the revival preacher, or sometimes even to a grave, pious and well-tried deacon of the church, and to receive such counsel and encouragement as their cases might require.

Generally the inquirers would "find peace" in the course of a few days. But there were almost always some very difficult cases; and these seemed generally to be the most thoughtful and least sentimental and excitable of the candidates. It took them a long time to "get religion," and sometimes they sought and sought, but never found. At times such candidates were encouraged to go forward and do their duty, even though they had not gone through the stereotyped process and could not say that they had "experienced a hope." Sometimes they became discouraged, gave up the pursuit of what seemed always to elude their grasp, and went back to the "weak and beggarly elements of the world."

Henry's first impulse toward the process of conversion seems to have arisen from a boyish attachment, which illustrates the powerful and silent influence exerted by woman in matters of religion, an influence undoubtedly designed by Providence and felt at this day in the Catholic Church in America as one of the strongest elements of her stability and progress.

He had fallen deeply in love with one of the village maidens, Martha Munson, with the sole result that when she appeared in the store, the young clerk became speechless with embarrassment and was almost incapable of waiting on her or any other customer. Martha died in her

sixteenth year, but not before her example had exercised an unconscious influence over the future life of her boyish admirer. During one of the revivals, when Martha, who was a very good and pious girl, was singing with the choir one of the most solemn hymns, "Oh, there will be Mourning at the Judgment Seat of Christ," she was completely overcome and had to sit down. In a word, she was converted and in due time joined the church. Henry immediately became serious and thought of following her example. Meantime his relatives were anxiously praying for his conversion. His stepmother particularly, whom he loved tenderly, "agonized" for him and wrote him a letter, still preserved in his papers, in which she begs him to attend now to the concerns of his neverdying soul, and in which the most earnest love and anxiety shine through the envelope of somewhat conventional Calvinistic phrases. "My dear stepmother's brother, Uncle Thomas Bushnell," goes on Mr. Richards, "was a man of great good sense and judgment, and very active and energetic in these meetings. There is no mistake about it, some of those descendants of the old Puritans, who had been strictly brought up and were content to walk in the traditions of the fathers, were very sincere, earnest and devoted men. Uncle Thomas was one of the best. He met me on the street and

gave me an earnest word of warning and exhortation. I became an inquirer. I believe I was already a general favorite with the leading members of the Church. I taught in the Sunday School, I sang in the choir, I was on intimate terms with Deacon Bancroft, Mr. Brace, a leading musician, and others. They all became deeply interested in me. I was emphatically a seeker. I made up my mind to try to get religion. . . . I remember distinctly going into the meeting house one evening when the revival services were going on, taking my seat in the corner of one of the square high-backed pews, and there making a positive effort to get religion on the spot. In answer to my anxious inquiries what I should do, I was told to 'give myself up,' to 'trust in Christ,' to 'surrender myself without reserve to Him,' to 'be willing to give up all for Christ,' to 'throw myself into His arms,' to 'yield myself without reserve to His guidance and direction.' All this I was willing, nay, anxious to do. But in answer to the question, 'How shall I do it?' the answers were vague, indefinite and unsatisfactory. The most that they could say was 'Don't be discouraged, but go on seeking and it will come bye and bye in God's own good time.' My good father saw the condition of mind I was in, and breaking through his ordinary reserve on such subjects, took me aside one Sun-

day when I had returned home from meeting evidently in great distress of mind, and told me frankly that he feared I was making too much account of feeling, that for his part he did not believe in the necessity of these extraordinary experiences which apparently attended the conversion of some people. He thought it enough for me to go on and do my duty as a Christian. But the tyranny of the system in which I had been so carefully educated weakened my confidence in my father's opinion. I thought I must 'find peace,' I must 'obtain a hope,' and so I went on from day to day and from week to week, seeking and striving after something I could not find. I do not remember clearly how long this state of things continued; it must have been some weeks, when one Sunday morning, I went up to the gallery of the church and sat down in a pew by the window which looked out upon the town and the surrounding hills. It was a lovely day and answered well to the beautiful though perhaps somewhat hackneyed description of George Herbert:

> 'Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky!'

A hymn was given out and the choir commenced to sing. All this had a soothing effect. A calm and peaceful feeling stole over me. The

thought flashed upon my mind, perhaps this is what I have been seeking. The very thought gave me happiness. The burden was gone. After meeting I told my friends how I felt. They said the work was done, I was converted at last, and they rejoiced with me. I had obtained a hope, I had found peace, thenceforth I was on the Lord's side. Certainly God was good to me. I have always looked upon it as a most kind providence; for I might have gone on in my blindness, seeking an *ignis fatuus* until I had become discouraged and had fallen into despair or become disgusted. Of course it is easy to see the defects of this miserable Calvinistic system, which insists upon a stereotyped process of conversion for every one. I was converted the day I made up my mind to be a Christian and to do my duty. I commenced praying. I am sorry to say that for some time past I had become so careless that I had given up my prayers. Now I resumed that duty with others; and I remember well how I sought the garret of the old store during the day, and there, among boxes and barrels and the rubbish there stowed away, kneeling down and agonizing in prayer, begging God to have mercy on me and forgive me and show me what He would have me to do. I was very serious, very much in earnest.

"The experience of the Protestant sects

proves that the great danger of these extraordinary conversions, even under the most favorable circumstances, lies in the fact that the subjects of them almost invariably err in mistaking feeling for true religion. If a happy state of feeling is the evidence of true conversion, why should not a continuance of pleasurable emotion be sought as evidence of continuing in a state of acceptance with God? And when that pleasurable emotion subsides, as it must subside at times even in the most happily constituted, since a state of constant exaltation is incompatible with our condition in this world, what is to prevent the mistaken devotee from falling into despondency and perhaps into despair? Such, in fact, is oftentimes the case. I saw enough while I was a Protestant to convince me that the safety and reputation of the so-called Evangelical sects lay in the fact that by a happy, practical inconsistency they felt obliged to receive a fair proportion of members who could not say that they had ever gone through the approved process of conversion, but to use a common and favorite expression of such persons, all they could say was that 'whereas once I was blind, now I think I see.' They were the sober, steady, thoughtful, well-balanced characters who acted from principle and conscience, and who never would have thought much about feeling, had it not constituted so

important an element in the popular theory, and been so constantly harped upon by the over-zealous. It was this sober, conservative element, after all, that constituted the most trustworthy church members and did most credit to the various societies, whereas the sticklers for extraordinary conversions, the enthusiasts who had been converted upon the high pressure principle, were generally erratic, unreliable, unstable as water. Alas! how many thousands of souls have been brought in at the floodtime of revival, who have subsequently been left high and dry, like the riff-raff on the banks of a stream after a freshet. Hardened they were too, often times, like the nether millstone, with a strong disposition to revenge themselves upon all religion for the imposition which they felt had been practiced upon them. 'You need not talk to us about your religious experiences, your obtaining hopes, your finding peace, and all that. We have been through it all and have found out by experience that it is all humbug. It is a delusion, mere animal feeling and excitement.' However, the cases were by no means uncommon of persons who became 'Revival Christians,' just as there are some men among Catholics who become 'Mission Christians,' and as these latter always make it a point to attend the mission and go to Confession and Communion and pledge themselves to

a new life, so these poor Protestants, whenever there was a religious excitement, would always make it a point to be on hand, apparently wide awake, with all the old earnestness, enquiring what they must do to be saved. Sometimes, no doubt, there was a motive for this far removed from anxiety for the salvation of the soul. This was more particularly the case among the Methodist brethren, who were perfectly *au fait* in this work of religious excitement, and to whom regular seasons of dissipation seemed to be as spiritually necessary as a good spree to the man of cups. Methodist meetings in time of revival, and often times without the machinery of the revival, were a curiosity, in fact, a study for the philosopher. I remember the impression made on my own mind at a meeting when I was a boy. There was an alternation of prayers and excited exhortations and thrilling music. I felt a strong unearthly feeling stealing over me, and if I had not had the presence of mind to retire from the room, I think very likely I should have become excited, perhaps should have swooned and gone into hysterics, as many were in the habit of doing. . . . The scenes enacted by the enthusiastic people were sometimes disgusting. How often have I seen boys and girls, nay, young men and women, gathered into a promiscuous crowd, and as the excitement increased, sway-

ing from side to side, embracing one another, sighing, groaning, singing, laughing, shouting Glory! Glory! throwing themselves upon the floor, while the elder brethren and sisters stood around encouraging them and joining in the mêlée at the top of their voices. Beelzebub let loose was the only adequate description of the scene. Yet in the West the class of religionists who tolerated and encouraged these strange and unnatural eccentricities under the sacred name of religion constituted an overwhelming majority of the professedly religious community. Latterly our Methodist brethren, here in the East at least, seem to have taken to combining religion with the world by making their camp meeting grounds fashionable places of summer resort. In some respects this is no doubt an improvement upon the old practice, though I fear the result will be disastrous to the cause of true Methodism, whose prestige has heretofore lain in the fact that it was supposed to be the advocate *par excellence* of spiritual religion, that which appeals to the feelings and affects the heart.

"There are two grand tendencies in Protestantism, the one to a cold, worldly, philosophical skepticism, the other to a vague, wild, unreasoning, blind fanaticism. Worldly prosperity, wealth, luxury, tend to the former. Fanaticism finds its victims more frequently

among the comparatively ignorant masses. From both these classes, however, God chooses His own and calls them to Himself. When they hear His voice and follow the Good Shepherd into the fold, the first great lesson they have to learn is that religion does not consist in feeling. Faith is a firm and undoubting belief of all truth that God has revealed, and it necessarily implies a life corresponding with the precepts which it enjoins. It is the intention that God looks at. I have known this ever since I have been a Catholic, but it has been about the hardest lesson to learn practically that I ever undertook. It is so hard to get rid of the leaven of Calvinistic theology in which I was raised.

"After my conversion, as heretofore related, I became entirely changed. I was now a man of prayer, a 'professing' Christian. The first important question that arose was to what church should I belong. Think of it! To what church? as if there could be more than one true Christian church! My father had been originally a Connecticut Congregationalist, according to the Saybrook platform of 1708, I believe, but had become disgusted with the society in Granville on account of a scandal arising out of a quarrel of the congregation with their minister, Rev. Mr. Jinks." The history of this disagreement throws too much light upon religious conditions and sentiments of the time

to be passed over in silence. The Rev. Ahab Jinks, born of a Quaker family, followed successively the avocations of farmer, merchant, preacher, justice of the peace, and judge. As preacher, he is said to have been Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Episcopal, finally returning to the jurisdiction of the Presbytery, but abandoning the ministry for the judicial post to which he was elected by the people. In the autumn of 1823, his pastoral residence, the contract for the erection of which had been taken by Mr. Richards' uncle, Lucius D. Mower, was approaching completion. As the masons were anxious to begin work on another contract before the coming of severe frost, they proposed to lay on Sunday the few courses of brick still wanting. To this, as a violation of the Sabbath, there was decided opposition; but Mr. Jinks, being appealed to, gave it as his opinion that as a matter of necessity, the labor was justifiable on that day. When the congregation gathered for service, they were horrified to see the work going busily on. Warm protests were immediately made, parties were formed, and although the offending minister was dismissed by an almost unanimous vote, the ensuing troubles rent the little church into four distinct parts. Dr. Richards, who was constitutionally a conservative, having no sympathy with radicalism in any form, was

repelled by what seemed to him fanaticism and the spectacle of helpless disorder in these dissensions. He had already become acquainted with the writings of some Church of England divines, and the result of his alienation from his Congregational brethren was that he sought association with the Episcopalian body. The influence of his upright and thoroughly unselfish character and his many modest good deeds, served to gather about him a small number of the best members of the community, who looked upon him, in a measure, as a religious guide. Dr. Richards became a lay-reader, Episcopalian services were held regularly on Sunday evenings in his own house, or at the homes of others, and the nucleus of a church organization was finally formed, with Dr. Richards as Senior Warden. For a time, the redoubtable Mr. Jinks consented to officiate for his Episcopalian brethren, and visiting clergymen aided at intervals in fanning the nascent flame.

"I generally went with Father," says Mr. Richards, continuing his narrative, "but on account of my conversion in the old church, there being no immediate prospect of the creation of a regular Episcopal organization in the town, I concluded to join the established church. The scene at the time of the reception made a strong impression on my mind. We sat in the old high-backed pews, and Parson Little, sitting

in the chancel, asked us questions, to which we gave answers according to our knowledge. Of course we were obliged to profess cordial acceptance of the Westminster platform, election, reprobation and all. One of the questions of the astute Parson I shall never forget. It was, I think, a kind of test question with him. 'Suppose it should be made known to you that it was the will of God that you should go to hell, do you think you would be willing to go?' Of course we were expected to answer that we would, else it would argue a want of confidence in the infinite wisdom and goodness of God, whose holy will must be supreme in all things. I believe I replied that I hoped I should. . . .

"Having joined the church, I became very active in all the works and duties required of the most zealous. I led in prayer at the meetings, exhorted, taught Sunday School, belonged to the choir and Bible Class, took the *N. Y. Observer* and the *Missionary Herald,* and was generally reckoned one of the fervent, zealous young Christians. Some half dozen of the saints of the church, if I may so designate them, including Uncle Leonard Bushnell, old Uncle Sereno Wright, and his son, Dudley, who had been converted from a very wild, reckless young scapegrace to a most devout, conscientious, earnest Christian, Deacon Gerard Bancroft and perhaps one or two others whose

names I do not now recall, invited me to join them in a weekly Sunday evening meeting to offer special prayers for the conversion of Mr. Elias Fassett, one of the most upright and respected citizens, who for some reason unknown to me had been selected as a fit and important subject for prayer. How long and patiently and earnestly we prayed! And the answer never came! He died as he had lived; but long before that event, I had become a Catholic, and by his personal kindness to me, I found employment in his bank in New York when I had been thrown out of business and did not know which way to turn. Who can say that this was not in some measure a recompense for sincere and good intentions in praying for him, brought about by God without his knowledge?"

Not long after his formal admission to membership in the church, Henry Richards' sincerity was put to a severe test in an incident which finally became the occasion of a complete change in his career, sending him back to college in preparation for the ministry. This occurred in connection with the great movement for Temperance and Total Abstinence from intoxicating drinks, which at that time began to take definite shape in the country. Throughout the eighteenth century and in earlier years of the nineteenth, the vice of drunkenness had certainly attained overwhelming pro-

portions in English speaking and indeed all northern countries. All classes of people indulged freely and very often to excess, apparently with little sense of impropriety. The stories with which English literature of the period abounds indicate that conduct which would now meet no toleration in decent society was then looked upon without serious disapproval. It has been asserted that for the first half century after the Declaration of Independence, the United States were hardly equaled in the prevalence of intoxication even by the British and Scandinavian kingdoms, and were unapproached by any other nation. Mr. Richards says simply that everybody drank. It was said that clergymen not infrequently took liquor into the pulpit, with which to refresh themselves at intervals from the exhausting labors of preaching. According to the History of Granville, the little township of seventeen hundred inhabitants, supported, at the beginning of the year 1827, no less than six distilleries, and consumed an estimated amount of ten thousand gallons of whisky annually. The morals of the people in other respects were no doubt what might have been expected from these facts and from the general neglect of religion which had superseded the first fervor of the colonists. There were in existence four separate and opposed congregations, each claiming a right to the

meeting house, in addition to the Methodist and Baptists, the latter body meeting in the Masonic hall. Meantime, attendance at religious worship was generally neglected, and the boys of the village had in sport broken a great proportion of the glass in the meeting house windows. If this were the state of things in the little village which from its inception had been such a stronghold of Puritan doctrine and practice, it may easily be imagined to what a level piety and morals had fallen in other regions of the West, nearer to the principal highways of travel, into which a promiscuous multitude of adventurers was daily pouring. Some few years previously to this date, it was commonly said in New England that west of the Ohio River the Sabbath had no existence. A committee of Congregationalists, sent to report upon the religious conditions and needs of the West, gave a mournful account of the prevalence of irreligion, drunkenness, blasphemy, lewdness and every disorder. It was at this time that the Rev. Mr. Little appeared at Granville, and began the laborious career described above. One of his earliest steps was to take up with great zeal the Temperance Movement which had recently been inaugurated. His Total Abstinence Society, begun in 1828, was the first organized west of the Alleghany Mountains. When Henry Richards underwent his

religious conversion, about the year 1832, the reform movement was in full swing. A public sentiment was created which for a time seemed to bear down all before it. Yet there were always some who held aloof. Not only the hard drinkers, who refused to be divorced from their vicious habits, but many persons of high character deprecated what they thought to be the excesses of the movement. One of these was Henry's father, Dr. Richards, and with him stood a number of leading citizens who looked up to him and over whom he exerted great influence. Doctor Richards would never sanction the principle of "total abstinence from all that can intoxicate," as of universal and necessary application. He was willing to forego and condemn the use of distilled liquors as a beverage. But wine he would not banish, and he cited the example of our Lord, who not only made use of the juice of the grape, but performed a miracle to remedy its deficiency at a wedding party. Henry however, as a zealous member of the Church, joined with the Pastor in the extremest view. "Touch not, taste not, handle not!" was the motto upon which the changes were rung so constantly that the very thought of having anything to do with the "vile thing" became distasteful and even terrifying. Yet in his capacity as clerk in his uncle's store, he was expected to sell liquors of all kinds and in any

quantity to all comers. Naturally his conscience took alarm. At first he justified himself on the ground that his employer was responsible, not himself. But this was too weak a defense. He was finally decided by a course of reasoning substantially as follows: "To sell butcher knives, for instance, is not in itself a sin. But if people should get into the habit of cutting and killing themselves with butcher knives, and if you had good reason to believe that to be the use to which they intended to put them when they purchased them of you, it would be wrong for you to sell them or to be in any way instrumental in furnishing them." The conviction took strong hold of his mind that he could not conscientiously have anything to do with the liquor department of the store. From that time, when he saw customers approaching who would presumably desire to be served with the obnoxious article, he would slip out of the way and leave the unwelcome office to others. Curious and amusing were the shifts to which he was sometimes obliged to resort. But this could not last forever, and the day finally came for an open declaration of principles. One winter evening, when his uncle, Lucius Mower, was sitting comfortably by the stove, and Henry was at the counter, a customer well known for his bibulous propensities entered and demanded a quart of whisky. "Wait a moment," was

the answer, "and I will go and call Uncle Sherlock (who was in the back room) to draw it for you." Lucius Mower, who was a stern man on occasion and a hearty hater of Presbyterianism, turned a look of surprise on his nephew and thundered "Draw it yourself!" "I cannot," replied the youth. "I have made up my mind that it is wrong for me to have anything to do with it." "Ha!" rejoined his Uncle, with an oath, "those Presbyterians have been tampering with you, I suppose! Well, Sir, you may as well understand that if you cannot do as I wish in this store, you and I must dissolve partnership!" "Very well," was the firm reply; "if the handling of liquors is an indispensable part of my duty here, then I must leave!" After a time, the Mower brothers gave Henry to understand that they were anxious that he should not leave them and that he might remain on his own conditions. But Dr. Richards had always desired a liberal education for his sons, and the thought of a vocation to the Ministry had already taken root in Henry's mind. He therefore persisted in cutting loose from his uncle's employ, and after serious consultation with his father and friends, recommenced his classical studies.

But before following him in this new period of his career, we must say a word as to the effect of his example on his uncle's mind.

Shortly after the incident detailed above, Lucius Mower was advised by his physician to seek a warmer climate, in the hope of reëstablishing his health, seriously impaired by consumption. He accordingly made the journey to St. Augustine, Florida. Thoroughly worldly as he was, he had hitherto given his whole mind and attention to business affairs. In these he was highly successful, and throughout life was looked upon as the leading business man of the little community. Almost every considerable enterprise in the village was either initiated or brought to a successful completion by his energy and sagacity. The fortune that he acquired was so large for those days that the historian of Granville records the settlement of his estate after his death as one of the disturbing elements bringing on a period of financial embarrassment in the village. But now, away from home and free from the distractions of commerce, with death staring him in the face, he was led to reflect seriously on the weighty problems of existence. Meeting at St. Augustine an excellent Episcopalian clergyman, also an invalid, he was helped by their long conversations on religious subjects to an entire change of conviction and of heart. From an unbeliever, he now professed faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and sincere repentance for his sins, and finally died in the hope of salvation through Christ, the Re-

deemer. During his illness, Mr. Mower spoke frequently to those about him of a nephew who had lived with him and whom he esteemed very highly. He spoke of this youth as very conscientious, and regretted deeply having attempted to influence him to act against his conscientious convictions. He expressed a great desire to see him, to ask his forgiveness and to express to him his respect and affection. Doubtless the consistent obedience to the dictates of conscience on the part of the boy of eighteen had proved, in the hands of Providence, one means of recalling the hardened man of the world to faith and repentance. Nor did the effect stop with him. The conversion and Christian death of Lucius Mower produced a profound sensation upon his friends at home. His letters written after the change evinced great good sense and entire sincerity. In them he spoke particularly of the danger of a death-bed repentance, of which he seemed very sensible, and expressed the deepest sorrow for the sins of his former life and his entire reliance on the infinite mercy of God through Jesus Christ. Mr. Mower's companions and business associates were generally godless men. Many of them had become disgusted with the quarrels alluded to above in connection with the Rev. Mr. Jinks, which had driven Dr. Richards from the Congregational church; but instead of going

higher as he did, they took refuge in irreligion. Though few of them cared enough for the subject to give it careful study and reflection, or even to seek arguments in the writings of unbelievers to justify their course, yet practically they were godless and in some cases positive scoffers. In this class of indifferentists and unbelievers were the three younger brothers of Lucius Mower, who succeeded to his business and died successively, like him, of consumption. Without exception, they followed the example of their eldest brother and died in the Christian faith. Lucius Mower's biography was written and published by Dr. Richards in pamphlet form.

CHAPTER IV

COLLEGE—GRADUATION—ENGAGEMENT

1832—1839

It was probably in the autumn of 1832, after the incident related in the last chapter, that Henry Richards, while continuing, for a time at least, to live at his uncle's house, became a student of the "Granville Literary and Theological Institution." This ambitious title designated an academy founded in the preceding year by the Baptist denomination of Ohio. It has since passed through the successive stages of evolution indicated by the titles of "Granville College" and "Denison University," under which last name it remains the chief pride of the little village. Henry's younger brother William had preceded him in the Academy, entering with the first class and beginning immediately, with about a dozen other lads, mostly intimate friends or relatives, his preparation for college. Here the boys enjoyed the advantage of excellent drilling, especially in languages. The Reverend John Pratt, first President of the Institution, was a thorough and systematic teacher of the old school.

When after two years of diligent study Henry was ready to make a new trial of Kenyon College, he received from Mr. Pratt a most flattering testimonial to his estimable character and manners, fine talents and praiseworthy industry. He was guaranteed as well qualified for the standing of Freshman in the best colleges.

In the autumn of 1834, being then about twenty years of age, Henry Richards again presented himself at the doors of Kenyon College and claimed admission to the Freshman class. It was characteristic of the young man that he did not present the very favorable testimonial received from President Pratt of the Granville Institution, which still remains among his papers, preferring instead to submit himself to an examination. He was confident of passing with credit and was proud of his teachers, believing with reason that there were few professors more thorough in drilling their pupils in first principles, especially in the grammars of the languages, than those in the village academy under Mr. Pratt. His confidence was not disappointed, and he was informed after the examination that his perfect familiarity with the Latin and Greek grammars was considered remarkable.

On his return to Kenyon, Henry found great changes effected in the interval of four years.

The venerable Bishop Chase, founder of the college, had resigned not only the Presidency, but his see as well, and his place had been taken by Bishop McIlvaine, a young clergyman of fine address, attractive style of preaching and thoroughly evangelical views. New buildings had been erected, Commons had been abolished, the slovenly and disedifying maid servants had been dismissed, and a general improvement was visible on all sides in the external appearance and internal arrangements and government of the college.

The four years of study that followed were naturally not very eventful. Henry was fond of his books and studied scarcely more from his profound sense of duty and conscience, his characteristic trait throughout life, than from a genuine pleasure in intellectual work. He liked Latin better than Greek, and Mathematics better than either. Geometry, as exercising the reasoning powers, seems to have had an especial attraction for him. He complains of the limitations of his memory and tells how his room mate and most intimate friend, Munson of Connecticut, would come in from Greek recitation, lean up against the window casing, look over the lesson for the following day for some fifteen or twenty minutes, then close his book with a bang and throw it on the table, exclaiming: "There, that lesson is got!" and

forthwith run out of doors to take part in sports, while Richards was painfully thumbing his dictionary. Yet in spite of this difference, which was chiefly in memory, Henry took the honors of his class. Towards the end of his first year he writes to his father: "We are getting along finely in our studies. Have read one book (180 odd chapters) in Herodotus and commenced Homer, which is assigned in the regular course to the Sophomore year. To the 36th chapter of the 3d book of Livy and about half through the 8th book of Legendre. . . . I assure you it keeps me very busy. We are required to write compo. every other week, besides Society duties." In conduct he was exemplary, as became a "professor of religion" and one who even contemplated the ministry, and his name was never connected with any students' scrape or boyish disorder. On the other hand, he was a leader in amusements of a higher kind, as well as in the serious religious life of the student body. His old love of music had not deserted him. During his stay in his uncle's employ, he had purchased a flute, and learned, without a teacher, to play upon it with taste and some degree of skill. Once while he was thus engaged, his uncle impatiently exclaimed: "Put up that flute and don't let me hear you play it any more. I never knew a musician who was good for anything else!"

With his usual persistence in what he thought to be right and good, Henry declined to discontinue his musical efforts or to adopt his uncle's sweeping proposition as universally true, though he admits in his notes that when applied to musical geniuses, it is confirmed by his own lifelong observation. Such persons, he believed, are endowed with so overpowering a development of the musical faculty that it throws the mind out of balance and unfits the man for the sober, every-day duties of life. Some time after his entrance to Kenyon, the college band was organized, and Henry proved a useful member, playing, at successive periods, upon the flute, the bassoon, the trombone and the bass viol, and occasionally trying the flageolet. Somewhat later, when his theological course had begun, the ecclesiastical students were assigned rooms in one of the professors' houses, pending the completion of the new seminary building, Bexley Hall. Here Mr. Odiorne, the "Agent" of the institution, lived in bachelorhood, and to amuse himself had purchased a parlor organ. Mr. Richards, popular and beloved of the professors as of all others, was permitted to practice on it at will.

In all the religious societies, devotional meetings and active works of zeal carried on in the college, Henry took an earnest part from the very beginning. His remarks on one of these

works are, if we mistake not, worth copying in full: "There was one work in which I was engaged during the whole time of my stay in Gambier that I look back upon with pleasure, as it really involved considerable self-denial, though I do not think I was conscious of this at the time. I went about it as a matter of course and followed it up in the most natural manner as the appropriate work of a Christian, whether he contemplated the ministry or not. I allude to the work of Sunday School instruction in the neighborhood of the college. The whole country, for from six to ten miles about the college, was looked upon as missionary ground. In every direction, Sunday Schools were established . . . generally in the school districts where there were (public) school-houses, though sometimes they were held in private houses, and log-cabins at that. In fact, the school-houses were generally built of logs in primitive fashion, with thatched walls, shake roofs and puncheon floors. . . . One end of the cabin was appropriated to the fireplace. Ah, those fireplaces were something to remember! . . . Sometimes they had chimneys built of stones gathered from the surface and laid up with more or less regularity and artistic skill, and extending above the roof, sometimes with and sometimes without the adhesive aid of mortar. In some cases, I am compelled to say,

these expansive fireplaces, so suggestive of broad philanthropy and open-hearted warmth of loving charity, were by the shiftlessness of the proprietors changed to symbols of the very opposite of these virtues. The smoke was left, without a flue, to wander at its own sweet will wherever it listed, to find egress through the interstices of the walls and ceiling. In these cabins, thus variously constructed and equipped, we held our Sunday Schools and often our meetings also, at which the young aspirants to the ministry used to exercise their gifts to the great edification of the simple country folk. Sometimes, however, we succeeded in persuading the regular clergy of the college to come out with us and hold service and preach. It occurs to me as I write, with what pleasure Dr. Sparrow, in particular, was always received by these country congregations. He was a real Irishman, full of the true Irish eloquence, refined and cultivated. Though so great, as we all esteemed him, he was yet so humble and bashful that in addressing a country congregation in a log cabin he would commence his sermon sitting, on the plea that he did not feel very well, which was always true, and then, as he warmed with his subject, he became emboldened and would rise from his seat and pour forth a stream of impressive, thrilling eloquence that carried his hearers away. . . . I was a great

favorite with him and used to accompany him frequently on his preaching expeditions. On one occasion, as we journeyed, the subject of the inconvenience of excessive modesty came up, and the importance of courage and self-reliance,—in a word, of 'push,' in order to succeed in life. 'Mr. Richards,' said the Doctor, 'I have learned one very important lesson as the result of my experience in life. Gold is precious and silver is precious, but there is nothing like brass!'

"Summer and winter we went regularly, faithfully and punctually to our work. Cold or hot, wet or dry, blow high, blow low, under the burning sun of summer, and the piercing blasts of winter, through snow and slush and sleet, we trudged our four, five and six miles, to impart instruction to these poor children and to preach to these, in many instances, benighted souls. There was some little jealousy among the people of our Prayer Books and our Episcopal notions and customs. But we generally managed to avoid offense in these particulars. In fact, the task was not a difficult one, as we were generally, as our High Church brethren used to say, only Presbyterians and other sectaries, plus the Prayer Book.

"Sometimes, I confess, this work became tedious; but it was really wonderful with what unflagging zeal, upon the whole, we persevered

in it. In summer it was not so bad; it mattered not how open and airy our log cabins were. But in winter it made a difference. Not always did the capacious fireplaces, extending from side to side of the cabin, glow with fervent heat . . . not always were the intrusive winds excluded. Insufficient thatch and a superabundance of green wood, smoldering on the hearth, made our reception decidedly cool. But I think the warmth of our zeal generally made up for all deficiencies of this kind. We were sometimes rewarded by witnessing some fruits of our labors. The children were generally a heterogeneous agglomeration of all sorts, good, bad and indifferent; but there were some of extraordinary talent and precocious moral development. Sometimes I would be astonished by some child who had been given for lesson a few verses of the Bible going on and reciting the whole chapter. There were some children who would commit chapter after chapter with the greatest ease, giving evidence of the most wonderful memory. But I must not dwell too long upon this subject, though it calls up associations which will never cease to be invested with the charm of highest interest to me. Several of my companions became clergymen and missionaries, and two at least, Lyle and Graham, went to China. If they had been Catholics, I do not doubt they

would have accomplished great good among the heathen. As it was, being connected with a mere human society calling itself the Church, but not having the grace of the Sacraments or the divine authority of Christ's Holy Church, they spent a few laborious but ineffectual years in that great and wonderful field for Christian effort and then returned, a complete failure, much as the celebrated Bishop Southgate returned from Constantinople, to which he had gone with a great flourish of trumpets and loud professions of the grand work of conversion and reconciliation he was to effect among the Greek and Oriental Christians and the heretics, Turks and infidels. How weak and puny are the efforts of all the Protestant denominations to convert the heathen!"

In a letter addressed to his "Dear Brother and Sisters" at Utica, Ohio, dated Aug. 27th, 1837, therefore toward the close of his Junior year, Henry writes as follows:

"This has been a day of uncommon interest with us. We have had a Sunday School jubilee. The several schools under the care of our S. S. Association, thirteen in number, assembled to hear a sermon from the Bishop. The result altogether surpassed our most sanguine expectations. There was a very large congregation,

parents and scholars both, and we trust an impression was made which will not soon be lost, —that an impulse was given to the cause of S. Schools in our vicinity not easily estimated. The Bishop was delighted—talks of the twelve tribes coming up to the temple to worship. There are about eight hundred scholars in our school, and the prejudice which has formerly been manifested—and frequently in a most violent degree—is fast vanishing away, if not almost entirely disappeared. Our congregation was a heterogeneous collection of all denominations. I shall expect to see you at Commencement. Good night.

"Your affectionate,

"Henry."

At the close of his college course, in September, 1838, Henry received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with the highest standing in a class of only five. His graduation speech was on the somewhat arid subject of Metaphysics. He advocated with great ardor the claims of this science of all sciences to study and consideration. But considering how very jejune must have been his acquaintance with any branch of philosophy, a subject most imperfectly treated in non-Catholic American colleges even at the present day, it may be doubted whether his enthusiasm was to any extent founded on personal

knowledge. Another incident of a more interesting kind marked this commencement day. This was the first meeting with his future wife, Cynthia Cowles. The commencement was always a time of excitement and bustle on the Hill of Gambier. The élite of Western society from the surrounding towns, Mt. Vernon, Worthington, and even as far as Columbus, graced the scene with their presence and crowded the chapel, while numberless carriages and conveyances of all kinds thronged the approaches. Among these came Miss Cynthia from her home at Worthington, escorted by her brother Havens Cowles and her cousin Douglas Case who intended to take home their cousin, Fitch James Matthews, a student. The young couple were introduced; and although Mr. Richards declares that he did not fall in love at first sight, having now gotten pretty well beyond that stage and having acquired some discretion, still an impression was made on his somewhat susceptible heart.

William Richards, though five years younger than his brother, was graduated in the same class. He remained another year at college, devoting himself to the study of philosophy, history and political science, under the direction principally of Dr. Sparrow, and took the degree of Master of Arts in course before going East to study law at Yale University.

Henry determined to spend the year at home, with the purpose of taking some rest and recreation and of traveling to some extent out of the very provincial atmosphere and somewhat raw civilization of a new western state before commencing his theological studies. In September of this year, he began a trip to the East, making the journey over the mountains by stage as usual, but at Ellicott City, Md., meeting the Baltimore and Ohio railway, the first built in the United States and just completed as far as that point. In after life, Mr. Richards often spoke of the trepidation, almost amounting to terror, with which the travelers looked on the puffing engine and took their seats reluctantly in the cars. Both engine and train were of course trifling affairs, almost toys, when compared with our modern railway equipment. At several places in the road, where the grades were steep, the engine was replaced by mules. In the course of this journey, Henry visited all the principal cities, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, &c., and paid a visit to his father's relatives at New London.

Returning to Granville with a mind presumably widened by contact with the great world, Henry Richards accepted an engagement to teach vocal music during the winter to the young ladies of the Seminary, which had just

passed under control of the Episcopal Church and had been placed in charge of a Mr. Mansfield French. In his notes, Mr. Richards marvels at his own temerity. He bids us imagine a young gentleman, modest even to bashfulness, and just out of college, standing before a roomful of young ladies, the mark for a shower of darts from glancing eyes, while with chalk, blackboard and voice, he makes desperate efforts to conduct them through the mysteries of the gamut. One pair of these bright eyes had begun, he confesses, to shed upon his heart a mild, sweet radiance as attractive as it was dangerous to his peace of mind. They belonged to the same young lady whom he had met at commencement and who had come to the new Episcopal Seminary at Granville to continue her education. But Henry, who had learned prudence, was not going to allow his heart to carry him away rashly. With businesslike deliberation, he made diligent inquiries about the young lady from those who knew her well at home. They testified that she had every good and estimable quality, that she was a second mother to her younger brothers and sisters, who in the frequent illnesses of their mother looked to Cynthia as the eldest daughter for guidance and control, that she was good, kind, amiable, sensible, and in every way calculated to make an exemplary clergyman's

wife. His chief confidant and counselor seems to have been his younger sister, Belle, who happened to be Cynthia's most intimate friend at school. She confirmed fully all that had been said in commendation of her companion, and cheerily bade her brother "Go ahead!" And go ahead he did without delay, though he declares that to be a rough way of expressing the modest, deliberate manner in which he carried on the siege. When the girls of the Seminary attended a party, he invariably saw her home. When they were taken for a sleigh-ride or a drive on some holiday, he was at her side. He put up a swing in the grove on the hill, and took no interest in swinging anyone but his sister or her friend. School closed in the spring and Cynthia departed for her home at Worthington, only to receive very shortly a letter which took her by surprise. It contained a declaration of love and a proposition of marriage when circumstances should permit. That letter was a remarkable specimen of composition, costing its writer much thought and labor, but it brought only a refusal. The girl's parents were not willing. The mother particularly was not satisfied to see her favorite daughter exposed to the inconveniences, discomforts and comparative poverty to which the wife of a young and struggling clergyman would probably be subject. But the young lover, though

disappointed, was not discouraged. He saw plainly, reading between the lines of the refusal, that the daughter's affections were his, while through obedience and submissiveness she wrote according to the decision of her more worldly-minded parents. He refused to give up, and was finally rewarded by a reversal of the unfavorable decision. From that time he corresponded regularly with Miss Cowles, and awaited only the completion of his studies to make her his wife.

CHAPTER V

BEGINNINGS OF THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT

Before attempting to trace the path on which his unflinching loyalty to truth and reason led our young seminarian until it ultimately brought him home to the great Dwelling Place of all religious truth, we must go back to give some idea of the state of religious belief in his day and the intellectual forces that were at work around him.

There exists a popular impression that the great movement of return to the Catholic Church which has been so marked a feature of the nineteenth century began with the Tractarians in England and owed to them almost exclusively its origin and development, not only in England, but in all English-speaking countries, and even throughout the world. But a very slight degree of reading and study, especially now that the first impetus of the movement has spent itself, will suffice to show that this view is quite erroneous. The Oxford Movement is now seen to have been only an incident, though a most important incident, in a far more widespread drama; it was only one current,

though a very powerful current, in the great stream which was slowly but surely setting back toward the sea from which it had come. The reaction was evident in several countries of Europe, particularly Germany and France, even before the French Revolution had fairly exhausted itself. The first movers in the reaction were not always Catholics, nor scarcely even Christians. In Germany, much may be attributed to Herder and Goethe, and a little later, Schiller. They were poets, lovers of beauty. True religion is always poetical; for poetry is the language of emotion and of the ideal clothed in concrete forms. In Protestantism these men found neither poetry nor beauty; they discovered them in the Catholic Church. They expressed their admiration freely, and made use in their works of the noble and elevated ideas thus gained, and so contributed to the spread of Catholic sentiments while themselves remaining Rationalists or Pantheists. The study of mediæval art—poetry, sculpture and painting, but above all, of the Gothic architecture, with the monuments of which Germany is so abundantly supplied—led minds insensibly to the great Church which had been the inspiration and the guardian of these masterpieces. Added to these elements, was a more impartial study of the history of the middle ages. The distinguished historian, Leopold

Friedrich, Count Stolberg, came into the Church in 1800 and by his *History of the Religion of Jesus Christ* was mainly instrumental in the conversion of Prince Adolphus of Mecklenberg. In 1805 came the conversion of Friedrich von Schlegel and his gifted wife. Schlegel's influence was very great, and he has been called the Messiah of the German Romantic School of literature. His works on the *History of Literature* and the *Philosophy of History* are still of great value. Overbeck the artist, with a number of friends, came in about 1814 and founded a new Christian school of painting. The two brothers Veit (painters) were converted Jews. Klinkowströne, Wilhelm and Rudolf Schadow (the latter a sculptor), Vogelstein, Schnorr, Platner, and Müller, were members of this remarkable aggregation. Joseph Görres and Clemens Brentano, though born and baptized Catholics, were practically converts to the Faith, as was also the Princess Gallitzin, a German lady married in Russia. The poet Werner, the poetess Luise Hensel, many members of sovereign houses and of the nobility and aristocracy, jurists and historians, swelled the ranks and even ministers of religion were not wanting. In the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, the conversion in 1820 of Karl Ludwig von Haller, a Councilor of State of Berne, and a political writer of Euro-

pean fame, followed by the publication of his letter to his family giving an account of his step, caused a great sensation, though it did not give rise to any definite local movement of return. Möhler's *Symbolik,* one of the greatest works of the nineteenth century, though rather a fruit than a cause of the movement, yet contributed most powerfully after its appearance to sustaining and spreading the truth. The conversion of the historians Hurter, Gfrörer, Onno Klopp and others, was also one of the later fruits of the reaction.

In France, the Faith had never been extinguished. It only remained quiescent under the ashes heaped upon it by the Revolution and the Terror. As soon as partial freedom was restored under Napoleon, it flamed forth again. Churches were opened, seminaries reëstablished, religious congregations founded, and—best sign of all of the presence of an ardent faith—colleges for the training of priests for foreign missions were put in operation. Although compelled to struggle with revolutionary hate on one side and bureaucratic oppression, scarcely less atheistic and fatal, on the other, the Church showed wonderful vitality, and the result was a powerful reaction in favor of religion. To give anything like a list of the converts would be impossible. Rendered attractive to the popular mind by the genius of

Chateaubriand (himself a returned wanderer from the fold) in the graceful and fervid imagery of his *Genius of Christianity, The Martyrs,* and *Atala,* the movement was also commended to the philosophic and doctrinaire spirit of the times by the scholarly discussions of Joseph de Maistre and Bonald, while it was carried into the field of sociology and politics by Lamennais, Montalembert, Lacordaire, and their brilliant associates in the founding and conducting of *L'Avenir.* Frederick Ozanam, in his eloquent lectures at the Sorbonne, replete with Catholic views of history, philosophy and art, and still more in his charitable Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which soon spread throughout the world, exercised an influence which hitherto perhaps has not been sufficiently appreciated. The re-establishment of the Jesuits and the return of other religious orders, with their enormous labors in missions and Catholic education, were of course a most powerful factor.

In England, the great reaction was less felt. Still, the way was prepared. Thoreau-Dangin, in his recent work, *La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au XIX Siècle,* describes the various phases of religious thought in England after Waterloo. "Some," he says, "felt the need of a return to Christianity; a certain number of writers seconded this reaction or felt its influence and accomplished in England a task

analogous to that of Chateaubriand in France, and Görres in Germany. Such under different aspects were Walter Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey."

The American Colonies, settled as they were so largely by Presbyterians, Independents, and representatives of all the Dissenting bodies that had waged such violent wars in England, were slow to be affected by the new tendency. Up to the time of the Revolutionary War, a spirit of fierce bigotry and hatred of the Church seems to have been almost universal. Even in Maryland, originally settled by Catholics under royal protection and designed as a refuge for Christians of every denomination, the Mother Church had been reduced to a state of permanent legal persecution. No sooner, in fact, had the Puritans of New England accepted the brotherly invitation of the Lord Proprietor to settle in the regions subject to his government, under the ægis of civil and religious liberty, than they seized the first opportunity to arrogate to themselves supreme power and to place their late generous hosts under the ban of oppression. Priests were unable to remain in the colony, and the missionaries of the Society of Jesus were compelled to take refuge on the further side of the Potomac, in Virginia, where they remained in close hiding, making only stealthy

visits to their flocks to sustain them in the faith. At a later date, after the Restoration in England, the Anglican authorities in the colony showed themselves almost as full of hatred as the Puritans, and exercised continual acts of repression and persecution. Shortly prior to the American Revolution, the letters of the elder Charles Carroll to his son, the Signer of the Declaration of Independence, are full of complaints of the double taxation and other disabilities to which Catholics were subject in their own home. This injustice, with the absolute prohibition of separate public churches or chapels for Catholics, persisted to the end of the Colonial era.

In the other colonies, with the exception of Pennsylvania, the state of popular feeling was in general no better. Prejudice against the Church was so bitter that it extended to everything remotely connected with her doctrines or ceremonial. So general, for instance, was the Puritan hatred of Prelacy, that even the Anglicans were fain to yield to it. Dr. Tiffany, in his *History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States,* says (p. 274): "The intense dread of Puritans and Presbyterians (in regard to the introduction of Bishops in the Anglican Church in America) we learn from their own statements. In 1768, the Massachusetts House of Representatives, addressing

its London agent, wrote by the hand of Samuel Adams as follows: 'The establishment of a Protestant episcopate in America is very zealously contended for. . . . We hope in God such an establishment may never take place in America; we desire you would strenuously oppose it. The revenue raised in America, for aught we can tell, may be as constitutionally applied toward the support of prelacy as of soldiers or pensioners.' "

It was only in 1784, after the revolution, that the first Anglican Bishop, Dr. Samuel Seabury of Connecticut, was consecrated for the United States, and this irregularly by the nonjuring Bishops of Scotland. White and Provoost, more regularly presented, received their orders from the English church in 1787. In spite of the two centuries of Anglican domination in Virginia, the first Bishop of that diocese, Dr. Madison, received his office simultaneously with the Catholic Bishop, John Carroll, in 1790, both going to England for consecration and returning in the same ship.

The resolution of Congress in 1774, protesting against the Quebec Act (or the continuance by the British government of the existing condition of the Catholic Church in French Canada) and its two addresses on the subject, one to the Inhabitants of the Colonies and the other to The

People of Great Britain, undoubtedly had a powerful effect in alienating the inhabitants of that colony from the cause of the American Revolution. But that war effected a great change. The French nation, then at least nominally Catholic, gave to the revolted colonies most effective aid, without which it is doubtful whether they would ever have achieved their independence. Catholic officers of French origin volunteered for service in the Continental Army, like the lamented and skillful artillery Captain, Dohickey Arundel, who was killed in his first battle. A considerable number of Irish Catholics were also enrolled and were found, as always and everywhere, to be heroic fighters. This phase of Revolutionary history has been carefully chronicled by Martin J. Griffin, in his three volumes on *Catholics and the American Revolution.* Among the most prominent of these heroes was Stephen Moylan, of Philadelphia, brother of the Catholic Bishop of Cork, who became Commissary General of the American forces and was an intimate friend of Washington.

The old Catholic families of Maryland were all, it would seem, heartily in accord with the other colonists in their struggle for freedom. One of the most conspicuous of their members, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, signed the Declaration of Independence, thereby risking, as

was said, the most ample estates owned by any one proprietor in the colony. His relative, John Carroll, a member of the Society of Jesus until its suppression and destined in after years to be the first Catholic Bishop in the United States, accompanied Charles Carroll and the other two Commissioners, Samuel Chase and Benjamin Franklin, to Canada, for the purpose of doing away with the unfavorable effect of the Congressional protests of 1774 and inducing the Canadian people to join with the revolted Colonies.

In the Northwest, a Catholic priest of French descent, the Rev. Peter Gibault, by his prompt and bold action and commanding personal influence, won to the American cause, almost single handed, an extensive and important territory, populated in great part by Catholics.

All these facts dictated to the new Republic, both from policy and gratitude, a laying aside of the old prejudice and hatred. Washington's reproof to his soldiers, near Boston in 1775, forbidding the usual insulting celebration of Guy Fawkes' day, and his gracious reply to the Address of his Roman Catholic fellow citizens in 1790, were the keynote of the new policy of fairness and friendliness. At the close of the war, the few and scattered professors of the Catholic religion found their situation vastly improved. On the adoption of the constitution, they were

guaranteed equal rights, so far as concerned the central government, though long and persistent efforts, not ended until our own day, were needed in order to remove the disabilities imposed by individual States.

But the process of enlightenment and softening was necessarily very slow. Here and there throughout the States, a few noble and faithful souls were led by some special grace of God to break through the crust of ignorance and inborn prejudice and to emerge into the full light of Faith and Truth. Lionel Brittain, a church warden of Philadelphia, was received into the Church, with his son and several other persons, as early as 1707. The Rev. John Thayer, a minister of Boston, was converted and received into the Church in Rome in the year 1783. Becoming a priest, he served efficiently in his native city and elsewhere. Early in the eighteenth century, Thomas Willcox, a manufacturer of paper at Ivy Mills, Pennsylvania, came into the Church. His descendants, and especially his son, Mark Willcox, and the latter's saintly convert wife, exercised a powerful and almost patriarchal influence in building up Catholicity in Philadelphia and the surrounding region. Judge James Twyman of Kentucky yielded to the zeal of Father Badin about the year 1800. Mrs. Elizabeth A. Seton, who made her submission in 1805, became the Foundress

of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. The famous Barber family of New Hampshire, which included two ministers, father and son, made their way to the Truth in 1816 and 1818, in spite of the complete isolation from every Catholic influence in which they lived. This family gave to the Church prelates, priests and nuns, including the Rt. Rev. John Tyler, first Bishop of Hartford, and Samuel Barber, S. J., Rector of Georgetown College, both of whom were grandsons of Daniel Barber. In 1807, the Rev. John Richards of Alexandria, Virginia, probably a distant relative of the subject of this memoir, made a journey to Canada, with the purpose, as tradition asserts, of attempting to convert to Protestantism the Sulpitian Fathers of Montreal. But matters fell out contrariwise to his intention. He was converted by them and received into the Church on October 31st of the same year. Entering the Sulpitian community, he was ordained priest in 1813 and was appointed *Econome* (bursar) of the establishment. In 1817, he gathered together the few and scattered Irish Catholics in Montreal and established the first English-speaking congregation in that city. His death occurred July 23d, 1847, and was due to typhus fever contracted in attending the sick among the famine-stricken Irish emigrants. He was the fourth victim among the Sulpitians engaged in the same heroic work

of charity. It may be stated here that according to Shea, another priest of the same family name, the Very Rev. B. Richards, presumably a convert, was one of the two Vicars General of New Orleans in 1832, and died of cholera in the same year. Major Noble, of Brownsville, Pa., with his wife and family (1807), Dr. Henry Clarke Bowen Greene, of Saco, Me. (1824), and the Rev. Calvin White, of Derby, Conn. (about 1828), are among the most noted of these early converts. Col. Dodge, of Pompey, N. Y., was received, together with his wife, in 1836, and by the year 1839 there were no less than nineteen converts at that point brought in by his influence and example. James Frederick Wood, a banker, destined to be the Catholic Archbishop of Philadelphia, made his submission in 1836. The Rev. Maximiliam Oertel, a Lutheran Minister sent to this country to investigate the spiritual condition of the German immigrants, found here the gift of Catholic Faith and was received March 15th, 1840, in St. Mary's Church, New York City. These conversions, and many more like them, were mostly isolated and could not be said to constitute any movement.

But meantime many forces were beginning to operate to bring to the American people in general a clearer knowledge of that Mother Church whom they so blindly hated. The

exiled French priests who came to our shores contributed largely by their exalted virtues, learning and refinement of manners to modify the views of those who had been brought up to believe all priests monsters. Matignon, Cheverus, Bruté, Flaget, Dubois, the Sulpitians of Baltimore, and many others won not only the devoted affection of their Catholic flocks, but the profound respect and esteem of reputable Protestants. Immigration, especially from Catholic Ireland, increased rapidly; and the victims of English injustice, poor in all else, brought with them a profound knowledge of their faith and a devoted zeal for its defense and propagation. Moreover, the general European movement toward Catholic ideas could not be without its effect and its counterpart in America. As yet this was scarcely more than a groping or a blind yearning for something higher and more in conformity with human feelings than the stern and narrow severity of Calvinistic Protestantism. As the furious fanaticism of their fathers began to be forgotten, sectaries were pleased with the fuller and statelier service of the Episcopalian Prayer Book, and accepted readily the fragments of Catholic Truth preserved in the Anglican system. Even to the present day, this influx from Presbyterianism and other Evangelical sects to the Episcopalian body has not

ceased but seems to be steadily increasing; and it doubtless constitutes one step in the general progress toward Catholicity. Instances were Mr. Richards' own father and his associates in Granville, Bishop Chase, and hosts of others. Meantime, the Episcopalians themselves were obeying the same impulse and were almost insensibly moving upward. No doubt in many cases this tendency was more a matter of sentiment than of positive doctrine. The great Catholic system corresponds closely in its devotional practices to the needs of the human heart and fulfills the spiritual demands of man's whole nature. Hence, when the centrifugal force of prejudice is removed, religious-minded souls tend naturally, by a sort of spiritual gravitation, to this center of Truth and Holiness. It is a remarkable fact that this tendency toward the resumption of Catholic ideas and feelings is now very general among those most widely separated from the Church in doctrine. Lights and flowers and stained glass windows are found in Presbyterian and Congregational churches, while Unitarians are among the readiest to appreciate the æsthetic and to some extent even the devotional side of Catholicity. Presbyterians, as the writer knows from observation, will attend the service of the Way of the Cross and find nothing but what is touching and attractive in that which their ancestors

would have pursued with savage scorn. Prayers for the dead appeal to their tenderest feelings, and even the Invocation of the Saints and the honor rendered to the Blessed Virgin are losing their terrors, thanks in part no doubt to the revival of popular interest in Art, which was frozen and stifled by the Reformation.

But almost all of this amelioration was as yet in the future. Indeed even at the present day this process is by no means complete, and Catholics are still often disheartened, in public and social life, by the load of unreasoning and bitter dislike which they are compelled to bear. Particularly is this the case in smaller towns and villages, where Protestantism still maintains something of its old positiveness and vigor. Decadent religions are at all times found to retain most persistently their vigor and characteristics in localities far from the great centers of life and discussion, just as the *pagani,* in early Christian centuries, were the last survivors, in the *pagi* or villages, of the worshipers of these heathen gods who had been driven with laughter and scorn from the cities. That this principle is verified in the present history of Protestantism in the United States must be plain to anyone who has had experience of both city and country life.

Naturally therefore the atmosphere of the

country districts of Ohio in the early days was not favorable to the acquirement of truth concerning the Church. Ignorance more dense or prejudice more fanatical it would probably be difficult to find. As in most agricultural districts, the influx of Catholic immigrants and the consequent spread of Catholic ideas were comparatively slow. When the saintly Dominican Father, Edward Fenwick, afterward Bishop of Cincinnati, established the missions of his order in Ohio and built the first permanent Catholic church in that State in 1818, the number of Catholics was so insignificant as to be almost unnoticeable. The first church in Columbus was not erected until 1838, the very year of Mr. Richards' graduation from Kenyon, and even then was not supplied with a resident pastor. Mass was said occasionally by a priest who came from a distance, probably from Chillicothe. But the congregation was too few in number, too poor and despised, to attract any great attention; and the Protestant public continued to be weighed down by the inherited ignorance and prejudice in regard to the Church, which later broke out in the famous "Know Nothing" movement.

About the year 1826, began in England that remarkable ferment of minds and consciences, afterward known as the Tractarian Movement.

It commenced no one knew how and came no one knew whence. It was as though the Creative Spirit again brooded over the face of the deep, bringing order and beauty into what was formless and void, and quickening into germination the seeds of life there latent. As an intellectual and spiritual agitation, it cannot be said to have originated with those who became its leading champions, Hurrell Froude, Keble, Ward, Newman and Pusey, nor was it confined to their immediate associates and followers. Dean Church, in his *Oxford Movement,* has the following remarks on the general movement for reform of the Church of England at this period: "Doubtless many thought and felt like them about the perils which beset the Church and religion. . . . Others besides Keble and Froude and Newman were seriously considering what could best be done to arrest the current which was running strong against the Church, and discussing schemes of resistance and defense. Others were stirring up themselves and their brethren to meet new emergencies, to respond to the new call. Some of these were in communication with the Oriel men and ultimately took part with them in organizing vigorous measures. But it was not until Mr. Newman made up his mind to force on the public mind, in a way which could not be

evaded, the great article of the Creed—'I believe in one Catholic and Apostolic Church'—that the movement began."[1]

The Rev. J. H. Overton, D. D., in his work, *The Anglican Revival,* points out that Dean Hook "was firmly established in his theological position, which was in the main the same as that of the early Tractarians, long before and quite independently of, the Oxford Movement, and when all the prime movers except Keble were either yet in a state of flux or belonged to quite a different school of thought." Newman himself, writing to Froude, says: "I do verily believe a spirit is abroad at present, and we are but blind tools, not knowing whither we are going. I mean a flame seems arising in so many places at once as to show no mortal incendiary is at work, though this man or that may have more influence in shaping the course or modifying the nature of the flame."[2] In another place, he speaks of the "Unseen Agitator" who is at work.

The movement took on definite shape and plan in the famous meeting or "congress" of its half-dozen foremost leaders in the Hadleigh Rectory in the year 1833. It culminated in the reception into the Catholic Church of John Henry Newman and several of his companions

[1] Church.—*The Oxford Movement,* pp. 32, 33.
[2] *Hurrell Froude,* by Louise Imogen Guiney, p. 115.

in 1845. In the submission to Rome of Dr. Newman, the Anglican establishment received a blow from which, by the confession of its friends, it has never entirely recovered. The stream of conversions due directly or indirectly to his influence has not even now ceased. Yet almost numberless as are the individuals brought to the Church in this way, it may perhaps be doubted if the fruit of the movement in advancing the whole body of Protestantism may not result, in the long run, in still greater good. No man of sense and upright judgment can indeed approve of the recent course of those highest of high "Anglo-Catholics" who, while admitting the power and jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff over the whole Church, as the successor of St. Peter, yet refuse to submit to that jurisdiction, and while proclaiming his supreme teaching authority, yet decline to receive his decisions, persistently remaining in schism and rebellion in the hope of ultimately bringing back the whole body to the unity of faith and government. Yet the gradual familiarizing of the Protestant mind with Catholic ideas and the leavening of society in general with the Catholic spirit, a process which is going on very generally and rapidly in consequence of the movement, must ultimately result, it would seem, in wholesale conversions to which those we have already seen are trifling.

In America, the publications of the Tractarians were eagerly read, and those who here and there, by their own reading and reflection, had been attracted to a greater or less extent toward the Catholic ideal, were now caught up by the advancing flood. John Henry Hobart, Bishop of New York from 1811 to 1830, was a leader in High Churchmanship of the old school, and maintained its principles with great vigor in his published addresses and charges. Bishop Whittingham of Maryland, Doane of New Jersey, Ives of North Carolina, and others, not only followed his lead but went far beyond him. His successor in the see of New York, Benjamin T. Onderdonk, though only moderately high in his own views, afforded protection to the Catholicizing students at the General Theological Seminary, of which he was *ex officio* the head, and he came to be looked upon as a champion of the party.

Bishop Ives established in his diocese of North Carolina, at a spot called *Valle Crucis,* a monastic society named the *Brothers of the Holy Cross,* the first organization of the kind in the Episcopal Church of America. So marked were Bishop Ives' Catholic tendencies that his own clergy were alarmed and he was arraigned before the Convention. Although his statement of faith and explanations were judged satisfactory, the brotherhood was dis-

solved. Another effort in the same direction was made at Nashotah, in the lake district of Wisconsin, by James Lloyd Breck, a graduate of the General Theological Seminary of New York in 1841. Associated with him were two of his classmates, John Henry Hobart (a son of the former bishop) and William Adams. Their purpose was to practice celibacy and community of goods, to teach Catholic principles and to preach from place to place—in a word, to found a religious order on explicitly Catholic lines. The institution grew and prospered, but was gradually diverted from its monastic purpose. Hobart, a very admirable young man, soon left to take a wife. Adams married the daughter of his own bishop. Bishop Kemper favored the scheme as a valuable accession to his diocese in the shape of an ecclesiastical seminary and college; but playing at monk lost its interest for most of the participants. Breck left in disappointment and founded another similar institution in Faribault, Michigan; but finally he also married and ended his career, as a highly respected missionary and pioneer, in California. George Richards, a half-brother of Henry, studied for the ministry at Nashotah, but was not in sympathy with the ardent Catholic spirit of the founders. The seminary has in later years furnished many distinguished converts to the Cath-

olic Church; but it is said at present to have sunk in doctrinal matters to a decidedly Low Church level.

But Kenyon College and Seminary, as may be inferred from what has already been said, were not the place in which the seeds of Catholic doctrine and practice could find congenial soil. Indeed, the troubles that drove Bishop Chase from the Presidency and the diocese seem to have arisen in part from the aversion of his Low Church faculty to what appeared to them his ultra-Catholic tendencies, mild and restricted as these were. A brief allusion to these discussions finds a more logical place here than if it had been introduced in strict chronological order. The complexion of the Convention is described by the Rev. Henry Caswall, a young Englishman who was a student with Mr. Richards in 1829 and who in after years returned to his native land and became Vicar of Figheldean in Wiltshire. In his "America and the Americans," Dr. Caswall writes: "Once a year the General Convention of the diocese assembled at Gambier, on which occasions the thirty or forty congregations then existing in the diocese were represented by their lay delegates; and most of the clergy, then twenty in number, attended in person. . . . It was easy to see that even in that little band opposite principles were at work which could

hardly fail to produce a disastrous result. The Bishop, for example, like the other American prelates, rested his prerogative on Apostolic succession and firmly believed in the efficacy of the Sacraments as means by which grace is conveyed. The professors generally were good men, but inclined to low views of the Church, and were disposed to show great deference to the spirit of the age. . . . Their desire was to render the college popular among all classes of the community, and this object could only be affected by sinking in some measure its distinctive features as a Church institution. In these and similar plans, a large portion of the clergy and laity in the Diocesan Convention were ready to support them, believing that Episcopacy in Ohio was practicable only in the mildest and most liberal form."

Bishop Chase himself, in his "Reminiscences," speaks on this head even more strongly.[3]

When Charles Pettit McIlvaine, a brilliant young minister of Brooklyn, N. Y., was elected in 1832 to take the place of Bishop Chase, his theological principles were low enough to satisfy even the Faculty and Trustees of Kenyon. What these principles were may perhaps be inferred from the fact that he was educated at Princeton, the stronghold of thoroughgoing

[3] Vol. II, p. 89.

Presbyterianism, not only graduating at the college but also attending the theological school for two years, as there was then no ecclesiastical seminary of the Episcopal Church in the United States. In later life he wrote that during the two years spent in this Presbyterian theological course, he heard nothing taught which was distinctive of that church!

But in regard to Episcopal authority, the recalcitrant Faculty found that it had made little improvement upon Bishop Chase, perhaps rather the reverse. The new prelate was no less positive than his predecessor as to the prerogatives of his office and the necessity of keeping supreme power in his own hands; and his methods of enforcing his claims were more systematic and effective. By his energy and ability, as well as his commanding personal character, he soon brought order and prosperity to the affairs of the college. After a time, some of the Professors ventured to oppose him. He writes to his mother in 1839: "I caused certain matters at the college, which have given me trouble for three years, somewhat of the kind that drove Bishop Chase away, to be brought before the Convention, and had them well settled by the diocese, who have no idea of letting two or three men disturb the peace of their Bishop."

The following appreciation of Bishop Mc-

Ilvaine's character and religious attitude is taken from Father Walworth's "Oxford Movement in America": "In his whole life and doctrine, I can find nothing characteristic of Episcopalianism except that he used the Book of Common Prayer and attached some importance to Apostolical Succession. Baptismal regeneration he scouted, while he was in no respect behind Calvin in maintaining the doctrine of 'total depravity' or behind Luther in his extravagant presentation of the great Protestant heresy of 'justification by faith only.'

"While a student in the seminary, I went one Sunday morning to hear him preach on this last doctrine, which was his favorite theme. I think it was at St. Mark's on Eighth Street. It made the blood fairly creep in my veins to listen to him. . . . Amongst all evangelical enthusiasts, especially ladies, Bishop McIlvaine was a hero, a sort of apostolic divinity. I remember well the worshipful words of an excellent Presbyterian lady of New York City. . . . Anything clerical was to her something angelic; even I, boy that I was, stood in her regard as something like Raphael's round-cheeked cherubs, with very little wings put on to atone for cheeks and eyes extraordinarily human. But Bishop McIlvaine, though most violently and bitterly evangelical, with his high talents and fine elocution, was something super-

human. 'Isn't he perfectly wonderful?' she would say to me. 'Isn't he lovely?' I could not enter into her enthusiasm at all, though I would willingly have done so, for she was very dear to me and I was always glad to please her. I acknowledged that he was wonderful enough. I wondered at him myself, but I thought him altogether unlovely. I could very well have used the terms applied by the celebrated Rufus Choate in praise of a Massachusetts judge: 'We look upon him as a heathen looks upon his idol. We know that he is ugly, but we feel that he is great.' "

LOS ANGELES COLLEGE

CHAPTER VI

SEMINARY—ORDINATION—MARRIAGE

1839—1840

In the autumn of 1839, under the circumstances imperfectly outlined in the preceding chapter, Henry Richards returned to Kenyon and began his theological studies in preparation for the ministry. We have purposely left to this place all account of his transition from Presbyterianism to the Episcopalian faith. This change had been gradual. Before entering college the second time in 1834, he had been somewhat indoctrinated with Episcopal views. The fact that his venerated father had embraced that faith and was the leading spirit in organizing its congregation in Granville, naturally had its weight with the son. The services held in his father's house, the books that came under his notice, the intercourse with Episcopal clergymen who officiated occasionally in the village, all these associations molded his opinions and prepared his mind gradually and almost insensibly for the full acceptance of the new faith. More-

over, the transition was by no means violent; for the prevalent character of Episcopalianism differed very little in matters of belief from the most decided Calvinism. The precise date of his confirmation and formal reception into the Episcopal Church cannot now be ascertained; but he was an adherent of that body in heart before he returned to Kenyon, and every day of his four years of college life strengthened him in his devotion to it.

Mr. Richards' "style of churchmanship" (a phrase which he considers allowable without discourtesy toward his old associates) was naturally the "Extreme Low." If Episcopalian churchmen may be divided (we should not venture to use the classification were it not for the example of a respected minister among their own number), into "Low and lazy, Broad and hazy, High and crazy," Mr. Richards would fall into the first class, except for the laziness. He was always most energetic, active, and intensely in earnest in carrying his principles into practice, and most zealous in every religious work that came within his reach. Nor can it be said, we think, that in this spirit he was altogether exceptional among his Episcopalian brethren. No doubt many pastors and parishes in the East and South may have shared in the apathy and stagnation which in the Anglican body roused the in-

dignation of Froude, Ward and Newman. But such men as Bishops Chase and McIlvaine, however fundamentally mistaken in their beliefs, were overflowing with zeal and energy, and were always ready to undertake heroic labors for the service of God, while at the same time striving to keep up habits of intense prayer. The new President of Kenyon had already acquired much of that distinction which made him not long afterward the acknowledged leader of the Low Church party in the United States, a position which he filled with vigor and distinction to the day of his death. Low churchmen, such as he, professed to hold strictly evangelical views and were ardent advocates of the doctrines of the Reformation. In other words, they held Calvinistic principles of total depravity, conversion, justification by faith only, &c. That which distinguished them from their brethren of other denominations was their belief in the Apostolic Succession and the threefold Order of the Ministry, Bishops, Priests and Deacons. If it be asked how even Low Churchmen could hold to the Apostolic constitution of the Anglican Ministry, and yet recognize the validity and lawfulness of the ministrations of clergymen of other denominations, Mr. Richards attributes it to the same practical inconsistency with which the numerous sects into which Protes-

tantism is divided hold to essentially contradictory beliefs in the most fundamentally important matters and at the same time recognize one another as brethren in the household of faith. He remarks it as a curious fact, throwing a strong light upon the thoroughly illogical and confused state of the Protestant mind, that these Low Church Evangelical members of the Episcopalian body, while claiming brotherhood with the other Protestant sects of the Reformation and insisting upon the privilege of fraternizing with them even to the extent of joining in the same religious worship and sometimes exchanging pulpits, yet advocated most strenuously the distinguishing principles alluded to, the Apostolic constitution and succession of the threefold order of the ministry. This, as was very natural, gave them a double character in the eyes of those outside their own pale. So long as they confined themselves to the more common doctrines of the Reformation, there was no objection; but the moment they began to insist upon the authority of their bishops and the Apostolic Succession, they were classed with the Romanizing party in the church. "I remember" goes on Mr. Richards, "that not long after our new Bishop came into the diocese, he felt constrained by the wild vagaries and religious excesses of the revivalists who at that time, as he said, were sweep-

ing over the fair face of God's heritage as a desolating fire, destroying all true spiritual life and verdure in its way, to preach a sermon on the 'Order' of the Church and the necessity of keeping up the fences and adhering to the old landmarks. It was a very well written discourse, presenting his subject in a strong and attractive light. It made a powerful impression and was extensively quoted on the one hand with approval by the High Churchmen, who maintained that he had become one of themselves without knowing it, and on the other with condemnation by his brethren of other denominations, who accused him of abandoning his Low Church ground. There is really nothing more astonishing and unaccountable than the fact that so many otherwise sensible and good men remain all their lives in a position so thoroughly illogical and contradictory as that, I may well say, not merely of Low Churchmen, but of Protestants of every name. They all hold to some truths, some more, some less, but they are all compelled, by the very necessity of their position, to hold other views entirely inconsistent and contradictory to the former. I think I may say with truth that I was never satisfied with an illogical position. I always had a decided tendency to develop principles to their legitimate consequences."

"Theology!" writes he with some feeling,

"What do Protestants know of the wonderful science of Theology! Dr. Sparrow was the only man who in a theological point of view redeemed our institution from contempt. He was really an able man and had given the subject of systematic theology considerable attention. That is, he had read most of the Protestant writers on the subject and constructed a system for himself. This was contained in a manuscript book of questions, with references, which we all copied and thought very wonderful. Of course he was his own final authority in the decision of important theological questions, though he referred to the leading Protestant writers, taking the German Dr. Dick's work for his principal guide and textbook. What else can any Protestant professor do? And what can theological students among Protestants do but take their professor for a guide (if he inspire confidence enough), and pin their faith to his sleeve, or else assume to judge for themselves between the various opinions of conflicting authorities, each man thus becoming his own guide, his own supreme authority? True, in matters of *opinion,* Catholics do the same, except that generally, in points where differences of opinion are tolerated, they decide according to the weight of authorities. But the grand difference between Catholics and Protestants is this, that the former have an

infallible guide, who decides matters of faith and morals, so that they possess a body of fixed law, a system composed of ruled cases, which all are obliged to accept. To the Protestant, on the other hand, everything is a matter of opinion; there is no *dogma* in the proper sense of that word. The consequence is that the theological student who undertakes to think for himself, who is not content to remain in leading strings, is necessarily cast loose on a wild sea of doubt and uncertainty.

"But we were quite content to jog along in humble obedience to our teacher, reserving any cases upon which we were not quite satisfied for future more thorough investigation. As for the rest of our course, I must confess to the greatest astonishment in looking back at the entirely unsatisfactory, imperfect and even ephemeral nature of our instruction! The Rev. Dr. Joseph Muenscher was Professor of Hebrew and Hermeneutics. He was hauled up, as we used to say, for German rationalistic views. Professor Marcus Tullius Cicero Wing had the chair of Ecclesiastical History. I do not remember that he ever gave a fact or a comment outside of the text of Mosheim. The Bishop—I forget the title of his chair, but I remember very well the nature of his instructions. He had written two books called forth by the Oxford Controversy, one large, the other

small. The former was a large octavo entitled *Oxford Divinity,* and designed to show that that Divinity tended to Rome. The latter, a small duodecimo, was on the subject of *Justification by Faith Only.* These two ephemeral controversial works were made our textbooks in our recitations to the Bishop!

"I must not neglect to state that there were two textbooks referred to in our course from which I got some Catholic ideas, though I am not sure that I saw them in that light until after I had finished my theological course. I mean Pierson on the Creed and Barrow on the Pope's Supremacy. Pierson has a considerable amount of sound divinity in his treatise. Among other things, he uses very strong language in regard to the degree of honor proper to be paid to the Blessed Virgin—'Only less than that which is paid to Almighty God,' or words to that effect. Barrow first gave me the idea that St. Peter was the head of the College of the Apostles and the numerous evidences from Scripture of his being first and foremost, in fact that he had a primacy, if not a supremacy, in the government of the early Church. Yet, strange to say, that very author tries to prove, what has so often been attempted since his day, that it is not at all certain that Peter ever was in Rome!

"The fact is, our professors all, from the

Bishop down, seemed to attach more importance to 'views,' or what may be called the 'complexion' of our theological teaching, than to any consistent, compact, unique system of dogma. So that we were all right on justification by faith and generally on the so-called evangelical views of depravity, conversion and religious experience, we were considered quite safe, and they seemed to think all other things necessary would be added to us. I had adopted the views thoroughly. I had learned them not only theoretically, but experimentally and practically. I was consequently a great favorite with the Bishop. I think he was delighted with the first sermon I ever wrote. It was on the text (such a favorite with the evangelicals), 'God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' It was so thoroughly—I might perhaps say so hyper-evangelical that even the good Bishop had to modify and tone it down a little, at least in some few expressions."

After Mr. Richards had continued his studies for some time, he was licensed by Bishop McIlvaine as a lay reader to officiate in neighboring parishes. Instead, however, of indicating to him some book of sermons to be read to the congregation, as was and is still the custom in the Episcopalian Church, lay readers being prohibited from venturing on sermons of their

own, the Bishop read over Mr. Richards' compositions, approved of them and recommended him to read them to the people. This exceptional proof of confidence was supplemented by every other mark of favor, which continued until Mr. Richards, as an ordained minister and pastor, began thinking for himself and showed a leaning toward High Church doctrines and practices.

As often happens, Mr. Richards' mind was quickened in its interest in living religious questions and its grasp of the principles involved more by discussions among the students themselves than by the instruction of his professors.

He records that among the theological students there were two of decidedly High Church proclivities. One, whose name has not been recalled, came from New York. He was a very excellent young man, very intelligent, very sincere, quiet and retiring in his habits. He always insisted, in opposition to his Low Church friends, that no incompatibility existed between High Church principles and truly evangelical views of religious life and experience. He was himself in fact, as Mr. Richards testifies, a good example of his own principles, for he was truly devout and conscientious. He was looked upon, however, with a certain degree of pity that so good a man should be deluded with false prin-

ciples. He was accustomed to read the New York *Churchman,* at that time conducted by Dr. Seabury, the coryphæus of the High Church party. By the body of the students and the professors the *Churchman* was looked upon as only the more dangerous for being so ably conducted. This young man died at Gambier before finishing his course. As an evidence that his principles would not stand the test of the deathbed, it was whispered about that some days before his end he requested a file of the obnoxious paper, which hung at the foot of his bed, to be removed out of his sight. The other student who was sufficiently advanced to advocate Tractarian doctrines in this stronghold of old-fashioned Protestantism was Joseph S. Large, a young man of fine talents, and an able disputant. He found a foeman though not altogether worthy of his steel, yet able enough to worry him with the inconsistencies of the High Church system, in Robert Elder, a particular friend of Henry Richards, and afterward Rector of the church in Worthington. The discussions between Large and Elder were frequent, prolonged and animated, sometimes to great heat. Large was the more learned and more acute of the two and often got the better of his opponent. But the latter learned by experience the weak points in his antagonist's armor, and in answer to the charge that his

principles tended to sectarianism, and finally to scepticism and infidelity, he threw back upon him the no less terrible accusation of a tendency to Romanism.

These two were one year in advance of their friend Richards in the course. It was impossible for him to listen to such discussions without acquiring new points of view and receiving seeds of thought which in later years and under favorable circumstances would be sure to germinate and bring forth fruit.

The point most fiercely contested by the theological athletes was Baptismal Regeneration. Henry Richards soon came to recognize this as a fundamental question, on the answer to which one's whole theory of Christianity must rest. It will therefore be worth while to copy his acute and solid remarks on it. "That is undoubtedly a test principle," he says, "as the question lies between a 'Corporate Christianity,' involving a settled, fixed, authoritative organization, designed to impart the new life of Faith to those who shall be incorporated into the system, and, on the other hand, the idea of a voluntary agglomeration of separate individuals who have received their life from previous direct contact with the Spirit independently of church organization, and to whom church organization is rather a matter of convenient arrangement than of imperative obliga-

tion. In this view, the life of the organization, instead of being the fountain and source from which individuals derive their life, . . . is rather the aggregate of the life contributed by the individuals composing the voluntary association, and possessed by them independently of it. Here the individual is everything, the organization nothing, or at least of secondary importance. The right of (unlimited) private judgment is a cardinal principle in the system, and it makes a man his own guide, his own law, and finally his own God and Master.

"Baptismal regeneration implies a divine efficacy attached to a sacrament instituted by Almighty God for the special purpose of imparting the divine life which was lost by the fall. It implies a system, an organization, a divine arrangement for nourishing and carrying on this divine life to its completion. It implies a hierarchy, a teaching and governing body, a settled, fixed body of dogma, in short all that is included in the Catholic system. These ideas began to dawn upon me as the result of these discussions in the Seminary; the seeds were planted, though I fear the soil was too unpropitious, too preoccupied, to allow of any sudden or very rapid growth."

The first article published to the world from Mr. Richards' pen was an essay on preaching, written during his theological course. It was

an exercise in the class of Sacred Eloquence, presided over by the Rev. Dr. C. Colton, brother-in-law of Bishop McIlvaine. This professor was also editor of the *Gambier Observer,* and he complimented the young student by requesting permission to print so excellent a production in his paper.

During his seminary course, Mr. Richards kept up a correspondence with his brother William, who had entered the Law School of Yale University. William Richards was a man of great ability, with a strong taste for philosophical and political speculation. The letters between the two continued to be frequent in later life, covering a period of fifty years. In them, besides personal and family matters, current questions of politics, philosophy, and religion are discussed with great interest. As the brothers came to be on opposite sides in politics while closely united in religion and in the bonds of a most tender affection, the correspondence becomes at times animated. Could it be published in full, it would afford a curious panorama of the progress of events in the United States as seen day by day by actual observers.

Another correspondence, certainly no less interesting and encouraging to the young seminarian at this period, was that which he carried on with the young lady to whom he was en-

gaged. A passage in one of her letters has a curious interest in reference to clerical celibacy:

"Last Sunday, Mr. Lacock, assistant minister of Bishop Otey, preached for us. . . . I was somewhat amused with some of his remarks. He and Mr. Helfenstein were speaking of the hardships of ministers in the West. Mr. L. said: 'Oh, it is nothing for them! It is their families. Indeed it is a very great inconvenience for a Western clergyman to have a wife. I believe we shall be obliged to adopt the creed of the Roman Priests and live in a state of celibacy!'

"I think *all* would not agree with him. Think you they would? I am half inclined to think we should find fewer willing to endure the privations of the West, if they were obliged to go alone. Would not their situation be far more unpleasant without the company, the assistance and the attention of an affectionate companion? So it seems to me."

In looking forward to matrimony at no distant date after ordination, Mr. Richards was not alone among his fellow-students. There was a favorite saying current in those days among Episcopalians, attributed to the venerable Bishop Moore of New York, to the effect that the first thing a young clergyman does after getting his gown is to secure a petti-

coat. "Truth compels me to acknowledge that there was no subject in the whole range of theology that was discussed with so much zest by our seminarians as that same petticoat, involving, as it usually did, visions of 'love in a cottage,' that cottage a parsonage, with a beautiful church, a nice congregation, a comfortable salary and all the *et ceteras* of a respectable position." To the anxiety for a respectable and comfortable position, Mr. Richards was not subject. He understood far better the true ecclesiastical spirit, and he was already anxious to spend himself and be spent for his brethren in Christ.

Mr. Richards is of course far from blaming his companions or himself for matrimonial aspirations, considering the circumstances of their position and that of every Protestant minister. But he remarks that his purpose is to point out to his children the contrast between theological education, as it exists in the seminaries of the Catholic Church and the novitiates of her religious orders, and that of theological schools of the Protestant sects. The latter are on a lower spiritual plane. The Reformation, he declares, originated in an uxorious disposition. Luther married a nun and set an example to all his followers. Henry VIII apostatized and caused the Church in England to cut itself off from the Head, because that Head would not

allow him full liberty to marry as many wives as he liked. The fittest tools he called around him to aid in his nefarious work were such men as the "illustrious" Cranmer, who married secretly (if indeed he married at all) and lived in constant violation of his vow of chastity, while continuing to officiate as a priest of the Catholic Church. The priests who apostatize and become the weeds which are "thrown over the walls of the Pope's garden," are generally those who through temptation have fallen from virtue. It is a remarkable fact, he adds, that when a young Episcopal clergyman is discovered to have a decided leaning towards Rome, the knowing ones among the older clergy make haste to get him married, knowing there is no more effectual way of extinguishing all such dangerous aspirations.

Mr. Richards' manuscript notes contain an account of that most extraordinary political agitation preceding the Presidential election of 1840, which placed General William Henry Harrison in the executive chair of the United States. Although not connected in any way with his religious history, his graphic descriptions are no doubt of sufficient interest, as pictures of the times, to find a place here. It is said that then for the first time in this country political processions and mass meetings came into vogue as part of the machinery of the can-

vass. This was called the "Log Cabin and Hard Cider Campaign," and its war cry was "Tippecanoe, and Tyler too!" As it had been said of General Harrison in depreciation that he had lived in a log cabin with nothing to drink but hard cider, his friends turned these features to his advantage. The General's brilliant victory at Tippecanoe, Indiana, over the Indian tribes under the famous chieftain Tecumseh, and his successes against the British in Canada in the war of 1812, had given him an immense popularity with his countrymen, a popularity which his affable manners and his simplicity in retiring, like Cincinnatus, to his farm had done much to strengthen. Dissatisfaction with the administration of President Van Buren ran high, and the result was a wave of popular excitement and enthusiasm until then unknown in the country. Mr. Richards describes a great meeting at Chillicothe in which he took part. The Hero of Tippecanoe was to appear and make a speech to the assembled thousands of his countrymen. The houses of the citizens were thrown open, long tables were set and kept constantly supplied with provisions. Although the campaign was then, according to Mr. Richards' recollection, just beginning, some fifty thousand non-residents must have been in the little city that day. As time went on, the excitement grew

until the whole community seemed to be seized with an extraordinary rage for demonstrating in favor of the military hero and plain farmer. Log cabins abounded and became a prominent feature of the contest. They were built for halls and clubrooms, they were made in miniature and worn as ornaments. They were drawn in procession by endless trains of oxen to mass meetings and conventions. The procession of the Granville voters who attended the convention at Newark made a particularly vivid impression on the young clergyman's imagination. They had a cabin large enough for a small family, with all its furnishings. This was drawn by a long procession of oxen, driven by the venerable deacons and the most sober, conservative sages of the town, all in smocks and frocks, wielding long whips and shouting excitedly at the top of their voices, while hard cider was lavishly dispensed from barrels in the cabin. During that campaign, two noted characters, Tom Corwin, the Wagon Boy, as he was familiarly called, and Tow Ewing, the Salt Boiler, were at the zenith of their power and popularity as public speakers. They were present on the occasion alluded to. It is sometimes difficult for us to judge of the merit of orators of former times. Would the estimate of their contemporaries be ratified by that of our own more cultivated taste? After many years of

experience and observation, Mr. Richards gives it as his judgment that these two men were really speakers of exceptional power, each in his own way. Corwin he describes as a combination of Cicero and Chrysostom. His eloquence was truly golden-mouthed. His style was polished and sparkling with wit and humor, his figure was commanding and his action graceful, while the power of expression in his mobile face was wonderful. Altogether Mr. Richards declares that he has never listened to any other who impressed him so strongly as an orator.

The eloquence of Ewing was of a different order, but very effective. It was not so ornate and pleasing, but more labored, more logical, with more of sledge hammer strength. The speaker was by no means so graceful as Corwin; indeed he was rather awkward in manner, of large frame and rather fleshy. In his delivery he labored like a man mauling rails. But his logic and earnestness carried all before them. Mr. Richards remarks reflectively upon the widely different end of these two eminent Americans. Corwin, from the time he accepted the post of Secretary of the Treasury, for which he was not at all fitted and in which he was charged, whether truly or falsely, with transactions which would not bear the light,

seemed to go down in public estimation until he died almost unhonored and unsung.

"Thomas Ewing was always the high-toned, honorable man. He had the inestimable advantage of having a good Catholic wife and Catholic children trained by her in the old paths, who prayed for their father and husband. He lived to an advanced age. . . . God gave him time for reflection, and at last he sent for his good friend, the Archbishop of Cincinnati, (Purcell) and made his submission to Holy Church." It may be remarked here of General Ewing's numerous descendants, that they have proved the champions of Catholicity, not only in word but by their devout lives, in many States of the Union. Foremost among these have been his daughter, wife of General William Tecumseh Sherman, and her children.

Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay, two other leading politicians of the period, are spoken of with great respect by Mr. Richards as thoroughly honorable men who served their country faithfully and well. Though by no means distinguished for piety during the active portion of their careers, they both had the grace to make a professedly Christian death.

This is no doubt as good a place as any to introduce Mr. Richards' recollections of another distinguished public man, with whom he was

for a number of years on terms of friendship, Justice Salmon P. Chase. As a young student, Mr. Chase lived for some time in the family of Mrs. Cowles at Worthington. When Mr. Richards was officiating as Pastor of St. Paul's Church in Columbus, Mr. Chase was living in Cincinnati and gradually acquiring there the reputation that afterwards carried him into the Governor's chair of the State and later into the Cabinet of President Lincoln during the Civil War, resulting ultimately in his promotion to the position of Chief Justice on the Supreme Bench. Whenever he came to Columbus, as not infrequently happened, Mr. Chase attended the church of his old friend, for whom he professed a warm personal regard, and whose preaching seemed to be entirely to his taste. The two men were in many respects opposed to each other, Chase being very Low Church in religion and radical in politics, while Richards, at all times very conservative in his political convictions, had at this time become High Church in religion. Still they found points of contact and sympathy which brought them together on terms of mutual admiration. "He was in some respects," writes Mr. Richards, "a truly great man; but he had his weak points. He was too ambitious to be satisfied with simply doing his duty to his country for duty and for conscience' sake. He is thought by those who knew him

intimately to have early fixed his eye on the Presidency and he never ceased to strive for the goal to the day of his death. . . . Like most of our distinguished men, he either never gave his special attention to the great questions of religion, or if he did bestow on them more or less attention, it was of a superficial, desultory character, which resulted in the adoption of crude and unsatisfactory views. He professed to be a member of the Episcopal Church, but I think he had more sympathy with some of the denominations which showed more life and zeal and more sympathy with the masses. He saw some of the good points of the Catholic Church; and if he had given his attention to the subject would no doubt have adopted Catholic principles, as furnishing just what he was longing for, a reconciliation of order and liberty, a sympathy with the masses and a tender care for the poor, the oppressed and the downtrodden on the part of the rich and prosperous. It is melancholy to observe how slightly the great men of the country, especially the politicians, pass over the greatest of all questions, those which pertain to the life to come."

The ordination of Mr. Richards as a Minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, took place sometime in the spring of

1842. He was dispensed from a portion of the theological course, which then embraced three years. Had he gained any idea of the true science of theology, as he remarks, he would have been unwilling to accept any such dispensation. But his excellence as a student, together with his high personal character, active zeal and profound piety, made his Superiors quite ready to advance him to orders before the expiration of the regular period. Moreover, they considered his "views" eminently sound, something which in their estimation was of more importance than profound attainments in the "dry technicalities of dogmatic theology." He conjectures too that a kindly desire to hasten his marriage and thus contribute to the happiness of two congenial souls had some share in limiting the duration of his studies. The ceremony of ordination was performed by Bishop McIlvaine in the little Episcopal church at Granville, of which Henry's father was the founder and Senior Warden. His first sermon in public was preached immediately after ordination. He was disappointed in his own effort and believed he would have done much better to deliver the first sermon he had ever written, which had been so highly recommended by his Bishop. This he did give, some time after, in Trinity Church, Columbus, with great effect. The Trinity congregation was very Low Church, and

that particular sermon suited their views perfectly.

The new clergyman had his work already marked out for him. As soon as his engagement to Miss Cowles had become known, friends of both families living in Columbus had determined that he should go to that capital and take charge of the new missionary church of St. Paul which had been commenced in the lower part of the city. This was an offshoot from the older parish of the Holy Trinity, and was situated on the corner of Third and Mound Streets. While still in Deacon's orders, Mr. Richards was elected its first Rector.

Preparations were on foot for an elaborate wedding, an object no doubt of very special interest not only to the numerous relatives and friends, but also to all devout adherents of the church, when an event occurred that disarranged all plans and led to a marriage more hasty and far less joyous than had been contemplated. Mr. Cowles, the father of Miss Cynthia, fell dangerously ill at his home in Worthington, and as it became plain to himself as well as others that his end was at hand, he desired to see his oldest and favorite daughter married before his death. The wedding was performed on the first day of May, at the bedside of the dying man. Robert Elder, the warm college friend of Mr. Richards, and then Rector

of the church in Worthington, officiated. It was a sad and solemn scene, attended rather by sobs and tears than rejoicing. But it was not ominous of a sad future; for no marriage was ever blessed in after life with greater happiness and more perfect unity of minds and hearts. When it was over, Mr. Cowles fell back upon his pillow with an expression of great satisfaction, and not long after breathed his last.

Mrs. Richards was the second of twelve children of Rensselaer Watson Cowles and his wife, Laura Kilbourne. The Cowles family, identical originally with the branch spelling the name Coles, are first found in this country at New Britain, Conn., where several members were active in the cause of the Colonies during the Revolutionary War. The grandfather of Cynthia, the Rev. Whitfield Cowles, was a Presbyterian Minister of East Granby, Connecticut. He married Gloriana Havens of Shelter Island, a marriage which brought him into relationship with the Nicoll and Van Rensselaer families. His son, Rensselaer Watson Cowles, emigrated to Worthington, Ohio, in 1814 and there married Laura Kilbourne. On the mother's side, Cynthia was the granddaughter of James Kilbourne, one of the most active, successful and universally respected men in the early history of the West. He was successively or simultaneously, farmer, merchant and mill-owner,

cloth manufacturer, minister of the Episcopal Church, explorer, United States surveyor, founder of the town of Worthington and of Sandusky City, Civil Magistrate, Colonel of Militia, member of the Legislature and of Congress, and President of the Corporation of Worthington College.

The compiler of the Kilbourne genealogy gives the following incident in the life of James Kilbourne, throwing a curious light on the early history of that protective policy in regard to the customs tariff which has been so important a feature of American politics in recent years:

"About the commencement of the last war with Great Britain (1812), it being extensively known that he had a knowledge of manufacturing and some spare capital, he was requested by his friends in New York, and urged by the President and his Cabinet and members of Congress, to embark in the manufacture of woolen goods for clothing the Army and Navy. He well remembered the total ruin of all who were engaged in similar enterprises during the war of the Revolution; still the promises were now so fair, and the non-protectionists admitting their errors and agreeing to change their policy, he was induced to join a company for that purpose, in which he invested ten thousand dollars, and incurred liabilities to the amount of fifty-seven thousand more. He prosecuted

his new enterprise with his accustomed energy, and during the continuance of the war accomplished much. Peace came in 1815, but with it no protection of woolens. He sustained the whole establishment with immense losses, until 1820, when, all hope from government failing, the factories at Worthington and Steubenville were crushed."

Colonel Kilbourne's first wife, the grandmother of Cynthia Cowles, was Lucy Fitch, the only daughter of John Fitch, inventor and builder of the first steamboat in America.

CHAPTER VII

THE MINISTRY—HIGH CHURCH TENDENCIES—THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN HIGH AND LOW CHURCH PARTIES—CONVENTION OF 1844—REBAPTISM

Arriving in Columbus to take charge of the new parish that he was expected to build up, the Reverend Mr. Richards found only the basement of the little church in existence; but it was roofed over, and equipped for services. On the first day of December, 1842, the parish was formally organized according to the rules of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, with twenty-one communicants. The Sunday School numbered fifty scholars. Mr. Richards held the first full and regular services on the first Sunday of Advent of that year.

The young couple took up their quarters for a time at the house of an aunt of the bride, named Harriet Buttles. The two families to which the organization of the new mission was chiefly due were those of Aurora Buttles and Isaac N. Whiting, two gentlemen who had married sisters, Harriet and Orrel Kilbourne. They were grave, conscientious men, each after his own manner, highly respectable and of great

weight in the community. "Aunt Buttles" was a woman of remarkable ability, very sound in her views, as soundness was then estimated, and with an unusual facility of explaining and advocating her convictions. She possessed a masculine mind with feminine tenderness; she was well balanced and very wise and prudent. "Aunt Whiting" was equally large hearted, but not so staid and conservative as her elder sister. She was enthusiastic, excitable, and impulsive, but capable of great and sustained labor in any good cause. She entered heartily into all plans of parish effort and enterprise, was fertile in expedients, and supplied abundant enthusiasm to inspire the most languid workers and to surmount the most formidable obstacles. So great was her ascendancy that the church was sometimes facetiously known as St. Orrell's. The two families were influential, and around them gathered a few other people of standing. They gave tone to the congregation and settled the shade of teaching and ritual which would prove acceptable. As it happened, the preference of these families, in contrast with the great majority of the Trinity congregation, was for the High Church variety, though it was too early as yet for the extremely advanced practices that afterward became common. One chief motive for the foundation of the new mission was to preach the gospel ac-

cording to the Episcopal doctrine as understood by high churchmen to the poor of the lower district of the city. It was no doubt due in part to this intention that from the beginning it was stipulated by the founders that the church should be free, i. e., that no charge should be made for sittings.

To spiritual work for the poor, Mr. Richards was by nature particularly well adapted. Himself endowed with an unaffected dignity and refinement of manner and a bright, kindly, good humor that made him the centre of every gathering at which he was present, he was yet extremely democratic in his views and sympathies. Never throughout life did he show the slightest trace of social ambition or of that esteem for mere wealth that infests so much of modern society. Not only did he sympathize keenly with the poor in their sufferings and trials, but in his dealings with them there was no element of condescension or patronage. They were his equals, his suffering brothers in Christ, and he felt it to be a privilege as well as his plain duty to spend himself and be spent in their service. With his active, energetic nature and his intense piety, born of his strict religious training and his practice of frequent and fervent prayer, it may easily be imagined that he threw himself into the duties of his new position with the most ardent zeal and enthusi-

asm. In one instance, his zeal in the service of the poor may perhaps be judged to have been excessive. There were a few respectable persons of this class in the limits of the parish, among whom, as Mr. Richards remarks, a certain Mrs. Morningstar shone resplendent. Her memory constituted a bright spot in his recollections throughout life. She was a widow with one son, a mere boy, and quite without means of support. To this dear and gentle old lady someone had given a load of slabs, the refuse of the sawmill, to be used as firewood. But there was no one to saw them to proper lengths for use; so the minister shouldered his saw and buck, marched to her little house, and performed the laborious task. In this there was not only no ostentation, but he was not even conscious of making an act of extraordinary mortification or self-conquest. He simply saw that the poor woman needed the work done and that there was no one to do it but himself, and to him it seemed natural and proper that he should undertake it. This was by no means the only occasion on which he showed himself singularly free from human respect. But the same view of their minister's action seems not to have been taken by all his parishioners. Unfavorable remarks were made; and Mr. Richards was led to think that it might perhaps have been wiser, on the whole,

to hire a man, even from his scanty salary, to do the work. He soon learned a discouraging lesson as to the adaptability of the Episcopalian system to the needs of the poor.

In his work among the humbler classes, Mr. Richards met with a number of Catholic families, and in the first fervor of his zeal, endeavored to pervert them. But he met only cold rebuffs. Not only did his reasonings fail to convince any of them that they should attend his church, but he soon found that even the children, particularly some of those of German parentage, with their knowledge of the Catholic catechism, were better theologians than he, though he had spent several years in the study of what was ostensibly theology and in preparation for the work of the ministry.

The task of building up the new parish met with many discouragements, and progress was slower than the ardent young Rector had hoped. By the aid of fairs, subscriptions, and strenuous efforts of various kinds, he succeeded, by the year 1845, in completing the upper portion of the church, a fact which he reported to the Convention of that year with the expression of a hope that it might soon be consecrated as a free church to the worship of Almighty God. The structure was of brick, in a simple but dignified Gothic style, and was capable of accommodating some two hundred and fifty per-

sons. The congregation, though made up of very heterogeneous elements, was singularly united and harmonious, owing no doubt in great measure to the enthusiasm and unselfish devotion of their young Rector. He visited both rich and poor at their houses; talked with them earnestly on religious subjects, explained to them his views and endeavored in every way to influence their minds and hearts. In return, they loved and respected him sincerely. In spite of the gradual change that took place from this time forward in his views, the members of his flock in general placed the utmost confidence in their pastor and pinned their faith very much to his sleeve, at least for the time. "And here," he writes, "I cannot refrain from an expression of astonishment at the temerity with which I undertook the serious and awful responsibility of directing souls and educating them for eternity with the crude, half-fledged notions in which I had been educated. I was zealous, earnest, and in a manner pious. I had what were called clear views and positive notions, such as were prevalent and as constituted the shibboleths of the school of churchmanship in which I had been trained. But as to any comprehensive knowledge of theology, as a beautiful and glorious system, unique, harmonious, consistent with itself, especially of what is called Moral Theology, including Casuistry,

such as I have since discovered in the Catholic Church, I really had no conception." In another place he writes: "I felt very sensibly, as a result of my parish labors among the people, the necessity of something like Confession in order to complete success in the work of my ministry. There were members of my flock whom I knew to have peculiar trials; there were conscientious women who were trying to lead good and pious lives in the midst of obstacles, temptations and peculiar difficulties. These I felt certain I could relieve, if I could only get them to open their hearts to me. The questions involved were often of a delicate nature, and such as the persons shrank from making known. I saw that they were worried, that they longed for advice and comfort and direction; but there was an impassable barrier between us. They had to bear their burden alone and weep in silence and in solitude over evils for which they could find no cure. What a merciful provision is Confession in Holy Church! How utterly impossible it is for Christian people to direct themselves, to enjoy spiritual comfort and consolation, and to attain to any degree of real sanctity without the spiritual direction which the Church so beautifully and so compassionately furnishes in the holy tribunal of Penance!"

Among the duties of the young minister, that

of preaching held of course an important, perhaps the most important, place. In this Mr. Richards had excelled from his student days. It was then an almost universal custom for preachers not only to write their sermons carefully but to read them from the manuscript. The effect was oftentimes most dreary. Mr. Richards followed the custom so far as the careful preparation was concerned; but he made himself so familiar with his composition that his delivery was free and unrestrained. Some of his sermons were left purposely unfinished, in order that he might add *extempore* exhortations and applications. His great earnestness and ardor of character, with his intense realization of spiritual truths and needs, gave vigor and effectiveness to all that he said; while his pleasant and flexible voice, endowed with a peculiar sweetness and sympathy and a considerable range of tone, and his action, which, if not always entirely graceful, was natural and earnest, combined to produce a deep impression and to stir the hearts of his audience and sway their wills as he pleased. Mr. Richards' reputation as a preacher increased steadily; and even at the time of his conversion, when he became the mark for much hostile criticism and some abuse from his old friends and associates, all his critics seem to have borne testimony to his remarkable talents in this direction. It

was intimated to him that the church of St. Paul in Cincinnati, then very flourishing and aristocratic and of High Church complexion, was prepared to give him a call. But any such change, had he contemplated it, was effectually prevented by a cause that had already proved a serious drawback to many of his undertakings and which was destined to exercise a still more important influence on his life. This was an obstinate chronic dyspepsia from which he had suffered more or less continuously from youth, and which at times produced a very depressing effect upon his mind and feelings. His ill health ultimately led, as we shall see in the sequel, to his resigning his charge and seeking restoration in a more favorable climate, and thus was indirectly a powerful agent in leading him to the Catholic Church.

Mr. Richards' estimate of his own powers as a preacher was very modest, and his account of his methods and difficulties in the composition of his discourses is interesting enough to justify transcription: "I never could force myself to write, and I had not the gift of *extempore* speaking sufficiently to enable me to preach acceptably without writing. I never had the faculty which some men have of sitting down and deliberately planning a discourse and then going to work and elaborating the various heads, like the poor Israelites, who had to pro-

duce their tale of brick whether they had straw or not. I wrote rather from impulse and under an *afflatus*. When I was in good spirits, my mind was free and active, and I wrote with facility and with considerable vigor. My ideas flowed freely, indeed faster than I could record them, I threw my whole soul into the task, and generally my only safety was to write while the inspiration was on and finish up the work in hand. But dyspepsia and consequent depression, stagnation and aridity were the general rule, and the consequence was my sermons were unequal, and generally, I fear, poor specimens of either literary or theological culture. I think they were only redeemed from unmitigated mediocrity by the zeal and earnestness with which they were delivered and the *extempore* exhortations and personal applications with which they were sometimes finished. I sometimes laugh now to think how as Sunday approached without the favor of that happy concurrence of circumstances necessary to the inspiration, I used to tremble at the prospect of being compelled to appear before my congregation with a crude preparation as unsatisfactory and even mortifying to myself as it would be unwelcome to them. It was 'pump or drown,' as Brother Elder used to say; and so I would sit down with pen in hand and paper before me. I would write my text in clear and bold lines,

and then I would dip my pen in ink and wait and think, and again dip my pen and keep up the thinking, waiting for the inspiration, till perhaps in desperation I would make the beginning with some commonplace observation, and then stick fast in the slough of despond. It was no laughing matter then! But when the inspiration came, oh, how swimmingly we did get on! We were wafted before the gentle breeze, the mind expanded, thought flowed freely, I became identified with my subject, apt illustrations flashed upon my mind, new and curious phases of thought were suggested, the whole theme seemed so mapped out and completely at command that I was surprised at myself, and wondered why it should ever be a task to write."

Shortly after the commencement of his labors in Columbus, began that change and upward tendency in Mr. Richards' convictions which ultimately led him into the bosom of the Catholic Church. At first he found himself in the embarrassing position of a Low Church minister called upon to officiate for a High Church congregation. Moreover, he soon found that his sheep, or at least the bellwethers of the flock, were rather better informed on the intricate questions of sheepfolds and pathways than their young shepherd. Mr. Whiting was a bookseller, and kept for many years the largest

and best supplied establishment of this kind in Columbus. He was a constant reader and a very thoughtful and religious man. He therefore naturally kept pace very closely with the progress of the Oxford Movement, and he placed in his pastor's hands every publication of interest and importance as it appeared. "My intellectual history from this time on," writes Mr. Richards, "is curious and interesting. I did not change my views at once, but there was a silent and very effective influence, arising out of my new circumstances, always present and operating upon me. The effect was what might have been expected in a reflecting mind. No matter what phase of Protestantism you assume as a basis or starting point, there are always two tendencies operating upon different minds according to circumstances—one conservative, leading back to the old paths of the Catholic Church, the other radical, leading forward in the direction of scepticism and infidelity. There is no consistent half-way house, no logical standpoint between Catholicity and absolute infidelity. The good Providence of Almighty God (for which I shall ever have cause to praise and adore Him) placed me in a position where the bias of circumstances led me in the back track to the good old paths. The process was the most gradual possible; and it is deeply interesting

to me now, from my high post of observation, to contemplate, in the retrospection of the past, the clear and distinct manifestations of the goodness of God in opening my mind to the truth, and gradually revealing to me the lineaments of that beautiful and glorious system, which, as time went on, became more and more clearly and distinctly mirrored to my consciousness in all its simple and consistent beauty and grandeur. I recall with wondering pleasure the peculiar sweetness with which I oftentimes sat down to write sermons upon certain subjects which naturally suggested the sacramental system, and how, as I reflected and wrote, the dim shadow of the mighty figure seemed to float before my mind, prophetically revealing itself, lineament by lineament, until in time, with the opportunities of reading and reflection which naturally came in my way, I came to comprehend the system in its entirety as a unique and comprehensive and consistent whole. I commenced reading *The Churchman,* still under the editorial conduct of Dr. Seabury. This divine developed, to a certain point, strong and decided Catholic tendencies, following, as he did, the Oxford movement in England, and reproducing on this side of the ocean the reasonings and discussions which then agitated the established church."

Having attained to a conviction of the super-

natural character of the Church, as an organized body founded by Christ on the Apostles, commissioned by Him to teach all nations to the end of time and to fulfill His mission to men, possessing too in the sacraments the means of conferring grace, it was natural that Mr. Richards' mind should advert to the necessity for Unity and Authority in the Church of Christ. "Starting," he writes, "with the doctrines of Apostolic Succession, Baptismal Regeneration, and generally the principles which characterized the sacramental system, the Tractarian leaders, about the time I am speaking of, had come to realize the importance of having some consistent and satisfactory theory of Unity. The principles of the Catholic Church are so simple, so natural, so easily proved both by reason and Scripture, and so evidently the doctrine of the Fathers of the Church, that when one is started on the road of sincere and honest investigation, progress is not only easy but deeply interesting and delightful. On the supposition that you are really a Catholic (though in a Protestant sect), with no difficulties *ab extra* to be reconciled, a man with any logic at all, to say nothing of æsthetic taste or pious inclination, will naturally drink in the system as a thirsty man drinks in water. I remember with what satisfaction I wrote a sermon on Unity. What strong ground I took! There could in the nature of

things be but one true Church; it would be an absurd contradiction to assert that our Lord established more than one body. And then how easily it was proved from Scripture and reason! There is 'one body and one Spirit,' &c. 'Be ye perfectly joined together in the same mind and the same judgment,' &c. 'Mark those who cause schisms among you and avoid them,' &c. I illustrated the absurdity of schismatics calling themselves the true Church by the case of the Masonic Fraternity, who constitute a compact body throughout the world, but who would not be likely to recognize a schism from their body, however respectable it might be, and however much of the spirit and teaching and ceremonial of the order it might retain. The schism might spread into all countries and in some places it might almost supersede the regular order, the mass of the people might be more acquainted with the schism than with the parent body. Their prejudices against the parent body might be so strong and they might be so accustomed to the assertion that it was corrupt and unworthy of confidence and that the schismatical body was the only true representative, the only real Masonic Fraternity, that they would have no doubt of its genuineness. Yet it would be schismatical still. The old original Fraternity of Masons would not recognize the separatists, and they never

could have a legitimate title to be called Masons without abandoning their schism and connecting themselves formally with the original body."

The only fair inference from this reasoning, in one occupying Mr. Richards' position, was that the Episcopal Church was the original and only Catholic Church. This, however, he did not venture to assert. He did what others at the time did and are still doing, he avoided the difficulty and slurred it over with some general remarks as to the misery and sin of schism and the duty and desirability of unity among all who call themselves Christians. Mr. Richards' account of the mental process by which he and his fellow seekers after Catholic truth in the Protestant Episcopal haystack reconciled themselves to their anomalous position is not uninteresting. "The *Via Media* theory, in its day, was very popular. Truth, they said, lay in a middle way between Romanism on the one hand and Sectarianism on the other. Indeed, I know of nothing in the whole history of literature more wonderful than the pertinacity with which the very able leaders of the Oxford Movement both in England and this country adhered to their illogical position, and the extraordinary ingenuity displayed in trying to reconcile themselves to that position. The Thirty Nine Articles were the greatest difficulty. They,

if anything, must be taken as the true exponent of the (English) Reformation, that great movement by which the Anglican branch of the Church Catholic was severed from the Head and Centre of Unity. Strange to say, these men now advocated every doctrine that the Articles denounced. Tract Number Ninety, written by Dr. Newman, took the ground that the Articles were not a confession of faith, but articles of peace, drawn up for the special purpose of compromise between contending parties, and hence worded in an ambiguous way which admitted of an interpretation wide enough to embrace all parties. A striking illustration of this feature of the Articles is furnished by the twentieth of the series, on the Authority of the Church: 'The Church hath power to decree rites and ceremonies and authority in controversies of faith. And yet it is not lawful for the Church to ordain anything that is contrary to God's written word, neither may it so explain one place of Scripture that it be repugnant to another. Wherefore, though the Church be a witness and keeper of Holy Writ, yet as it ought not to decree anything against the same, so besides the same ought it not to enforce anything to be believed for necessity of salvation.' Here you see the first declaration is quite Catholic: 'The Church hath authority in controversies of faith.' . . . But then it goes

on: 'It is not lawful for the Church to ordain anything contrary to God's word written,' &c. Here the question naturally suggests itself, who is to decide whether what the Church ordains is contrary to God's word written. There must be an authority somewhere, a final court of appeal. If the Church is that court, then why say the court must not decide, &c.? If the Church is not that final authority, then it becomes a very grave question who or what is. This question the article notoriously leaves entirely in the dark. It is vague, uncertain, ambiguous. So of the twenty-second Article, 'Of Purgatory,' which says: 'The Romish doctrine of Purgatory Pardons, worshiping and adoration as well of images as of relics and also of invocation of Saints, is a fond thing, vainly invented and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the word of God.' Now how could Dr. Newman and his advanced confrères reconcile their advocacy of the doctrine of Purgatory, Invocation of Saints, &c., with what seems to be the plain declaration of the Article? Nothing easier! It is the *Romish* doctrine against which the Article is aimed, not the true doctrine. Possibly the Article may err in charging the Romish Church with teaching error in regard to these doctrines. That is not our lookout. It is however generally admitted that superstition was encour-

aged by the Church of Rome. That is what the Article is aimed at. We can still hold consistently to the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, Invocation of Saints, &c.

"I mention these as specimens of the reasonings of learned and able men to justify themselves in holding Catholic doctrine while remaining in a professedly Protestant church. Of course, one of the first discoveries that these men made was that the true Church was properly and necessarily Catholic, that the Anglican establishment had made a great mistake in professing to be Protestant. They hastened to repair that evil by insisting that they were the true Catholics, that the Romanists were not the true Catholics and should not be permitted to monopolize the name. I learned at a pretty early period of my ministry to repeat this language and tried heartily to adopt the theory. I rang the changes on the theme. It was a favorite idea. There was a charm, a sort of fascination in boldly assuming that high vantage ground, in spite of the apparent inconsistency involved in it. Rather an amusing incident occurred, illustrating the absurdity of maintaining a false position. I had been preaching in Trinity Church for 'Brother' Tyng, who was absent from town. After the close of service, as I was passing out through the vestibule of the church, two or three Irishmen, evidently

greenhorns just landed and seeking employment in the West, came up the steps and meeting me in the vestibule tipped their hats respectfully. 'Please yer honor,' said one, 'is this the Catholic Church?' In the unsophisticated simplicity of my nature, I replied: 'No, this is not the Catholic Church. It is over there, where you see the big cross,' at the same time pointing in the direction of the Catholic Church on Fifth Street. Think of my chagrin and mortification, when I became conscious of this sudden and spontaneous betrayal of my new principles! The power of self-delusion in human nature is simply wonderful." This was a literal verification in modern times of an assertion of St. Augustine in the fourth century, that a stranger going into any town and inquiring for the Catholic Church would never be directed to a schismatical conventicle but to the place of worship of the real old Catholic Church, universally recognized as such and existing throughout the world.

At this stage of our young minister's mental development, it was most providential that, in the year 1844, he happened to become acquainted with *Brownson's Review*. Orestes A. Brownson, perhaps the most vigorous thinker and powerful writer that has yet adorned the Catholic Church in America, had begun life, like Mr. Richards himself, under the strictest

Calvinistic training. Repelled by the doctrines of unconditional election and reprobation, of predestination to sin and damnation, and the other unlovely features of that system, he had at first taken refuge in unbelief and a warfare on the most sacred institutions of society, marriage, property and religion. But seeing the absolute necessity, both logically and ethically of some religion, he worked his way by the sheer force of his own vigorous reasoning powers, through Humanitarianism, Universalism and Unitarianism, and finally, after considering seriously the claims and professions of Anglicanism, up to the Catholic Church, into which he was received by Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston in 1844. Throughout his whole career, he had been a prolific and most powerful writer on all social, religious and political subjects. Many of his articles had appeared in a publication of his own, the *Boston Quarterly Review.* Shortly before his conversion, this was revived under the title of *Brownson's Quarterly Review,* and almost to the time of his death in 1876 it was the means of immense benefit to the Church, particularly in giving to his old co-religionists outside of her fold a statement and defense of her doctrines which they would with difficulty have attained from any other source. With a mind as fearless and logical, if not so penetrating, as Brownson's

own and with the same unfaltering love for truth above all, the young minister read the first numbers with the deepest interest. The topics at first discussed indicated the transitional state of the Doctor's mind. They had reference principally to the nature of the Church itself as an organized Society, the Body of Christ, with the notes of Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity and Apostolicity. The ability and freshness with which the subjects were handled, the luminous and exhaustive character of the discussions, had a powerful influence on the reader's mind, just then struggling with the same problems. This was particularly true of a dispute between Dr. Brownson in his *Review* and the celebrated Dr. Samuel Seabury in the columns of *The Churchman*. Brownson had reviewed the letters of Bishop Hopkins of Vermont *"On the Novelties which Disturb our Peace,"* and in doing so had advanced serious objections to Anglicanism. Dr. Seabury, in the hope of inducing Brownson to join the Episcopal Church, attempted to reply. He admitted, with the Oxford divines, that the Church was truly a corporation. But to escape from the obvious consequences of this admission, Seabury seemed to think he had raised an effectual guard by asserting that a visible centre and a visible head were not essential to the existence of a corporate body. He even seemed to hold that the cor-

poration as such is invisible. To this Brownson answered in substance that while the *right* of a number of persons to act collectively as a corporation is invisible, yet the corporation itself is as visible a body as an army. In like manner, the authority of the Church is invisible; for it is the authority of Christ, who is its invisible head. But the Church itself is visible, like any other corporation, and it must be possessed of visible organs, and chiefly a visible head, through which it can act officially. He went on to show that, admitting the Church to be a corporation, it must needs be one in the unity of the corporation and one in its corporate authority, as well as one in the unity of faith and charity. "Now if the Church be a single corporation, that is, a single body corporate or politic, as it must be if it is one corporation and not an assembly of corporations, the Anglicans, in breaking the unity of the corporation and declaring their church an independent corporation, as we all know they did, were guilty of schism." At the end of his article, Brownson makes that profession of faith in Catholicity which came probably as a surprise to many even of those who had followed his career. "We confess that the more closely we examine the claims of the Church of England, the more untenable we find them. We had almost worked ourselves into the desire to connect ourselves

with that church; and we are not certain but we should have done so, had it not been for the Letters of Bishop Hopkins, which we found ourselves unable to refute on Anglican principles. We confess that Bishop Hopkins appears to us to be true to his church and to interpret her constitution and doctrines according to the genuine principles of its founders. His brethren who differ from him have more with which we sympathize than he has; but they are, in our judgment, less faithful to Anglicanism. They would fain have us receive their church as Catholic, and disingenuously, in their publications, call it Catholic; but it is a *Protestant* church, Protestant in spirit, in doctrine, in position, and in name, and we cannot reconcile it to our sense of honesty and frankness to call it by any other name. It seems to us ridiculous to call it *Catholic.*

"Even *The Churchman* itself calls its church 'the reformed Catholic Church,' which admits its fallibility; for if it had not been fallible, it could never have needed reforming; and being fallible, who shall assure us that it may not need reforming again? This is enough for us. We have been forced by our own errors, mistakes, misapprehensions, self-contradictions and frequent changes of opinion on all subjects, even the most vital, to admit that our own reason alone is not adequate to settle the great

questions which concern our peace and salvation. We must have a guide, but do not mock us with a fallible guide. Talk not to us of a church, unless you have an *infallible* church to offer us. We have followed a fallible guide long enough. We believe Christ did found an infallible church, rendered infallible by his perpetual presence and supervision. To that church we willingly yield obedience. But your church is not it, for yours, by your confession, is fallible. We have therefore been obliged to look beyond Anglicanism, to a church which at least claims to be infallible and which demands our obedience only on the ground that it is infallible.

"Nor have we any sympathy with the war of *The Churchman* against the Papacy. . . . We find Anglicanism more objectionable in its rejection of the papacy than in anything else. This was its primal sin, its mother error, from which has come, as a natural progeny, its whole brood of errors. Had it not been for the Papacy, the Church, humanly speaking, had failed long ere this. In the institution and preservation of the Papacy, we see the especial providence of God. We shrink not from the abused name of Papist; and we only regret that the ambition and wickedness of civil rulers have been able to prevent the Papacy from doing all the good it has attempted. No man must think

to frighten us by the cry of 'Popery.' Happy are we to acknowledge the authority of the Holy Father; more happy shall we be, if we can so live as to secure his blessing."

To Brownson's arraignment, Seabury made no reply, in spite of the explicit request and demand for an answer contained in the article. His High Church partisans waited long and anxiously for their champion's response; but it never came, and the subject was not alluded to again in the columns of *The Churchman.*

This incident had a powerful effect in clarifying Mr. Richards' mind. He had become heartily sick of the endless divisions of Protestantism and the uncertainty and confusion of doctrine in the Episcopal Church. He longed for unity and for certainty of faith. He found himself, by this time, possessed, on his own judgment, of a certain number of Catholic doctrines, or rather opinions; but he saw around him every conceivable variety of belief, the Bishops themselves hopelessly at variance, and no authority competent, or even claiming to be competent, to settle these disputes with final and unerring certainty. He was rapidly coming to realize that the Roman Catholic Church possessed not only a definite, fixed system of doctrine, Unity of Faith, but also an organ for the preservation of that unity.

The Branch Theory, that spurious makeshift

devised to retain anxious souls in heresy and schism, and actually to this day retaining so many hundreds who would otherwise find refuge in the true Fold, had no attractions for his frank and straightforward mind. He thus writes concerning it: "I shall never forget the surprise with which I first read a full and able statement of the Branch Theory. The true Church is composed of all who retain the Apostolic Succession, and is divided into three great branches, the Eastern or Greek, the Western or Roman, and the Anglican. 'Anglo-Catholic' was a favorite designation at this time. These great branches had become 'temporarily alienated' from one another. It was a useless task to undertake to determine where the principal fault of the alienation lay. There was undoubtedly fault on all sides. The true policy now was to cease quarreling, to let by-gones be by-gones, and all unite in a grand effort for union. The tone of controversialists in the 'Anglo-Catholic' party toward the Catholic Church was entirely changed. The Romanists were no longer the horrible monsters they had uniformly been represented to be by the old Iconoclasts and Fathers of the Reformation. The Roman was a true branch, a Sister Church, having lawful jurisdiction in her own territory. Sometimes they even spoke of wooing their Roman Sister to a more fraternal intercourse.

Said Keble, the sweet singer, the poet of the party:

> "'And oh! by all the pangs and fears
> Fraternal spirits know,
> When for an elder's shame the tears
> Of wakeful anguish flow,
> Speak gently of our Sister's fall;
> Who knows but gentle love
> May win her at our patient call
> The surer way to prove!'

"The question naturally arose, admitting the Branch Theory, when was it probable that the alienation would cease? The Greek Schism occurred about one thousand years ago, the Anglican three hundred. What new ground of hope had they that the obstacles which had so long stood in the way of reconciliation would be removed? The greatest obstacle of all was the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Supremacy of the Pope and the essential headship of the See of Peter. The Anglicans were ready to admit the Primacy of Peter, but denied the Supremacy, or in other words, the divine institution of the Papacy and its consequent necessity to the very constitution of the Church. What reason had they to suppose Catholics would yield this principle, which they have held from the very beginning and which is to them the very bulwark of orthodoxy? They made very earnest attempts at fraternizing with the Greek Church, but were given the cold shoulder

by the Greek ecclesiastics. Still with wonderful pertinacity they adhered to their favorite theory and displayed the most remarkable ingenuity in sustaining it. It did not satisfy me. I had at a quite early period of my upward progress got a glimpse of the Catholic idea of the Unity of the Church, with a Head and Centre of Unity in the Papacy, and of the arguments from reason and scripture in support of it, and it made a permanent lodgment in my mind. I could not get rid of it. It staid with me. It haunted me. I could see no satisfactory answer to it, and the more I reflected on the subject, the more I was convinced that that was just what Protestantism lacked, just what we all needed and must have in order to attain to Unity of Faith or Unity of Organization. I came to despise Protestantism as such and to deplore the so-called Reformation. I was haunted by the idea that the See of Peter was the Rock on which the Church was built and which had the promise of our Lord that the gates of hell should never prevail against it. For a wonder, I had never been much of an Anti-Popery man. With my antecedents and surroundings, I should have been a good Popery hater and should have had much to say against the abominations of Sodom and all that. But I am thankful that the mercy of God preserved me from that species of fanaticism, so that I

seldom made allusion to the doctrines of Rome."

In the autumn of 1844, Mr. Richards attended the Convention of the Episcopal Church which was held in Philadelphia. The occasion was made memorable for him by his rebaptism. The controversies concerning the nature of this sacrament and its effect upon the soul had aroused in the minds of many members of the advancing High Church party, particularly clergymen, doubts and scruples as to the validity of their own baptism. They did not see how a minister who had no faith in the spiritual regeneration effected by baptism could in fact be the channel or instrument of that grace. They would seem, so far as is known to the writer of these pages, not to have been familiar with the doctrine of Catholic theologians as to the intention of the minister of the sacrament, viz., that any one, even a pagan, who has the intention of doing what the Church does, really confers the sacrament, provided the proper form and matter are employed. Mr. Richards, who had been baptized in infancy as a Presbyterian, had especial reason for doubt. In meeting with large numbers of his fellow clergymen during the time of the Convention, the subject was fully discussed. The result is told in the following passage from a letter to his wife under date of October 9, 1844:

"Bishop Whittingham is a noble man. And what will you say if I tell you that yesterday morning at Matins he baptized your humble servant! Oh, what a blessed privilege! That one thing is worth my whole journey. That great question is settled. My mind is relieved. I am now a member of Christ's Holy Church. God be praised. Mr. Giles, formerly a Kenyon student, now at Alexandria Seminary, was rebaptized on Sunday by Bishop Otey. . . . Rebaptization is becoming quite common. Messrs. Davis and Bonner have both relieved their minds in that way and Bishop Whittingham tells me he has rebaptized some seventeen. . . ."

But rebaptism was probably not the chief reason for Mr. Richards' attendance at the Convention. This was rather the expectation of a strenuous conflict on the general question of Catholic doctrines and practices in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. We have described in an earlier chapter the progress of these tendencies, in general accord with the Tractarian movement in England. It was not to be expected that the innovators should meet with no opposition. They were in fact opposed and denounced as Romanizers, and the church was divided into factions showing at times bitter hostility. "Church newspapers" says Dr. Tiffany, "multiplied. *The*

Churchman, the *Protestant Churchman,* the *Banner of the Cross,* the *Episcopal Reader,* and many more evinced growth of church interest, but also increase of church strife, which they did nothing to allay but everything to inflame. . . . Even in its missionary department, the Church seemed to rise against itself (pp. 458, 459)."

"The publication of Tract 90 produced a ferment in America, as in England. . . . The Roman Catholic Bishop, Dr. Kenrick, publicly appealed to the bishops to submit to the Church of Rome, on the ground that the Oxford tracts had yielded almost every ground of dispute between the two communions; and Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, always ready for controversy and delighting in it, made an indignant reply, and in American fashion challenged Bishop Kenrick to an oral discussion. But it was the Carey ordination in New York which sounded a note of alarm, which sent a shudder through the church and stirred Bishop Hopkins to write his celebrated 'Letters on the Novelties which Disturb our Peace,' which publication later on somewhat disturbed his own. The ordination of Arthur Carey, involving as it did the official recognition of the views of Tract 90 as legitimate in the (American) Church, created an impression altogether out of keeping with the importance of the candi-

date. He was indeed a young man of marked ability and singular sanctity of character, a graduate of the General Theological Seminary, forced into premature notice; for he graduated in 1842, too young for ordination. When he came up for examination in 1843, it was found that he accepted the teaching of Tract 90, and believed in the reconciliation of the Decrees of the Council of Trent with the Thirty-nine Articles, though it is said that he suggested that it was the Decrees which required explanation and not the Articles (pp. 473, 474)."

Father Walworth, who spent a year with Carey at the New York General Seminary, preceding the latter's ordination, speaks of his fellow student with the greatest reverence and affection. It is somewhat remarkable that both in New York and at Kenyon, the first prophet of the Catholic movement was a young student of extremely gentle and devout character, tenderly beloved by his companions, and similar in many respects to Hurrell Froude of Oxford, and that all three died before their work seemed to be in any considerable degree accomplished. "His life was holy and lovely. For one year, during which our chamber doors faced each other, I saw him constantly and closely, but for all that sight or sound could tell, to me his character was faultless. . . . It could not be difficult for such a young man to

secure permission from the faculty of the seminary to keep his room there for yet another year after his graduation, when he would arrive at the canonical age for ordination. This enabled him to use the library of the institution while he pursued his studies in private. During this time, apparently so quiet for him, that great storm was brewing which broke upon his solitary habits and gentle heart like a thunderbolt (p. 59)." Carey's ordination was objected to on the ground of Romanizing tendencies. He was subjected to a special examination by a board which was to have tried J. B. McMaster also on the same charge. The faculty decided that McMaster should remain in the seminary another year, and the Board, composed of Doctors Berrian, McVickar, Seabury, Anthon and Smith, and the Rev. Messrs. Haight, Higbee and Price, and presided over by Bishop Benjamin T. Onderdonk, devoted their entire attention to Carey. "It was well understood by all parties present at this trial that Drs. Smith and Anthon appeared not only as judges but as accusers." All the examiners but these two were satisfied by the cautious and well considered, but perfectly frank answers of Carey, though these revealed that he either accepted or inclined to Catholic doctrine in regard to the Holy Eucharist, Purgatory, the Invocation of the Saints, &c. At his ordination

in St. Stephen's Church on the following Sunday, the Rev. Hugh Smith and the Rev. Dr. Anthon, habited in their canonicals, arose successively from a pew in the middle aisle and read their solemn protests against the ordination, on the ground that the candidate held doctrines adverse to those of his church and too nearly bordering on Popery, and referring for proof to statements and circumstances within the Bishop's knowledge. Bishop Onderdonk rose and made a dignified and emphatic reply and went on with the ordination, while the protesting divines left the church.

The immediate effect of these events was a storm of controversy and recrimination throughout the country. Every one of the examining committee was obliged by public excitement to account for himself by some published statement. Pamphlets and editorials abounded, and a new publication, *The Protestant Churchman,* was founded to counteract the influence of Dr. Seabury's *Churchman.* At the Diocesan Convention of Ohio in October of the same year, Bishop McIlvaine, in his charge to the clergy, uttered a solemn protest against the ordination of candidates entertaining Carey's beliefs. As the General Convention of 1844 approached, it was generally understood that the Ohio delegation would introduce a resolution condemning the Catholic movement

and that a vigorous contest would result. Mr. Richards, standing almost alone among the Ohio clergy in his sympathy with the Tractarians, could not expect to be elected a delegate; but he went as a spectator. "As was anticipated," he writes in the letter above quoted, "the Ohio delegation have lugged in the Oxford hobby. Several resolutions, substitutes and amendments have been offered and discussed with much courtesy and dignity and Christian feeling. There are some few radicals besides the 'lesser lights' which revolve around the 'lone star' of the West."

The following letter, dated Oct. 15th, gives some personal details of interest concerning some of the leading churchmen of the day:—

"PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 15, 1844.

"*My dear Cynthia:*

"If there ever was a poor home-sick fellow, I am he. . . . The convention is right in the midst of its most important business, and apparently of its session. Not one single great question has yet been decided. The consecration will not take place till no one knows when. But I can not wait longer. I must go home and see my wife and little one and attend to the duties of my parish.

"On Sunday last we had a most delightful time in St. Peter's. And here let me say how

exceedingly fortunate I have been in getting a berth at Mr. Davis's. It has brought me in contact with a large circle of the very cream of the Church. I have had the pleasure of an introduction and frequent meetings in the vestry with Bishops Whittingham, Onderdonk, Otey, De San, Ives, as well as many D.D.s and clergy of inferior grade though of high standing in the Church. St. Peter's is a kind of focus of Church influence, and the daily prayers as well as the Sunday services bring together numbers of the very best, the most substantial and thoroughgoing churchmen in the country. Last Sunday was indeed a 'high day,' a feast of fat things. There were fourteen surpliced clergy; not a black gown appeared on the occasion; four or five Bishops were present. In the morning Bishop Onderdonk preached an admirable, sound, thorough Church sermon on Church Education. He is very much such a man as I had imagined him, short, thick, rather corpulent in personal appearance, a real Dutchman,—full of vigor and energy, prompt and decided, kind, gentlemanly and rather playful, a word for everyone.

"In the afternoon, Bishop Ives preached. I have spoken of him before; he is a noble man, a beautiful writer and a very attractive preacher. But the lion of the day was Bishop Whittingham. He preached in the evening, and

such a sermon! He is a tall, graceful figure, large head, long face, good looking but not handsome, a man of great energy, what we call a go-ahead man, of enlarged and comprehensive views, great learning and most profoundly respected by all who know him. The subject of his sermon was the contrast between the piety of the present age and that which the scriptures enjoin and which was developed in the life of primitive Christians. 'I beseech you that ye walk not as other Gentiles walk.' It was a noble effort, a most powerful thrilling discourse and fearless, faithful protest against modern worldliness. His eloquence is not that of graceful gesture, musical voice and melting persuasion, but the eloquence of a *great mind,* laboring intensely with *great thoughts.* It is commanding, like the rushing of a mighty torrent; he soars above this world and seems to live and breathe in a higher, purer atmosphere and long to strive to draw up others to the same high dignity and privilege. Would to God we had such a man at the head of the Church in Ohio; surely then the Church would arise and shine, and become a glory and a blessing in the land. . . .

"My rebaptism is attracting some attention here. I presume the news will precede me, and beat me home. I care not; I have done my duty. I leave the result in the hands of God.

"I long to be in the midst of my little parish at work. Do remember me most affectionately to every member of the little flock and may God bless them all—with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and may He bring me to you again in the fullness of the blessings of the gospel of peace.

"Hoping soon to see you, I remain as ever,

"Your affectionate,

"Henry."

On the following day, he writes as follows: "I have just returned from the Convention. After considerable debate, the house proceeded at half past nine o'clock to vote upon the Oxford subject. I cannot stop to describe the process. There were so many resolutions, amendments and substitutes. . . . Suffice it now that the Church is safe, sound to the core. Praised be God! The enemies of her peace (I say not the *willful, intentional* enemies) have met with a signal defeat. . . . Oh, if you could have seen the Ohio delegation! . . . Poor Bro. D—— hung on to Dr. Brooks' tail to the last. Indeed the whole delegation just followed his beck. They were, or seemed to be, a perfect nose of wax which the Dr. twisted to suit himself. . . . Good night! God bless you and the little one!"

The long debates on the Oxford Movement

had resulted in no definite action, save a resolution declaring "the liturgy, offices and articles of the church sufficient exponents of her sense of the essential doctrines of Holy Scripture; and that the canons of the church afford ample means of discipline and correction for all who depart from her standards; and further that the General Convention is not a suitable tribunal for the trial and censure of, and that the church is not responsible for, the errors of individuals, whether they are members of the church or otherwise."

The storm passed with less violence than had been anticipated. It was soon to gather in condensed form in the trial of Bishop B. T. Onderdonk of New York. Already before the Convention assembled, Bishop Henry U. Onderdonk of Pennsylvania had been charged in his own diocese with habits of intemperance, with a view to bringing him to trial before his peers, and on resigning his office and asking for sentence from the House of Bishops, he was suspended from all public exercise of the functions of the ministry. He had explained his delinquencies as due in the first place to illness and great pain. "This sentence, excelling in severity and declared by the distinguished legal authority of Horace Binney to be not only unjust, but uncanonical and illegal, was submitted to without protest by the Bishop,

who, if he had shown frailty, had displayed a noble manliness of acknowledgment and sincere repentance. He forthwith gave up all use of stimulants; and such was the subsequent unsullied sanctity of his life that in 1856 his sentence was revoked. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the heated state of party feeling had unconsciously much to do with the whole course of the affair."[1] But this was unimportant compared with the trial and condemnation of Bishop Benjamin T. Onderdonk of New York. With great ability and success, this prelate had withstood attacks made in the Convention of his own diocese upon his course in favoring Tractarianism and ordaining Carey. In the General Convention, as we have seen, his success and that of his supporters had been equally complete. His opponents now had recourse to other tactics. Charges of immorality were brought against him by four ministers and a layman, and the Bishops were forced to take them up. He was brought to trial, on December 10th, 1844, before a court of seventeen bishops, and after a trial of three weeks, found guilty by a majority of eleven to six. The accused never flinched from the assertion of his innocence, which he maintained to the day of his death. "No attempt to commit any criminal act," says Wal-

[1] Tiffany, p. 476.

worth, "was either proved or alleged. . . . None of the instances (of indiscreet and improper conduct) alleged against him had occurred within two years and a half of the trial." "It has been surmised," writes Tiffany, "that had there been an acknowledgment by the accused, before the trial, of indiscretions which had been misinterpreted as improprieties, no trial would have occurred. The treatment of his brother of Pennsylvania does not seem to warrant such a conclusion. There was generally a stern determination to vindicate the moral status of the episcopate in the face of high ecclesiastical claims, and the rumors of gross fault were such as to furnish an opportunity which seemed to involve an obligation. . . . Bishop Onderdonk was in consequence suspended and never restored, though efforts in that direction were made by the New York diocese. . . . It is as impossible here as in the case of his brother of Pennsylvania to avoid the conclusion that the court could not escape the influence of theological and ecclesiastical discussions."[2] Though it belongs to a somewhat later date, we may mention here the third of the series of trials of bishops which marked this epoch. Bishop G. W. Doane of New Jersey, a prelate of exalted character, "had been forced into bankruptcy in his at-

[2] Tiffany, pp. 478, 479.

tempt to found Burlington College for the sons and St. Mary's School for the daughters of the church. Like many a man of noble ideas, he lacked the financial skill to embody them in a successful institution." In the preceding trials, Bishop McIlvaine had apparently taken no part; but he was now one of three bishops who presented Doane for investigation for financial irregularities. The trial was insisted on, in spite of the fact that the bishop's own diocese had exonerated and sustained him in two conventions. The court dismissed the charges on this ground in October, 1852. On a third presentment, a court of twenty-one bishops was assembled in Camden, in September, 1853; but such legal points were raised that the presentment was dismissed and the respondent discharged without a formal trial. "The trial of Bishop Smith of Kentucky, in his own diocese, on a charge of inveracity, resulted yet more grotesquely than the fiasco in New Jersey. The court, chosen by the diocese, returned the verdict, 'Guilty, but without the least criminality.'"[3]

The disgrace of Bishop Onderdonk was a substantial victory for the Evangelical party in the Protestant Episcopal Church. His supporters felt humiliated. The students of the General Seminary were deprived of their prin-

[3] Tiffany, p. 481, note.

cipal protector. The result was a temporary check to Tractarianism as a general movement in that church. Some of its adherents made their submission very shortly to the Catholic Church, as Walworth in 1845 and McMaster shortly after. These two, in company with Isaac Hecker, who, like Brownson, had made his way into the Church on independent lines, sailed for Belgium on August 2nd, 1845, to enter the Redemptorist novitiate at St. Trond. Another of this set of students was Edgar P. Wadhams, afterward the first Catholic Bishop of Ogdensburg. He was received in June, 1846. This year saw also the submission of the Rev. Nathaniel Augustine Hewit, afterward Superior General of the Paulists and one of the greatest priests that this country has produced; of Sylvester H. Rosecrans, afterward first Bishop of Columbus, whose brother, the famous General W. S. Rosecrans, a graduate of Kenyon, had preceded him into the Church by a year; the Rev. Wm. H. Hoyt, of St. Albans, Vermont, with his wife, three sons and two daughters; and Peter H. Burnett, who afterward became the first American Governor of California and Justice of the Supreme Court of that State. James Roosevelt Bayley, a nephew of Mrs. Seton, destined in after life to be Bishop of Newark and Archbishop of Baltimore, had been received in 1842. The stream

of conversions set up at this time went on rapidly increasing, helped by the submission of Newman in England in 1845 and the uneasiness caused by the famous Hampden case in 1847 and the Gorham case in 1849 and 1850. Notable instances were those of Robert Armytage Bakewell (1848), a student of the General Seminary of New York, who attained high distinction as a Judge in St. Louis; the Rev. John Engelbert Snyder, a Lutheran Minister of Columbus (1848); the Rev. Doctor Porter of Mt. Vernon, Ohio (1849), who for twenty years had been a minister of the Reformed Church; Rev. George Lamb Roberts, an Episcopal minister of Vincennes, Indiana (1850); William Everett, afterward the saintly pastor of the Church of the Nativity, New York; and many others. Commodore Benjamin Franklin Bache, M.D., U. S. N., who was for a time Professor of Chemistry at Kenyon, became a Catholic in 1849. During the Civil War, he rendered great service to the Union cause by maintaining at his own expense a laboratory in connection with the Department of the Navy.

Jedediah V. Huntington, one of the most highly cultivated of Anglican clergymen in America, was received, together with his wife, in 1849. He was afterward a prominent figure in Catholic literary circles. Finally, in the year 1852, Levi Silliman Ives, Bishop of North

Carolina, one of the most universally respected prelates of the Anglican communion, made his submission. Sailing for Europe with his wife, ostensibly for a vacation of six months, he placed his abjuration in the hands of Archbishop Hughes of New York. His resignation of his office and coming reception into the Catholic Church were made known to his diocesans in a letter from Rome, dated Dec. 22nd, 1852. This was the culminating point of the Tractarian Movement in America. From that time, the two parties in the Episcopal Church seemed to moderate gradually their bitterness of feeling and to be more inclined to tolerate differences of belief and practice, fundamental and mutually destructive as these differences plainly were. At this period, Dr. Tiffany estimates the number of Episcopal clergymen received into the Catholic Church in the United States, as "hardly more than fifty." In the year 1846, Bishop McIlvaine, in an address made to his diocesan convention in explanation of his refusal to consecrate Mr. Richards' new church so long as it had an altar (an episode which we must recount later), spoke with horror of the fact that "nearly one hundred clergymen of our Mother Church in Great Britain and several from our own church" had gone over to Rome in the space of five or six years.

Hence it would appear that almost all of the fifty mentioned by Tiffany made their submission between the years 1846 and 1852,—a rate of progress not at all inferior, probably, to that of the movement in England, if we take note of the comparative fewness of the members and clergy of the Anglican Church in the United States.

But this is to anticipate the course of our history. In the midst of these exciting events, Henry Richards found himself unexpectedly forced into a position of prominence in the prevailing controversies and compelled to feel the weight of Bishop McIlvaine's opposition to Catholicizing tendencies. In 1845, his new church, St. Paul's, was completed and ready for consecration. Mr. Richards had been a great favorite with the Bishop, and his wife enjoyed the same distinction. When a young lady, she had nursed back to health the Bishop's son, who had been taken seriously ill at Mrs. Whiting's. The Bishop, who was really a large hearted man, never forgot it, and his esteem for the fair nurse was not lessened by her becoming the wife of his favorite pupil. But after it became understood that Mr. Richards had taken the upward track, the Bishop, who was most keen sighted in detecting tendencies to Rome, took the alarm and became very suspicious. Now it happened that the

architect, in designing the interior fittings of the church, had provided as communion table an altar with Gothic panels, corresponding with the style of the building, and covered with a marble slab. There was no intention on Mr. Richards' part to conform in this to any theory of sacrifice and priesthood; indeed the design seems to have originated with the architect without suggestion. Other altars of the same kind in several churches of the diocese had never attracted condemnation or even remark. Nevertheless, to his great surprise, the Pastor received a letter from the Bishop saying that he understood there was a Romish altar in the church, and unless it were removed and a good honest table substituted for it, he could not perform the consecration. On enquiry, it was learned that it was not the fact that the altar was a fixture against the wall, nor that it was covered with a marble slab, that constituted the obnoxious feature, but simply that it was an enclosed structure, a box with panels. The Minister, his Wardens and Vestry and the congregation, or at least a large portion of it, felt deeply aggrieved. They entertained not the slightest doubt that the position taken by the Bishop was entirely arbitrary, inconsistent, and even ridiculous, and that the principle laid down by him would not be sustained by the general sentiment of the church. This placed Mr.

Richards in a difficult position and one painful to his conscience. The whole question of the extent and limitations of episcopal authority and of the true doctrine of the Christian Church on sacrifice and priesthood pressed upon him for immediate and practical solution. Neither he nor his supporters desired a conflict with their Bishop. In this situation, Mr. Richards wrote for advice to Hugh Davey Evans, a layman then conducting, with great ability, as was thought, *The True Catholic* of Baltimore. Mr. Evans wrote a sympathetic letter, under date of January 19th, 1846, in which he deplores the misfortune of the Minister and Vestry in being under an un-Catholic bishop, but says that it is by the appointment of the Divine Head of the Church. He counsels entire submission, not only for the sake of peace, but as a matter of religious obedience, declaring the shape and material of the altar to be, in his opinion, entirely a matter of taste, indifferent in itself so far as its relation to the sacrifice is concerned. Incidentally, he gives a definition of the sacrifice which excludes altogether the Real Presence and reduces it to an offering of bread and wine, as mere symbols of the Body and Blood of Christ, "to be returned to the worshipers in a spiritual and mysterious manner, to the strengthening and refreshing of their souls thereby, as their

bodies are by the bread and wine." Referring to a decision by the Court of Arches in England, he says: "Nor should I attach any great importance to any decision of an English Ecclesiastical Court in any matter connected with our church (in the United States). I consider them Erastian institutions, blots on the English Church, and know that they administer rather the secular laws of England than the true ecclesiastical law." It was determined by the Rector and Vestry to submit entirely in fact, but to enter a protest against the right of the Bishop to impose his will in a matter not forbidden by any rubric or custom, thus leaving the question of principle open for future determination. On March 15th, 1846, the Vestry met and passed the following Resolutions, kindly copied for the present work by Mrs. A. Newton Whiting, daughter-in-law of the Senior Warden, with permission of the Rev. John Hewitt, the present Rector of St. Paul's Church:—

"Whereas the Right Revd. the Bishop of the Diocese has addressed a communication to the Wardens and Vestrymen of this Parish in which he maintains that the structure erected in St. Paul's Church for the administration of the Lord's Supper is a 'Romish Altar,' and whereas he requests that that structure be re-

moved and a 'table with legs' substituted in its place—and Whereas he has intimated that he will make the substitution a *condition of the consecration* of the church, and that he will make it a rule of conduct in the consecration of all churches in the diocese for the future—Therefore: Resolved that in causing the said structure to be erected the Wardens and Vestrymen of St. Paul's Church have not adopted anything new or contrary to the custom of the Protestant Episcopal Church—Resolved 2dly—That so far from having any intention or desire to bring into our church the errours and corruptions of the Church of Rome, either in doctrine or practice, whether covertly or openly, we do most heartily detest those errours and corruptions and do most cordially assent to and maintain the Protest of our Church against them—Resolved 3dly—That as the Church of Rome has, by the confession of all candid men, retained many things truly Catholic both in doctrine and practice, we cannot sympathize with those who profess to see danger in every, even the minutest, conformity to that Church, knowing full well that such a sentiment would deprive us, not only of everything that identifies us with the Holy Catholic Church, but also, as a consequence, of every peculiarity that distinguishes us from the various sects by which we are surrounded—Resolved 4thly, that with

reference to the 'Altar' or 'Holy Table' in particular we esteem it as simply a matter indifferent what its form shall be, so that it be not inappropriate to the sacred use for which it is designed, and therefore we cannot but deem it *inexpedient,* to say the least, that the minds of the members of our churches should be disturbed by any question in relation to it. Resolved 5thly, That although we do not recognize the right of the Bishop of the Diocese to interfere in the matter under consideration and although we feel deeply aggrieved by the resolution he has adopted, yet, as he has intimated that he has conscientious scruples about the consecration of a church which has such a structure as ours for the administration of the Lord's Supper, and as we feel disposed at all times duly to respect the conscientious scruples of our Bishop—when they do not involve any sacrifice of principle—and as we believe that it will conduce most to the peace of the Church and the glory of God to yield to the wishes of the Bishop in this case, we do therefore hereby direct the building committee to make the change requested."

Another letter from Hugh Davey Evans, written April 6th, seems to show that Bishop McIlvaine, as was natural, was not disposed to accept this submission under protest as entirely

satisfactory and that he insisted upon unconditional surrender. Meantime the recalcitrants, to show their sincerity, sawed out the Gothic panels on three sides of their altar (someone suggested so that the Bishop could see whether there were any Romish relics or not) and finished up the two corners as pillars, thus transforming it into a massive table, and the Bishop concluded not to push his authority further. The church was duly consecrated on August 11th, 1846.

The second letter of Mr. Evans throws some interesting sidelights on the relations of Bishops and clergy in the High and Low sections of the Episcopal Church. He says: "You will oblige me by sending me a copy of the instrument which the Bp. requires your Vestry to sign, if you can conscientiously do so. The words 'spiritual jurisdiction' are regarded as a great bugbear by our Low Church friends in this diocese. A church in this city remains unconsecrated although ready for that solemnity two or three years ago, because the vestry refuse to sign an instrument containing these words. The same words constituted a topic of attack upon a canon proposed at our last diocesan convention. The orthodox doctrine among our said friends here is that a bishop has no authority except what he can prove by a canon of the American Church, construed

with all the strictness which we lawyers apply to the construction of a penal law. In Ohio, it seems that a very different doctrine prevails." Again: "It is clear that his present claim is one of absolute and unlimited power in everything connected with the church, and that based upon infallibility. It is as much contrary to the principles of the Church to attribute infallibility to the Bp. of Ohio as to the Bp. of Rome." The Reverend Pastor of St. Paul's Church and his vestry were again on friendly terms of ceremony with the Episcopal authority of the diocese. But in the next Diocesan Convention, Bishop McIlvaine devoted a large portion of his annual address to a defense of his action in the matter of the altar and of the new position he had taken up. He proved with great clearness that Altar, Sacrifice and Priesthood were strictly correlative terms, and that, as there was neither sacrifice nor priesthood in the Protestant Episcopal Church nor its progenitor, the Church of England, so there ought to be no altar. He brought a formidable array of authorities from the early Anglican divines, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley and numerous others, showing with what zeal the ancient altars had been pulled down for this precise reason, and an "honest table with legs" substituted. "As it was only a supper," Mr. Richards writes, "(albeit the Supper of the Lord), they only re-

quired a table. To be thoroughly consistent, they insisted that an Altar, though it might in one sense be called and serve the purpose of a table, was a dangerous thing because it tended to keep up the idea of sacrifice. Altar is the correlative of Sacrifice, therefore do away with your altars and substitute honest tables with legs. Table is the correlative of Supper. Of course, if I had chosen to contest the point with the Bishop, I could have proved my view of the case as clearly as he did his, and could have fortified it with a *Catena Patrum* quite as voluminous and respectable as his. That is really what is the matter with the Episcopal Church, not to say Protestantism generally, and at the time I am speaking of I was making the discovery. You can prove she teaches almost anything you like. I also began to realize in a most convincing way that the power of the Bishops of that church was extremely arbitrary, and that those very men who were most bitter against what they characterized as the tyranny of the hierarchy of Rome, were those who were ever ready, when occasion seemed to offer, to come down with a heavy hand upon those who opposed them."

That portion of the Bishop's address referring to the controversy was ordered by the Convention to be printed in five hundred copies.

The pamphlet is still extant under the title: "Reasons for Refusing to Consecrate a Church with an Altar."

It is an interesting and somewhat amusing commentary on Bishop McIlvaine's zealous crusade that, in the second St. Paul's Church, on the corner of Broad St. and Monroe Ave., which in 1889 replaced (without improving upon) the structure erected by Mr. Richards, an uncompromising altar occupied the chancel. In the present or third church, begun in 1903 under the direction of the present energetic Rector, Rev. John Hewitt, the altar is made the central and dominating idea of the whole structure, is called the Altar of the Divine Presence, and is in every respect as elaborate and thoroughly Catholic in design, except for the apparent absence of a tabernacle, as the altar of any Catholic Church in the world.

CHAPTER VIII

CONVERSION

1848—1852

Mr. Richards' continued ill health had given cause for serious solicitude to himself and his friends. From youth he had been subject to a severe and obstinate dyspepsia, which was increased by any prolonged mental application. During the year 1847, his sister Isabella, to whom he was deeply attached and who had married Mr. James Howell of Keokuk, Iowa, died at her home there and Henry went on with the intention of bringing her children to their grandparents in Granville. This journey of a few weeks made with the primitive means of traveling then available, the saddle and the stage-coach, had the effect of restoring his vigor to such an extent that it was hoped he might be able to go on with his work. But he soon fell back and felt it necessary to insist that his resignation should be accepted by the Vestry and congregation, in spite of their great unwillingness to let him go. This persistent illness, breaking up a career that had begun so favorably, seemed a great misfortune; but as

the event proved, it was in truth the greatest of blessings. By it, the pilgrim on the road to Catholic Truth was led to scenes where he could observe that Faith in practical operation, and this just at the time when his mind had been prepared by a long course of reading, thought and discussion to understand and appreciate its supernatural efficacy. By the month of November, 1848, he had decided upon a journey to New Orleans and a somewhat extended stay in that city, with a view to transferring his family thither later and taking up his permanent residence in the South in case circumstances should seem to justify the step. His prospects were not indeed very bright, but his courage did not fail. He was naturally of a very cheery disposition, in spite of the fits of depression due to illness, and it was particularly characteristic of him not to worry over temporal needs or worldly interests. His simple confidence in God's tender providence never deserted him throughout life, and the words "*Deus providebit,* God will provide," were frequently on his lips. Two relatives, Levi Buttles and Hamilton Smith, entrusted to him the task of introducing into New Orleans an invention which they confidently expected to prove a commercial success. Hamilton Smith was afterward for many years Professor of Physics at Hobart College, where he gained a

high reputation in the scientific world, especially for his discoveries and inventions in photography. Another friend, Charles Scott, proprietor of the *Ohio State Journal,* desired Mr. Richards to look up a section of land in Arkansas, to which Scott held an original patent, and if possible sell it for him.

Arrived at Cincinnati, where he was to take the steamboat that was to convey him down the Ohio River to the Mississippi, Mr. Richards found that the diocesan Synod of the Catholic Clergy was in session under Bishop Purcell, and that on the following day, which was Sunday, strangers would be admitted as usual to the services in the Cathedral. He had made such progress in Catholic principles, in spite of his stout disclaimers of Romeward tendencies, that a strong curiosity had been awakened in him to know something of the Catholic Church. He therefore attended the Solemn Vespers. The gathering of Bishops and priests was large for those days, for the clergy had just finished their annual retreat, under Bishop Whelan of Richmond, followed by a synod of the diocese. According to Mr. Richards' notes, the venerable Archbishop of Baltimore was also present; but this is probably a mistake. The general impression made upon his mind by this, his first experience of a Catholic service, was, as he records, very

favorable, though he could not help remarking, in his letter to his wife, on the "mummery" and "the idolatrous action of the adoration of the host."

In those days, the great means of travel southward was the sternwheel steamboats on the Mississippi River. Rivalry ran very high between the various lines and individual boats, the most reckless racing was incessantly indulged in, and frequent disasters occurred from fires, explosions and contact with hidden snags in the river bed. But the voyage seems at least to have been full of incident and interest. Mr. Richards notes with gratitude that the kindly Captain of the *Moro Castle* gave him passage at half rates, as a clergyman. Coming to Memphis, Tenn., our traveler landed and made preparations for a journey of fifty miles into the interior of Arkansas, in search of the land of his friend Scott. His account illustrates so well the difficulties of travel at the time, that it is perhaps worth transcribing. "I went on horseback, as there was no public conveyance of any kind. Having crossed the Mississippi on a flat ferry boat, I struck into what was called the old military road, which had been projected and partly built across the lowlands west of the river by an appropriation of the general government. For a few miles the 'pike' was completed. That is, the trees had been cut

away and the earth thrown up to the depth of two or three feet. It was then midwinter, and what a mudhole it did make! As I journeyed on, I found this road in all stages of completion, gradually tapering off, if I may use the expression, till there was actually no road at all. The reason lay in the fact that the appropriation of Congress had given out and no more could be got. I at last found myself in the midst of a swampy forest, with scarcely a 'blazed' tree to show where the road had been surveyed. There was nothing to guide the uncertain way of the stranger but the tracks of wagons and horses which had been over the ground before and which seemed spread out for miles in width. In answer to an anxious enquiry put to a stranger whom I fortunately met on the road, I was told to go ahead and follow the tracks and I would be sure to come out right in the end. I waded for miles through water knee-deep to my horse and finally came plump up against a large lake. Then I observed that some had taken the right, some the left, around the lake. I took the right, and after riding some distance crossed a stream leading into the lake, almost swimming the horse, and so passing around and picking my way as well as I could, I finally emerged into the open country with something like a road. . . . I came to a little settlement towards even-

ing, and asked for entertainment for man and beast at a tolerably respectable log cabin. Of course the accommodations were not the best, but I was glad to avail myself of such as were to be had. The next day, I reached the highlands and had the pleasure of enjoying the hospitality of Col. Cross (I think his name was), who was a planter living in a large frame house, built after the southern fashion with piazza all round and very open. The next day was Sunday, and I preached to his negroes. The family were present at the services, which took place in one of the large rooms of the house. I do not think I was very happy in my address to the darkies. I fear I said too much about the duties of their position. If I were to perform that duty now, I should take a different line and I have no doubt I should make a much more favorable impression. But I was 'green' then in my knowledge of darkey nature.

"The next day was Christmas and it snowed until the ground was white. I started on my journey, and with such directions as Col. Cross gave me, I was enabled to pick my way through field and wood until I found the farm I was looking for. Lo, there was a squatter on it! He was surprised to see me. He was sick too, and I undertook the negotiation of the sale of the farm under rather unfavorable circumstances. However, I finally arranged that he

was to pay a certain amount to our lawyer in Memphis by a certain time and we would then give him a good deed of the property. I forget how many miles I rode through the woods to find a lawyer and notary to draw the necessary instrument. But I found what I wanted at a small village of quite recent date in the woods on the Black River, composed of log cabins and built mostly on a steep hill-side running down to the river. Having fulfilled my mission satisfactorily, I returned to Memphis by the same road by which I had come, happy in having escaped the Bowie knife and the pistol of the reputed fire-eating, jaw breaking Arkansian. . . . I carried then, as I have always done, no arms of defense but such as nature had provided me with. I hope I may never need them more than I did then."

A letter from Memphis to his wife has a number of details illustrating vividly not only the state of his mind at that period, but also the impressions made upon him by the conditions of society in the first town that he had visited in the South.

"MEMPHIS, TENN., Sunday, P. M.
"Dec. 17, 1848.

"My Dear Wife:

"The first thing that occurred to me after I landed at this place, found my quarters and

started out for a little stroll, was the darkey song which I had recently heard sung under very pleasant circumstances:

> "'Ula, Ala, Ola—ee,
> Courting down in Tennessee!'

"Though I hope you will not suppose I have got along to the courting part yet, here I am in Tennessee. . . . Arrived here about twelve o'clock to-day. I thought at first it was too late to go to church and started out for a little walk about town, and finally strayed (very naturally to be sure) in the direction of the church, till I found myself quite unintentionally at the door. . . . I thought I might as well drop in, if for nothing more than to gratify curiosity. I did so, when I found before me a good full congregation of very nice respectable looking people, and up in the pulpit, half way between the floor and the top of the house, jutting from the end wall over the chancel, like an ancient prisoner hung up in a box to be devoured by the birds, stood a tall, thin, gray-headed man, with his surplice on, declaiming with much energy and animation on the Passion of our Lord. I heard about half his sermon, pronounced it pretty good, and concluded to enter the Revd. Dr. Page on my list of approved priests of the true Catholic Church. . . .

"I imagine myself with you in our own snug

little cottage, enjoying a pleasant Sunday evening. You are just about at tea now, you at the head of the table, Sister Nett on your right—or does Harry occupy that place now and Sister the seat of honor in that old arm-chair?—and Laura Belle on your left. Oh, my dear, sweet ones! all enjoying yourselves, while little Willie, the rogue, lies in the cradle and kicks and paddles and complains that he is not fairly dealt with. And what does Harry say? Does he ask for Pa, and does Laura say, 'I wish he would come home,' and does Mother think in silence, 'He is absent, but not forgotten,' and does even Sister say, ' 'Twere pleasant were he here?' . . . God bless you and keep you! The Father of Mercies watch over us all and in due time bring us together again in health and safety, with a thankful remembrance of his goodness! How pleasant the thought! He is there, he is here. He watches over us with a Father's love. 'He doeth all things well.' In Him we are *one*. In Him we are not separated but joined in a holy communion. And whatever betide us, all things, if we love Him, shall work together for our good. . . .

"Mr. Gallagher was not at home. . . . His church (St. Paul's) is about as pretty a specimen of Gothic architecture as I have seen in the Western country. To my great astonishment, I found the tall spire was surmounted by a *bona*

fide cross, large, bold, prominent, and picturesque. I was so pleased that I could almost have crossed myself and made obeisance to it. Oh, when will the ultra-Protestant feeling get its eyes open to the beauty and impressive significance of that glorious symbol of our faith and realize the absurdity and injustice of allowing it to remain a symbol of Romish errour and superstition! . . .

"You would be astonished to see the slaves here. Why, they are the very aristocracy of the colored race! The colored ladies flourish in their silks and satins, their cardinals and visites, while the colored 'gemmen,' with sleek hat, well-fitted broadcloth, tight boots well tipped and turned up, vie with the 'brighter' race. . . . There are no free blacks here. I asked Mr. Massey if the masters clothed their slaves in the manner I have described. He says they give them holiday money and little patches of ground to cultivate for themselves and other perquisites which they lay *up* and then lay *out* in gratifying their taste for the fine arts, &c. They are happy and yet not supercilious and haughty. I had congratulated myself a good deal on these indications, so confirmative of the sentiments I had begun to cherish . . . before I left home, when suddenly as I passed down the street my attention was arrested by a sign, suspended over an old house

with a yard and a high board fence, bearing this inscription: 'Slave Market. Henderson & Co., Proprietors.' That made me sick. I looked through the gate which stood partly open, and saw the poor wretches lying about, old and young, large and small, male and female, waiting for purchasers. I pitied them and said, 'Alas! what extremes meet us at every turn in this miserable and naughty world!' I quite had to reason with myself and philosophize to keep my pleasant dreams of the charms of slavery from being dissipated. Oh, if it were not for the buying and selling and the whipping! Ah, yes! true enough! And so it is all around. If it were not for the cruelty and perversity of man, how much happiness there would be! Never mind! When we get established at the South, we'll decide the important question involved in this serious and grave discussion."

Resuming his voyage down the Mississippi from Memphis, and approaching to within two or three hundred miles of New Orleans, the traveler was struck with the singular aspect of the great river flowing between high banks, called levees, thrown up so as to constitute an artificial channel and raising the stream considerably above the level of the surrounding country. He was also impressed with the

beauty of the scenery as the boat glided along through the fields and meadows. Though midwinter, the season was as mild as spring. The homes of the planters whose great plantations bordered the river were often aristocratic and magnificent mansions, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, and in some instances by flowers in full bloom. He does not tell us what impression was made on him by the bands of negro slaves at work in the fields, but it was probably not painful, as the worst evils of that system were usually hidden from the passing traveler, and the contest for and against the abolition of slavery, though already acute in the States, had not yet reached that stage of furious bitterness that it was afterward to assume.

Arrived in New Orleans, Mr. Richards soon made the acquaintance of the Rev. Dr. Hawks, whose wonderfully eloquent address he had heard in the Convention of 1844. The Rev. Doctor was then President of Louisiana University and Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. He also met Dr. Nicholson, then recently converted from Methodism to the Episcopal faith and a very popular preacher. For the latter, Mr. Richards preached several times and also in other churches. But he was not satisfied to confine himself to Protestant associations. It is a curious fact that he was not conscious at any time of making up his mind de-

liberately to investigate the great question of the claims of the Catholic Church, and yet from the time of leaving home he found himself inclined to make use of every favorable opportunity to learn anything new, either in theory or practice, in regard to it. Fortunately, soon after arriving in the city he stumbled upon a Catholic bookshop. He told the proprietor, a Mr. O'Donnell, that he was much interested in Catholic questions, and was immediately invested with the "freedom of the store." "Take anything you want," said the warm-hearted bookseller, "take it to your room and return it when you have read it." He purchased a copy of Keenan's Catechism, and going soon after to Mobile, Ala., to visit the Rev. Mr. Massey, he read that work while on the boat crossing Lake Ponchartrain. This, as he remarks, was the first Catholic book he ever read. It made a strong impression on his mind, for therein for the first time he saw a clear, concise statement of Catholic doctrines with their grounds, and a bird's-eye view of the character of Martin Luther and his "glorious Reformation." The harmonious, consistent character of the whole system appealed to him strongly. In after life he frequently remarked that in controversy a presentation of the positive truth in its completeness and harmony, is often better than a laborious refutation of numberless difficulties

and objections. Once the truth is understood in its own native force and beauty, objections fade away and disappear of themselves.

During this visit to Mobile, an incident occurred that showed the bent of his mind at the time. A clerical tea party was given in his honor. Several clergymen were present, and, as usual, they soon became deep in the discussion of some disputed point in theology. There were as many opinions as men, every disputant insisting upon his view as the only right one, with no prospect of an agreement. Mr. Richards listened, taking no part in the discussion. When a lull occurred, he remarked quietly: "Well, brethren, after all, would it not be a very nice arrangement if we had some tribunal, some final Court of Appeal, to determine these knotty questions and set our controversies at rest?" This came upon the company like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. It put a stop to all discussion for the time; but no doubt from that moment his fellow-clergymen looked upon him with suspicion, and each one, on hearing a few years later of his conversion to the Church of his Fathers, exclaimed: "I am not surprised. I knew long ago, from unmistakable indications, that he was tending Romeward."

On returning to New Orleans, Mr. Richards borrowed the work of Archbishop Kenrick on

"The Primacy of the Apostolic See." The very first chapters interested him strongly. He was particularly struck by the testimony of St. Cyprian there quoted. The great treatise on the "Unity of the Church," written by this Father who lived from the year 200 to 258, was then new to Mr. Richards and came upon him as a revelation. The language, he remarks, is so clear, so positive, so unmistakable, that the only wonder is that any candid man can read it without being convinced of the truth itself as well as of the fact that it was the doctrine of the Church at the time in which he wrote. Moreover, as St. Cyprian is famous in ecclesiastical annals for his controversy with Pope St. Stephen in regard to rebaptizing heretics, he cannot be suspected of undue bias in favor of Rome. He was so near the first age that the inference is quite inevitable that the doctrine was derived from the Apostolic period. After quoting the passages in which Our Lord confers upon Peter the power of the keys, of feeding the flock, &c., St. Cyprian goes on to say: "Upon that one individual he builds his church, and to him he commits his sheep to be fed. And although after his resurrection, he gives to all the Apostles equal power . . . yet, to manifest unity, he disposed by his authority the origin of the same authority, which begins from one. Even the other Apostles were certainly

what Peter was, being endowed with equal participation of honor and power, but the beginning proceeds from Unity, *and the Primacy is given to Peter,* that the Church of Christ may be shown to be one and the Chair one."[1]

Pondering over these and similar quotations, Mr. Richards had a happy thought. There was the noted Dr. Hawks, "Historiographer of the Church," a learned and able man, no doubt thoroughly familiar with all points of Ecclesiastical History. Why not call upon him, and ask him to verify and explain the citations? Mr. Richards called in fact upon the learned Doctor, who received him in his library. The visitor told his host frankly that he had been reading Kenrick on the Primacy and that he was anxious to know whether the quotations from Cyprian were authentic and how far they were borne out, in their obvious sense, by the context. The Doctor, after long search, found a copy of the Father in question and turned the leaves over and over, but seemed unable to find what he sought. Finally he closed the book and remarked that there was one consideration which he had always looked upon as conclusive against the doctrine of the Supremacy of the

[1] The text of this famous passage, as quoted by Mr. Richards, is apparently a translation of one of that family of manuscripts which combine two alternative versions. As the sense of the two is equivalent and both are now attributed to St. Cyprian himself, the value of his argument is not impaired.

Pope. It was that the successor of St. Peter, who was not an Apostle, lived when the Apostle St. John was still alive, and the idea that an Apostle should be subject to one who was not an Apostle seemed to him so absurd that he could not accept the doctrine of the Supremacy of the Bishop of Rome!

The impression made on the enquirer's mind by this manifest shuffling, as he could not but consider it, may be imagined. The authority to whom he had referred with so much confidence had plainly avoided making the simple reference desired, and had taken refuge in an extraordinary specimen of logical argumentation. He withdrew with the very unfavorable impression that a man of the Reverend Doctor's reputed learning must have been perfectly familiar with the argument from the testimony of St. Cyprian, and that his reason for not giving more satisfaction to the enquiries was that he had no adequate explanation to offer.

While in New Orleans, Mr. Richards took occasion to make frequent visits to Catholic churches. The season of Lent afforded him opportunities of gratifying his curiosity. On Sundays, he generally preached in some Episcopal pulpit and then strayed into some Catholic church where he became an interested observer of both the services and the congrega-

tion. He had always told "dissenters" that the only way to appreciate the Episcopal service was to join in it and conform to the ritual, and he now found himself unconsciously putting his principles in practice in regard to Catholic services.

As a result, he was deeply impressed, more particularly with the manifest reverence and devotion of the people in the house of God. He noticed that the ladies in the French churches came generally dressed in sober black, which seemed to him appropriate. He confesses that he was touched with the devotion of some of the beautiful young Creoles, who appeared to have left the world for a time and to have given themselves to the pensive work of penance and prayer with true French *abandon.* The scene at the old French cathedral, dedicated to St. Louis, made an indelible impression on his memory. Before visiting the city, he had heard it remarked by Protestant friends who had been there that if he wished to see Catholicism in all its vulgar and disgusting features, he should go to the old French cathedral. What repelled and disgusted them, edified and attracted his more spiritual and unworldly nature. He beheld a crowded congregation, the aisles as well as the seats being fairly packed with whites and blacks of all shades, all devoutly bent upon the great business of worship-

ing God in His holy temple. He noticed that in some instances the slaves sat in the same benches with their masters and all received Holy Communion at the same altar rail. Gray-headed negroes, bowed with age, knelt in the aisles and recited their beads with an air of the most absorbed devotion. "Here," he said to himself, "is the realization of my dream of what the Church ought to be, the Church of the poor as well as of the rich. Here indeed, 'the rich and the poor meet together, for the Lord is the maker of them all!'" "I had been contending for years," he writes, "that the Episcopal Church was not necessarily the church of the rich and prosperous, as was generally charged. But the results of my efforts to disprove the charge practically by bringing the poor into my own church had not been of a very encouraging nature. But here in the Catholic Church (it was the same in all their churches) was the realization of all that I had hoped and longed for, but never yet found. It made a great impression upon me. I felt that that was the place for me, that there I would like to be. It was entirely in accordance with my ideas of the true spirit of Christianity, and I was conscious of a strong impulse to cast in my lot amongst them."

Another feature of the Catholic Church—if it can be called a mere feature, and not the

very essence—that appealed to Mr. Richards' religious nature most powerfully, was the practical operation of the Sacramental System. His first steps toward the ancient historic Christianity had been prompted by the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. As we have set forth from his own notes in another place, he had early come to look upon this as a fundamental question, upon which the very idea and nature of the Christian Church and the whole supernatural system, the entire economy of God's dealings with redeemed human nature, must depend. He now saw the sacramental system in its entirety in daily operation upon the souls of men. He saw the Church, as a tender Mother, solicitously attending the steps of her children from the cradle to the grave, and at every juncture of their lives opening to them stores of special graces and assistance. He saw the numerous babies brought by their godparents and relatives for baptism; he saw the people, young and old, crowding to the confessional with serious and downcast air and coming from it with a look of peace and solemn happiness on their faces. At every early mass on Sundays (he does not record that he made observations on weekdays) the communion rails were thronged by devout crowds of black and white, poor and rich, and here again their rapt expression as they approached and came from

the Holy Table made the Real and Tremendous Presence almost sensible. He saw the funerals, with their somber vestments and strange solemn chants; and although he could not see the conferring of Extreme Unction and the Viaticum upon the dying, still he probably formed some idea of their efficacy from his reading and could guess at the consolation and tranquillity that they would impart in the last terrible hour. In all of these sacred functions, it was plain that both clergy and people did not regard themselves as engaged in mere outward ceremonies, however holy, but as dispensing and receiving the grace of God itself, and as coming in direct contact with Christ the Redeemer, who pours out the merits of His passion and precious blood through the channels that He has Himself appointed. The careful observer, prepared by his own labors and discouragements in the help of souls, could not but recognize the vast power and actual efficiency of this sacramental system for maintaining and increasing holiness of life and elevated union with God. Here again he saw his dreams realized, and the mighty figure whose vague lineaments had sometimes floated before his interior vision, was here revealed in all her majesty and supernatural vigor.

"It is a little curious, perhaps," writes Mr.

Richards, "that with the progress I had made in the direction of the Catholic Church since leaving home, I did not take pains to make the acquaintance of some priest or at least some intelligent Catholic layman. I can scarcely tell why I did not. But after I reached home and was charged with having fallen into the hands of some of those wily Jesuit priests, who had perverted my mind and drawn me away from loyalty to my own church, I was very glad that I could say that I had not spoken to a single priest since my departure."

As the spring of 1849 wore on, Mr. Richards decided to give up his business engagements in New Orleans and return to Columbus. He saw no sufficient prospects to justify the removal of his family to the South and he could not bear to be longer away from them. By this time he was fairly well convinced of the truth of the claims of the Catholic Church to be the true and only Church of Christ, founded by Him and entrusted with the perpetuation of His mission to teach all nations with infallible and unfailing certainty. Before leaving the city, he provided himself with a copy of Milner's *End of Controversy,* while Mr. O'Donnell, the zealous and kindly bookseller, presented him with a copy of *The Spirit of Ligouri,* both of which works he read with the greatest interest on the way. In the *Spirit of Ligouri,* the little

treatises of the Saint on the Practice of Perfection, On Conversing Familiarly with God, On Divine Love and the Means of Acquiring It, On Conformity to the Will of God, On the Practice of Meditation and on Examen of Conscience with a dissertation on Sorrow, Confession, &c., giving, with theological exactness, statements of the doctrines of the Church on these subjects, were a new revelation to a mind longing no less for solid devotion than for certainty of faith. They opened up a new world full of charming views, and were read with the greatest avidity and delight.

On this northward journey, an unexpected incident occurred at Louisville, Kentucky. At that point, owing to the falls in the river, the boats passed through a canal, and Mr. Richards, with several other passengers, got out and walked on the towpath. What was his surprise to meet a member of his family, John Adair McDowell, with a company traveling in the opposite direction. Mr. McDowell had married Mrs. Richards' younger sister, Geraldine Cowles. He was a tall and very handsome man, very like his brother, General Irwin McDowell, who was afterward in command of the Union forces at the ill-fated battle of Bull Run. John was full of courage and ability. He was now with his companions on the way to California, being infected with the gold fever which

was just then throwing the whole country into excitement. Stopping on the towpath, the two men talked hurriedly as the boats dragged their slow way through the canal. Henry told the story of his change of conviction and sentiment in religious matters. It was uppermost in his thoughts, the one all-important thing, and he could not refrain from speaking of it at once and most earnestly. But John listened rather coldly. His first question was: "What will those at home think? What will Aunt Orrell say?" Henry thought he did not care what they thought or said, his convictions were not to be shaken. But in the simplicity of his sincere and earnest nature, he imagined that he had only to tell the story of his change, with the circumstances that led up to it and the arguments that compelled it, to bring them all to look upon the matter in the same light. He was to discover to his disappointment and chagrin that however ready Protestants may be to follow their clergyman in his changes of belief and practice even to the very door of the Catholic Church, the moment they find to what end those advances logically lead him, they generally recoil in dread, with no further argument or investigation. Reason and history would seem to have very little weight, in the majority of cases, against the inborn and obstinate prejudice which is aroused by the very

name of the Church. Henry was obliged to content himself with telling John frankly and emphatically that he ought to be a Catholic and that if he would take the pains to examine the subject impartially, he would surely become one. He thrust into his hands the copy of Milner's *End of Controversy* and the two men parted.

On Mr. Richards' arrival at his home in Columbus, he met a furious storm of opposition. At the announcement to his relatives and intimate friends of his change of religious convictions, they were all greatly shocked. His wife's mother, Mrs. Laura Kilbourne Cowles, was seized forthwith with hysterical spasms, screaming and frothing at the mouth, so that it was necessary to send in haste for a physician. His wife was too gentle and too absolutely devoted to her husband to indulge in any reproaches. But she was deeply disturbed and grieved; and her air of anxiety and profound sorrow caused him keener suffering than any violent outbreak. Cynthia's elder brother, Havens, expostulated with him earnestly on the folly and madness of his course. "See," he exclaimed, "what you are doing. You are killing Mother and mortifying and disgracing us all!" When Henry declared that in matters of religion a man must follow the dictates of his judgment and conscience without regard to

material interests, he replied that Henry had plainly been seized with a fit of enthusiasm on the subject of the Catholic Church, without being sufficiently informed. "Wait awhile," said he, "don't be in such a hurry. This is too important a matter to be decided without the most patient, careful study." He suggested that Henry should read over their own standard authors more carefully, and should try to fortify himself against the "plausible reasonings of the insidious Jesuits, &c." Mr. Richards remarks that he had been studying these standard authors for years, and had found that one of the greatest difficulties of the Episcopal Church lay in the very fact that the standard authors did not agree among themselves, but represented all phases of doctrine from the lowest Arminian Semi-Pelagianism to the highest Catholic teaching, with the exception perhaps of the Pope's supremacy. Mr. Richards had a strong respect and affection for his brother-in-law, Havens Cowles, who was a man of unselfish character and of sound judgment on every subject but the Catholic Church. After Henry had been a Catholic some time, Havens told him on one occasion that he did not wish to be talked to on that subject; he did not intend to speak or read about it. He did not wish to have his mind disturbed. The writer of these lines remembers that once after the removal

of the family to the East, "Uncle Havens" came on a visit from the West. The conversation could not be kept from turning on religion and Havens declared that he did not believe that Henry read his Bible and studied it so well as a Catholic as he had been accustomed to do in former times when an Episcopalian, an imputation that was stoutly denied. Shortly after, the discussion getting to the subject of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist, Mr. Richards quoted the famous sixth chapter of St. John, and finally, taking his Bible from the shelf, read the whole chapter to his brother-in-law, pointing out its obvious application, especially in the latter portions, to the doctrine. So clear did his comments make the interpretation, that Havens was completely discomfited, only murmuring, in a shamefaced way, that although he had explained that very chapter to his Bible Class a few Sundays before, he had never seen its meaning in that light. We children, who were accustomed to hear our Father read us a passage from the Bible every morning at family prayers, considered this a victorious refutation of his charge of neglect of the scripture.

The expostulations of relatives and the difficulties of his position were not without their effect on the new convert's resolution. Immediately upon returning to Columbus, he had

called upon the Rev. Caspar Borgess, then pastor of the Catholic church of the Holy Cross in that city, afterward first Bishop of Detroit. To him Mr. Richards made known the state of his mind, which then certainly foreshadowed a speedy entrance into the Church. Yet more than two years elapsed before this event actually took place. For this hesitation and delay, Mr. Richards condemned himself most bitterly throughout the remainder of his life. He looked upon it as a great disloyalty to God's grace and an offense against the Truth sufficiently made known to him; and he attributed to the infinite mercy, long suffering and forbearance of Almighty God the fact that he did finally gain strength to take the step. "While I was South," he writes of this time, in his notes to his children, "I of course kept your mother informed of the progress of my intellectual convictions, so that she was not at all surprised to know my determination, or rather my desire, to become a Catholic. . . . Sister Antoinette had also read my letters, and I think she must have been favorably impressed, especially as a young friend of hers, a Mr. Robert Murphy, who was particularly attentive to her and to whom she was evidently quite partial, spoke with respect and approval of some things in the Catholic Church. I have often thought that perhaps if I had had the courage at that

time to declare myself a Catholic and go forward and do my duty, she and your mother would have followed me. As it was, I delayed, and she died an Episcopalian and your mother did not join me until three years after my conversion. . . . It was soon after that event that I stood by the dying bed of that poor child. . . . She was gay and lighthearted and fond of attention and company, but very correct and precise in her notions of propriety. She was not naturally much inclined to piety, though a good, conscientious girl. She was always rather delicate and frail, and the seeds of consumption early developed themselves in her constitution. She and I were very ill in the same house at the same time. Through the infinite mercy of God, I recovered, and the grace and the opportunity to repent and do my duty were vouchsafed to me. She died, and as I stood by her deathbed, to which I had been summoned in haste, she seemed to be not entirely satisfied. She was anxious and troubled, as though looking for something certain to rely upon. What could I say? I was a Catholic, she a Protestant, or rather a non-Catholic, and trembling on the verge of eternity. I said: "Remember Our Blessed Lord says, 'Come unto Me, all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!' Trust in the infinite mercy of God through Jesus

Christ, who has suffered and died for us." "Oh," said she, "is that all?" It seemed to soothe her, and so she died. Let us hope that she and other dear friends who have gone before us to the eternal world belonged to the soul of the Church. Eternal rest give unto all our friends, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace, Amen!"

But this is an anticipation. On his return from the South, his health being still in a very precarious condition, Mr. Richards engaged in commercial occupations which would keep him traveling and much in the open air, while enabling him to earn a modest subsistence for himself and his little family. He collected for a large manufacturing firm, then canvassed for an insurance company, and for a few months even solicited subscriptions for books. He had no intention of preaching or officiating further in the Episcopal Church. But his old congregation were not satisfied to let him go so easily. They had vigorously opposed his resignation before his southern journey, and their experience with his successors had not been satisfactory. One of these became involved in a scandal in which a young widow figured, and finally had a trial and was dismissed. Another of the reverend gentlemen had a wife who seems to have made matters extremely dis-

agreeable not only for her husband but for the congregation, and apparently under pressure from her, he resigned. The petitions of the congregation to Mr. Richards were so frequent and urgent that while continuing his secular employments on week days, he officiated from time to time on Sundays, and frequently at weddings and funerals, in which he had always been a great favorite on account of his dignified and devotional rendering of the beautiful Episcopalian office and his graceful and happy addresses. At last, while the arrangement was understood to be only temporary, he came to officiate and to be looked upon again as virtually the Rector of the Parish.

"I tremble," he writes, "when I think of it! The delusions of Satan are as fearful as the mercy of God is infinite! How little do the great mass of mankind realize the danger of trifling with the grace of God! When your mind is made up, ACT! Don't dally with conscience! Act promptly, decidedly,—if necessary, heroically! Delay is dangerous. Oh, how many souls are ruined by failing to take the first step at the right time!"

It should be noted that Mr. Richards' self-condemnation is based throughout on the supposition that he was at this time fully and firmly convinced of the truth of the claims of the Catholic Church. Fault is often found

with converted ministers for having continued to officiate for some time after they have begun to entertain doubts and in fact up to the time, or within a short period, of their public recantation. But such blame is not entirely just. Were they to cease preaching as soon as they begin to be troubled with doubts, they would attract public attention and create excitement to a degree most unpropitious to a calm and candid investigation. In case the man assailed by intellectual difficulties should succeed in solving them satisfactorily and should decide to remain in his old faith, his prospects would be ruined to no purpose. Moreover, would it not be seriously wrong to reduce one's family to distress before being quite sure of the obligation of taking the step which would entail such a result? Have not even those friends and followers whose belief depends to some extent upon that of their pastor a right to be considered, at least to the extent that he should do nothing rash and inconsiderate that would disturb and endanger their faith needlessly? The line between mere difficulties and serious and settled doubts is, in many cases, obscure and uncertain. It is no doubt true that when once positive and settled doubts concerning the truth of his religion, have taken possession of a minister's mind and on serious investigation retain their force, he

is no longer free to give public approval to such doctrines by continuing to officiate. But, if every man must pause in the work of life until all difficulties and objections that may arise in his mind are clearly solved, everything, it would seem, would come to a standstill and nothing would be accomplished. It was by such a course of reasoning as this that Mr. Richards, during this painful period of waiting, justified himself to his own conscience in continuing to preach though a Catholic at heart. Of course he was careful to say nothing against his conscience or in conflict with true Catholic doctrine. What formed the subject of his deep contrition and self-condemnation in after years was, as we have said, the supposed fact that he was really convinced all this time; that he had seen the light and had not followed. He notes too as one of the worst dangers of such a condition that even while the mind is becoming more and more strengthened in its intellectual convictions, the moral nature may be deteriorating and becoming weaker by failing to correspond with those convictions. Such he humbly declares to have been his case during the period from his return from the South in the spring of 1849 to November, 1851. "During that time, I took the *New York Freeman's Journal* and read with the greatest interest and delight the republication of one of

Dr. Newman's best works, *Anglican Difficulties.* . . . How beautiful! how eloquent! how powerful! how perfectly exhaustive the discussion of every subject he undertook! Who could read that work and yet remain unconvinced! I certainly was most thoroughly convinced, and I sometimes used to astonish my friends by the most outspoken and startling expressions of opinion. And yet I fear that all that time I was undergoing a process of moral deterioration which rendered it less and less probable that I should ever follow out my convictions and openly declare myself a Catholic."

At the opening of term in September, 1849, Mr. Richards was invited to preach at Kenyon before the professors, theological students and *literati* of the College and Bexley Hall. He chose as his subject the *Organic Nature of Christianity.* His chief thesis was that the Christian Church is the mystical body of Christ and that justification and sanctification come to the individual members through union in her with Christ the Head. This union is effected primarily by spiritual regeneration in Baptism. The sermon, which still exists, was a remarkable production, profound and logical in thought, clear, terse and vigorous in expression, and illustrated by many striking passages from the New Testament. It was delivered with impassioned eloquence, for the

speaker's whole heart and soul, and the results of his thoughts and mental conflicts for years, were in his words. In his mind, during the composition of this sermon, was the argument: "Every visible organic body has a visible head; therefore the Church must also have her visible head on earth." But of this he gave no hint in the address itself; neither did he go on to show with Brownson that the Anglican Church, having broken the unity of the visible organic body, was in deadly schism. His contention therefore was only what at the present day would be considered ordinary High Church doctrine and which would excite no particular remark. But at that time, his bold words were heard in the Low Church camp as nothing short of a declaration of war. They stirred up his dignified hearers to unwonted excitement, and his opponents continued for some time afterward to attack his "heretical position" in their sermons. This was true especially of the Rev. Mr. Dobb, who had been the Low Church contemporary of Mr. Richards in Columbus.

He writes to his brother William, under date of September 9, 1849:

"The sermon, I am confident, is nothing but what every good churchman would subscribe to, and yet I don't know after all but our left-

handed brethren are more penetrating than we in tracing its legitimate consequences. At any rate, it requires some labor and argumentation to reconcile such principles with our position. I do not say we are wrong absolutely. If we are *right* in our position, we have a herculean task to perform in making our 'Anglo-American' branch of the Holy Catholic Church truly Catholic. Perhaps, however, this is our mission. If so, God give us patience to labor in its accomplishment! We prophesy in the midst of a disobedient and gainsaying people. I confess I have been made to waver. But I have not decided to give up the ship.

"Of this much, however, I am sure—that I would much rather be a Romanist than an infidel. I never could be an infidel. The days of my temptation on that score are over. *Christianity is true,* or the past is a lie and the voice of humanity a false witness. So, too, Catholicism is the true exponent of Christianity. If the Catholic System is not true, Christianity is not true. They rise or fall together. Hence I never can be anything but a Catholic. If I can be a true Catholic by remaining where I am, I stay. If not, I go towards Rome. There are some important historical questions which I have not the means nor the leisure now of

deciding. But in any case our great work is a work of restoration, restoration of Catholic truth and practice in order to the restoration of Catholic Unity. Oh, for the restoration of Unity! Oh, that we might all be *one,*—that the Savior's prayer might be answered,—'that they all might be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee—that they also might be one in Us—that the world may know that Thou has sent Me!' For this let us ever labor and pray and God will guide us into all truth!"

The time had now come for the grace of God to give the final stroke to the work of conversion that had been so long preparing. It was to come through suffering and danger and almost as suddenly as the supernatural light from heaven that struck down St. Paul on the way to Damascus. In November, 1851, he was taken with a severe illness and for some weeks was in danger of death. After the crisis had passed, convalescence was slow, and he had time to think seriously of his state. In the light of eternity, he saw clearly that the knowledge which he had obtained of the Catholic Church and of the proofs of her divine origin and authority were abundantly sufficient to produce certainty and to demand from him as-

sent and submission. He was appalled at the thought of the unreasonable delay of which he now judged himself guilty and of the account that he would have to render to God of His illuminations and graces. All his life was spread out before his internal vision like a map. He saw clearly the steps by which God's loving Providence had led him on, giving him an ever increasing light of Truth, and urging him, with fatherly and persistent love, to seek Him in His Holy Church. Earnestly did he beg of his attendants that a priest might be sent for; but he was put off with various excuses. Calling to his bedside a cousin and old college mate, he appealed to him in the most pathetic manner to bring Father Borgess. His friend promised blandly, but only to deceive him. Afterward he learned that his devoted wife had resolved that if death were to become really imminent, his desire should be gratified. But as he had yielded once, after what appeared to her a period of excitement, she consoled herself with the hope that if the decisive step could only be postponed until health and strength returned, he might still be induced to lay aside his scruples and again to become content to remain an Episcopalian. Little did she realize what was passing in her husband's soul, as he lay, white and still, on the bed before her. He writes:

"The quickening of perception and elevation of mind I have spoken of during my illness was manifested in an extraordinary intuitive perception of the wonderful beauty, propriety and reasonableness of the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church. It seemed almost like a revelation to me. It was deeply impressed on my mind that that wonderful system was not a cold, dry, incoherent and confused mass of uninteresting speculations and antiquated superstitious practices, but a beautiful, unique, harmonious system, instinct with life and love, and glowing with the divine forms of beauty and loveliness. In the language of the Psalmist: 'The King's Daughter' was indeed 'all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold with beautiful embroidery.' 'Thou art beautiful above the sons of men; grace is poured forth on thy lips; therefore hath God blessed thee forever.' Even the most insignificant part of her ceremonial seemed to be not only impressively significant but also instinct with the vitality of the truths represented. I saw and was deeply impressed with the beauty and significance of the use of holy water, the sign of the Cross, and all the varied ceremonial which to an unaccustomed eye is apt to appear puerile and superstitious. If I had ever had any doubt, I then had not the slightest misgiving in regard to the divinity of the Catholic

Church. I was only too impatient, if possible, to throw myself into her compassionate arms, to be embraced by her and nursed upon her divine bosom. I longed to return as a poor prodigal to my Father's house after years of wandering and vain pursuit of the worthless and unsatisfying husks of Time."

In fact, the invalid went in search of a priest while he was still so weak that he was obliged to sit down and rest on the way. When he appeared, pale and emaciated, before Father Borgess, begging to be received at once into the Church, that wise ecclesiastic counseled a little further delay. No doubt he wished the important step to be taken by the neophyte with all deliberation and tranquillity. Meantime, the news of his approaching submission to Rome was widely circulated. A violent commotion ensued and the storm of reprobation broke out again. Articles appeared in the newspapers declaring the conversion to be the result of mental derangement, asserting that the former minister had separated, or was about to separate, from his wife and children in order to become a Romish priest and intimating that he was attempting to inveigle his wife to the East in order to place her in a convent. Similar charges were made in public by a fellow minister, and letters were received

from old friends, full of impassioned remonstrances and abuse of the Church. An answer to the most odious of the newspaper attacks was made by the Rev. Mr. Randall, a Baptist minister, who protested in vigorous and manly fashion against such violations of Christian charity.

But this time the storm was met by the new convert with a serene courage that knew no wavering.

During the month of January, 1852, Mr. Richards wrote on the same day to his father and to Bishop McIlvaine, notifying them of his approaching reception and tendering to the Bishop his resignation as a Minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In his answer, Bishop McIlvaine expresses his deep pain and regret, and indulges in a sharp attack on the Catholic Church as "the very Mother of Abominations. . . . Never did the Church of Rome more openly avow her spiritual adultery in the bold declaration of her idolatrous worship of the creature, especially Mary. Never more than at present did she exhibit the features of Antichrist." However, he commends Mr. Richards for not remaining in the Episcopal Church with such views as he now holds.

In the midst of the excitement, Henry's brother William, then a lawyer and editor at Newark, Ohio, came to visit him. Acting as a

peacemaker, he endeavored to allay the angry prejudice aroused. He proposed that the convalescent should visit him at his quiet home in Newark as soon as he should be able to travel with safety. His expectation was that in the peace and quietness of his brother's house, Henry's excitement would pass away and that by calmly reasoning together they would end by harmonizing, as they had always done in the past, and would meet again on the good old *via media*. To the family and connections he said: "Henry is evidently a little disturbed in mind by his recent illness. I will take him to my house in Newark, where he can rest and we can talk quietly, and I am confident that in a couple of weeks he will be as good a Protestant as ever." The programme was carried out, but with precisely a contrary result to that predicted. At the end of the specified time, William was virtually a Catholic, though he did not make his formal submission for more than a year later, that event occurring in the summer of 1853. "Little did I anticipate," says William Richards in his little book, *On the Road to Rome and How Two Brothers Got There,* "the unanswerable arguments for the Catholic Church which he had already mastered and with which he unexpectedly but effectually posed me."

The visit was brought to an abrupt con-

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Wm Richards.

clusion by somewhat startling news from Columbus. Some of the zealous Protestant relatives or friends had taken advantage of Mr. Richards' absence to attempt to effect a separation between his wife and himself. A minister of Cleveland, a man of some learning and still greater assurance, proved to his own satisfaction, quoting the decrees of Trent, that the Catholic Church could never recognize the validity of their marriage. Matters had gone so far that a written declaration had been obtained by these officious friends from Cynthia, to the effect that if it were true, as had been represented to her, that the Catholic Church would not recognize their marriage, she would not continue to live with her husband. Henry saw at once the scheme that was on foot. He hurried home and needed only a few moments to convince his wife that she had been deceived and to restore all her confidence.

All the necessary and becoming preliminaries having been duly and tranquilly settled, Henry Livingston Richards made his public submission and was received into the Holy Catholic Church in the Church of the Holy Cross, Columbus, by the Rev. Caspar Borgess, Pastor, on Sunday, January 25, 1852. There was no baptism, even conditional, as Mr. Richards' second baptism, conferred by Bishop Whittingham in 1844, was judged by Father

Borgess certainly valid. The Profession of Faith was made, the absolution from heresy received, and the ceremonies alone of the baptism were supplied.

"A somewhat curious and interesting coincidence," writes Mr. Richards, "occurred at the time. St. Paul had always been a favorite saint with me. If I had been a Catholic, I should have said I had a special devotion to him. I admired his character, our new church was named for him, and one of my favorite sermons was on the character of St. Paul. When I came to be received, Father Borgess asked what patron Saint I would take. I told him I had not thought of that. I did not know much about the Catholic practice of taking patron Saints, but I would leave it entirely to him. 'Well,' said he, 'as this is the festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, I will give you the name of Paul!' Another coincidence pleased me very much. If there is a character in Holy Scripture that I have a special admiration for, it is that of Blessed Mary Magdalene. When I ascertained that Catholics made account of the Saint whose commemoration occurred on their birthday, I was surprised and delighted on consulting the calendar to find that my birthday was the festival of St. Mary Magdalene."

At the time of Mr. Richards' reception, his

children were four in number, Laura Isabelle, Henry Livingston, Jr., William Douglas, and Havens Cowles, who had seen the light scarcely more than two months before. The last named had not yet been baptized. With all Mr. Richards' tender love for his wife and his sympathy for her suffering and anxiety at this time, he did not propose to let any question arise as to the child's Catholic baptism. He therefore one day took the baby quietly in his arms and slipping unobserved out of the back door, carried it to Father Borgess at the church of the Holy Cross and had it baptized. On the way, bethinking himself of the necessity of godparents, he called upon Mrs. Mary Going, a relative by marriage and at that time his only Catholic acquaintance in Columbus. Mr. Richards, in his notes, pleases himself with the conjecture that this resolute act of faith on his own part may have had some connection, by God's grace, with his son's vocation in after life to the priesthood and the religious state.

Shortly after his reception into the Church, Mr. Richards put into execution his plan of removing to New York. In Columbus, his situation had become anything but pleasant. Some of his warmest friends renounced his acquaintance entirely. His mother-in-law said solemnly to her daughter: "You know, Cynthia, I can never visit you again!" In time this spirit

died away; and in after years there was no place where the aged Mrs. Cowles delighted more to visit and to spend the winters happily than in the pleasant home in Jersey City. But in the beginning, the feeling was very bitter. The position offered the former clergyman by his old Ohio friends and relatives by marriage, the Averys, in the drygoods house of Avery, Hilliard & Co. on Broadway, held out only very modest inducements at the start; but it gave hope of advancement.

His wife and children were therefore entrusted to the care of his father in the old home at Granville. The opening of spring found the new convert in a cheerless upper room (sky-parlor, he calls it) of a boarding house in Liberty St., New York, ready to begin life anew at the age of thirty-eight, amid strange surroundings, separated from his family, cast off by friends and with only his cheerful confidence and trust in God's providence and his ardent devotion to his new faith to sustain and comfort him.

CHAPTER IX

EARLY CATHOLIC LIFE

Many anxieties and trials were to be endured by the new convert during the first three years of his Catholic life. Not the least of these was the comparative isolation to which every convert is more or less condemned. It must be confessed that Catholic lay people, at least in our country, are not in general sufficiently ready to make advances and to manifest kindness to those who enter the fold. In this particular they contrast perhaps rather unfavorably with the adherents of heresy. No doubt it is often through a certain timidity that those who have always been Catholics hold back from obtruding their acquaintance upon the newcomers; but the effect is as injurious as though it were due to indifference. The new convert must first fight, as it were, to get in; he must make, in many cases, heroic sacrifices; he incurs the displeasure of relatives, is cut off from old friends, and is apt to find himself for a long time without new ones, at least outside the ranks of the clergy. He sees around him multitudes of Catholics intent upon their own

duties and devotions, but apparently with little thought or sympathy for him.

In Mr. Richards' case, this isolation was increased and aggravated tenfold by the separation from his family. He was a devoted husband and loving father; and to be compelled to live away from wife and children for an indefinite period, inflicted upon him a suffering like death. Intensely desirous of the conversion of his family to the faith which he had embraced and which he loved more ardently every day as its beauties were revealed to him, he was in a position to do scarcely anything to hasten that conversion. The stings of poverty and anxieties as to success in business were aggravated by ill health, which soon began to assume at times an alarming aspect. But all such difficulties and sufferings were lightened by the tender devotion and intense happiness which he experienced in the practice of religion. His letters at this time give a vivid idea of the enthusiasm with which their writer, with intellect and heart now at rest in the Truth, entered upon the fields of Catholic devotion.

Scarcely had Mr. Richards become settled in his new surroundings, when he was summoned to Granville to the deathbed of his father. The old Doctor had fallen from the loft of the stable on a heap of stones below and suffered a con-

cussion of the brain that led to his death after a few days. In the interval, he was in constant delirium, but as the end approached, full consciousness returned. Calling to his bedside those of his children and grandchildren who were present, he said: "My children, I die in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ," and so sank into unconsciousness and death. He had always been a very religious and most conscientious man. It was his custom to take his Bible every day and retire to his inner study, where no one was allowed to disturb him for half an hour or more. His son looked upon his dying declaration of faith as an indication that doubts as to his position had perhaps arisen in his mind, and that he desired to express an implicit belief of all that Christ taught, whatever that might be in detail. In spite of the ever increasing divergence in their religious convictions, Henry had always remained devotedly attached to his father, and the death of the latter at this time was an added weight in the burden of sorrow and trial that he was called upon in God's providence to bear.

As a business man, Mr. Richards proved to be successful, his early experiences in that field no doubt having afforded him a better preparation than falls to the lot of most clergymen. The cheery, sincere and hearty manner which was natural to him and was an index of his

character, and which, moreover, was strengthened daily by the religious influences to which he opened his whole soul, ensured him a favorable reception from all classes. His principals increased his salary and desired him to make a prolonged journey in the West during the autumn of 1852. Then occurred the first of a series of attacks of illness, of a painful and peculiar nature, which formed one of the most distressing trials of his life. Four times, at intervals of some ten years, did these attacks disable him for periods of some months from the ordinary duties of life and even of religion, wrapping his soul in the deepest gloom. Painful and terrible as the trial was, he himself recognized it as a powerful instrument in the hand of God to tear away his heart from all attachment to created and transient goods and to fix it upon God alone. Describing this attack, he says: "I remember very distinctly praying in heart with intense earnestness to St. Peter that my faith might never fail. I have sometimes thought that it may have been in answer to that petition of intense desire and impassioned earnestness that I am indebted for the happy exemption from doubt in regard to the truth of the Catholic religion with which I have been blessed. I have never, thank God, had any serious doubt in regard to any doctrine

of the Church. . . . I said my prayers regularly rather from a sense of duty than from inclination, crying for mercy and deprecating the judgments of God, but without hope or consolation. There was one exception to this. One day I experienced some relief, a momentary unction and freedom and pleasure in prayer. I afterwards found it was the anniversary of my reception into the Church, the festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, whom I had chosen, or rather who had been given to me, as my patron saint!"

It was Mr. Richards' conviction that God intended him to remain poor. He had absolutely no desire for riches. He worked only for a subsistence for himself and his family and aimed at nothing beyond, unless the power of doing good and giving to others. It is a fact worthy of notice that whenever by his ability and industry he began to get ahead and to be in a position to lay up resources for the future, one of these attacks of illness, or some other unexpected and unavoidable circumstance, came to throw him back into his favorite condition of absolute trust in God's providence. When, on the other hand, his resources were exhausted and poverty stared him in the face, some new opening of even more favorable character than before came to justify his confidence.

Upon his recovery, returning from the old home at Granville to New York, the convert found his business position, which he had unceremoniously abandoned under pressure of his illness, already filled by another. His employers recommended him to a wholesale grocery house of standing, where, however, the religious minded convert found his principles of integrity and fair dealing regarded as somewhat out of place. The end of the season found him again without employment or resource. "Again," he writes, "was my frail bark launched on the wild open sea without chart or compass, at the mercy of the winds and waves. These changes were of course a great trial to me, but I tried to profit by them. I looked upon them as sent by Providence for the trial of my faith and patience, and tried to practice absolute submission to the Holy Will of God." Returning to Ohio with a commission from his brother-in-law, Virgil Hillyer, Mr. Richards visited Cincinnati, and there was the guest of the venerable Bishop Purcell. In the Bishop's house, he had the gratification of meeting the Papal Ablegate, Archbishop Bedini. The letter to his wife in which he describes this visit carries us back with the utmost vividness to the time, and his impressions of the churchmen are full of interest.

"Cincinnati, Dec. 24th, 1853.

"Saturday.

"My dear Wife:

"I cannot find words to express the extreme pleasure I have experienced in my reception by our good Archbishop. With my usual timidity, by the time I arrived here I had pretty well convinced myself that I was on a wild goose chase. The Archbishop would have his hands full of other business and an obscure individual like myself after all was not very likely to excite much interest in the heart of a high dignitary of the church.

"However, I mustered courage and called at the Episcopal residence and was shown to Dr. Rosecrans' room, who received me like an old friend, and as he was about to go up to the seminary (a splendid building on one of the high hills, overlooking the city) to hear his class, he invited me to go along. So I got into the buggy and we had a pleasant ride, chatting about old times, &c. On our return, the Archbishop (who had been out) had returned and I was ushered into his august presence. Never was I taken by a more agreeable surprise. Such cordiality—such familiar, friendly interest—such paternal sympathy—such sprightliness and vivacity in conversation, and withal such perfect refinement of manner, I think I

never before witnessed in any man. He entered at once into my feelings and interests, inquired about my family, my brother, &c., and insisted that I should stay with him. . . . The character of his conduct is very childlike. He is animated and quick-motioned as a Frenchman and he waits upon you, placing the chair, pouring out your tea, as at breakfast this morning, and showing an hundred little attentions as agreeable as they are unexpected. But this is only half my pleasure. Think of it! His Eminence Archbishop Bedini, the Nuncio of His Holiness, is here with his suite, and last evening I had the very great privilege and gratification of kneeling for the Apostolic benediction, kissing the Episcopal ring, and having his hands laid upon my head. More than this—the Archbishop very kindly informed me that they were to take tea at Mr. Springer's, a prominent Catholic family, and invited me to go with them, which I did, and then to add another link to the chain of sweetness long drawn out, I met Mr. Anderson and his lady from Chillicothe.

"Mr. and Mrs. Springer are both very excellent—indeed quite delightful people—and their large parlors are filled with works of art which they have picked up during their travels in Europe. You should have seen the two high dignitaries of the church in their familiar, unreserved intercourse on this evening to have a

true idea of the Catholic gentleman and ecclesiastic. What would I not have given to have you present, and Brother William and Sister Helen, too.

"During the evening Mrs. S. made known to the Nuncio the desire of her servants to receive his blessing. They were thereupon invited in —six Irish girls in all—and kneeled before him while he pronounced the benediction and gave them his ring to kiss. It was a beautiful sight and I venture to say would touch the heart of any but a bigoted Evangelical Protestant.. The Nuncio speaks the English language very imperfectly, generally conversing in French and the Archbishop interprets, but last night he made several very fair attempts to converse with the ladies in English, and during the evening he called the young daughter of Mr. S. to him and had quite a familiar chat with her. She is about the age of Laura and I am happy to be able to say I believe Laura would have conducted herself under the circumstances as well as she did. She was rather overawed at first and did not seem to know what to say, but he succeeded by great familiarity at last in drawing her out. . . . I have always been struck with the great affection which prevails generally among Catholics, old and young, towards their clergy."

While Mr. Richards was a guest of Archbishop Purcell's at Cincinnati, the famous Know Nothing movement came to a crisis in that city, and the new convert was actually asleep in the house on the night of the chief outbreak, when the mob of Popery haters threatened violence to the Pope's representative. Their attack was foiled by the ingenuity and presence of mind of Father Edward Purcell, brother of the Archbishop, together with the vigilance of the city authorities, but not without rioting in which several of the assailants lost their lives. The mob was composed largely of German infidels and revolutionists, but in coöperation with these were the members of the Native American or Know Nothing party. These narrow-minded and violent fanatics had organized as early as 1843 a political party whose main objects were the restriction of immigration and of the naturalization of foreigners and the repression of the Catholic Church. Bloody riots marked their advent in Philadelphia, where a number of Catholic churches were burned, lives were lost, and the city was kept in a state of terror for weeks. The same scenes were about to be enacted in New York, where the anti-Catholic element had succeeded in electing their candidate, one of the publishers of Maria Monk's infamous book, as Mayor in 1844; but they were cowed by the bold atti-

tude of Bishop Hughes, who encouraged the Catholics to defend themselves. When Archbishop Bedini, in 1853, was appointed Nuncio to Brazil, he was commissioned by the Holy Father, Pius IX, to make an informal visitation of the Church in the United States, to report on the state of ecclesiastical affairs here and to attempt the reconciliation of two schismatical parishes which had obstinately stood out against their bishops. Incidentally, he brought a friendly letter from the Pope to President Pierce. The arrival of the Nuncio was the signal for a most violent outbreak of anti-Catholic hatred, which unfortunately seemed to be shared to some extent by the majority of Congress and by high officials of the government. In New York, the Italian and German revolutionists who had taken refuge there, urged on by the apostate priest Gavazzi, circulated the most monstrous calumnies against the Pope's representative. A plot was formed to assassinate him. The plan was revealed to its intended victim by an Italian named Sassi, who was himself murdered on the street the very next day. In spite of the dangers that threatened him at every step, the prelate went on courageously with the fulfilment of his mission, visiting in succession many of the larger cities of the United States and Canada, celebrating public functions everywhere and making care-

ful observations. His subsequent reports to Pius IX evinced great good judgment, breadth of mind and sincere admiration and sympathy for the growing Church in America. Hostile demonstrations were met in Pittsburg. But even the organized attempt to attack him in Cincinnati, to hang him and burn the Cathedral, did not shake his courage. By the vigor of the public authorities, who here acted in good faith and promptly, the conspirators were captured with their arms, gallows and banner. The Nuncio officiated not only in the Cathedral but in several other churches, preaching in German; and we have seen from Mr. Richards' letter with what apparent unconcern he bore himself in the turbulent city. No doubt had the conspiracy succeeded, the fervent convert who slept soundly in the Archbishop's house through the disturbance, would willingly have given his life in such good company for his new faith.

Very shortly after this visit, Mr. Richards' financial difficulties were put an end to for the time, just as he was almost in despair, by the simultaneous offer of three positions. The most favorable of these was from his old friend, Elias Fassett, for whom he had prayed so earnestly in youthful days and who was now the head of the banking house of Atwood, Dunlevy & Co., in Wall Street. "I said to myself," he writes, "How good God is! And how won-

derfully does He arrange things in this world so as to show us our dependence on Him!"

Some time later, Mr. Richards was made managing clerk in the newly established banking house of Eugene Kelly and Co. Here he might have remained, with the brightest prospects for the future. As he remarks himself, the house of Eugene Kelly and Co. seemed to have no infancy but to spring at once into the most vigorous life. But for reasons chiefly of health, Mr. Richards chose a more modest position in the Sheffield steel house of Sanderson Brothers & Co., under their New York agent, Mr. Edward Frith. For this estimable Catholic gentleman, Mr. Richards felt a regard that was truly brotherly. He long kept up a correspondence with more than one member of the family; and during the last illness of Mrs. Frith, she would sometimes call for Mr. Richards' letters and have them read to her again, so great was the spiritual consolation that she derived from them.

Now that solicitude for the means of subsistence had been removed, Mr. Richards made arrangements to bring from Ohio his family, from whom he had been separated, with the exception of occasional visits to Granville, for three years. At this time he had lodgings in Jersey City, whither he had been led by the presence of old Ohio friends and connections,

particularly his sister Mary and her husband, Virgil Hillyer. The spirit of faith which he had already imbibed is indicated by his making a novena in union with the Sisters of Charity of St. Peter's Church, before setting out on his search for a house to shelter his family. Needless to say his hunt was highly successful.

A letter written to Mrs. Richards at this time, taken from a great number of similar ones, will give an idea of his intimate correspondence:

"Jersey City, Dec. 25, 1854.
"Christmas Morning.

"*My dear Wife:*

"I have just returned from Mass—*Christ Mas*—and a glorious time we have had of it. At half past five the church was brilliantly lighted, the altar splendidly decorated, and with fine music, a thronging and eager, and I trust a devout congregation to assist in offering the great sacrifice, it was really very delightful —quite thrilling indeed, and I enjoyed it much. I wish you could have been here and the dear children. I know you would have enjoyed it.

Evening.

"Well, the day is passed and such a day! Immediately after breakfast I started up town (New York). I thought I would start early so as to visit some of the churches. The first one

I visited was the Church of the Advent in 2nd Avenue of which Rev. Mr. McClusky is pastor, one of the finest priests in the city,—a man of fine talent in ecclesiastical arrangement. I never saw anything more beautifully and chastely decorated than his altar. It was really quite magnificent. But the crowning object of attraction was the representation of the Nativity. Inside the chancel on one side of the altar, was a miniature representation of the stable at Bethlehem, with the Infant Jesus lying in his little bed of straw in the manger, with Joseph and Mary and everything in perfection even to the green hay in the manger and the oxen in their stalls—little angels hovering over the Infant Jesus, and the shepherds clad in their sheepskin garments and with crooks in their hands adoring Him whom the angel had taught them to look upon as the Son of the Highest. There were rocks and trees and grass, and moss-covered banks and over all a bright star. It was really very beautiful and the people were crowding around to get a look at it, and holding up their little children to get a peep at the Infant Savior in His lowly bed.

"I went from there to the Church of the Redemptorists in 3rd Street, of which you know I have a picture at home. There they had another representation of the Nativity on a much larger scale. In a large niche of the church all

surrounded by evergreens so as to look like thick woods, there was quite a district of the hill country of Judea—with roads running over the hills and houses scattered here and there and men riding and walking, and then in front a patch of level country and a stable and all the usual concomitants, which presented upon the whole a very unique and impressive scene. I crowded up with the rest, got a glimpse of it, said my prayers and retired to the Jesuits' Church. That was very beautiful. There was no representation, but the church was so neatly and tastefully trimmed. The church itself is magnificent, especially about the altar (though they call it only a chapel) and they had more evergreens, more wreaths and festoons than I saw anywhere else. From there I went to my own St. Ann's. Here everything was chaste and neat and beautiful, especially the brilliant display of lights on the altar,—and the service, —what shall I say of it? I cannot describe it. I was deeply affected—I was overpowered. It seemed like a foretaste of the worship of Heaven and I longed to be there. Father Forbes gave us one of the most powerful, impressive and eloquent sermons I ever listened to on the love and condescension of Almighty God in visiting this world to redeem and save us. I think there were few dry eyes in the house. I am not ashamed to say that I wept

like a child. Oh, that I could always carry with me the impression of that delightful season. I noticed two Protestant ladies in Dr. Forbes' pew, who I presume were some of his old friends. They seemed a little puzzled as to how to act in conforming to the service but they listened very intently and seemed to be much affected by the sermon. How I did pray that they might be converted to the truth and led into the beautiful pastures of Christ's Holy Church. And oh, dear wife, how have I remembered you and the dear ones at home, especially when going to the altar. Oh, how I do long then to take you all in my arms and lay you in the arms of Jesus that we may all be His, united in love to Him and to each other in Him.

"I was struck to-day with the contrast between the Catholic Church and the Episcopal. Everywhere I went, the Catholic churches were crowded with people, or at least were all open and people coming and going, offering their devotions in private, or the service was going on in which they all seemed very devoutly to join, and it was so from a very early hour, each priest, you know, having the privilege of saying three Masses on Christmas, and when they have two or three priests they have a number of Masses, sufficient to accommodate every one. As I passed by Grace Church (*'The*

Church,' you know) I was struck with the contrast. While I was yet some distance off, thinks I, I will go in and see how '*The* Church' looks. I approached and there happened to be a darkey sweeping off the snow and ice inside the fence, but *the doors were all shut* and there was no ingress. Just then a lady, quite respectable looking and well dressed, came up as if desiring to go into the church. She spoke to the darkey. I did not hear what was said, but she turned away and went off. *The time for service had not arrived.* I was not very much disappointed myself, as I did not care particularly to see the church, but I really did feel sorry for the poor lady and I could not but think what a blessed privilege we poor benighted Catholics enjoyed over the refined, intelligent and enlightened members of the Reformed Episcopal Church. Oh, great and holy and beautiful is Holy Mother Church, and I felt to-day like exclaiming with St. Augustine: 'Too late have I known thee, oh Ancient and Eternal Truth! Too late have I known thee, too late have I loved thee!' "

Mrs. Richards and the four children arrived in Jersey City in September, 1855. The former was baptized conditionally in St. Peter's Church, May 4th, 1856, more than four years after Mr. Richards' reception. Tenderly de-

voted as she was to her husband, and regarding him throughout life with a profound reverence for the virtues which she knew better than any other, she yet could not follow his footsteps in religious matters and accept his new faith, unless her mind were fully satisfied of its truth. She was possessed of a keen intelligence and a profound sense of duty. She felt deeply the injustice of the furious outcry raised against her husband. But she had not had equal opportunities with him of knowing the Catholic Church; and the strenuous opposition of all those whom she had loved and revered during life might well make her pause. The battle was long and severe. Very tenderly and patiently did her husband strive, in his letters, in his occasional visits to the old home, and after their reunion in the East, in the daily intercourse of life, to smooth away her prejudices and to open her mind and heart to the truth and beauty of the Catholic Faith, as he knew and possessed it. At the close of one long letter, he writes: "God bless you, dear wife, and open your heart to receive the truth! I do not ask you to try to believe as I do. I only ask that you will try to be perfectly candid and unprejudiced and seek for the truth with the spirit of a little child. Then God will bless you, whatever conclusion you come to, and it will be well with you for time and eternity."

Cynthia felt very deeply the disadvantages and misery of a family divided in religion. She asked her Protestant friends and advisers whether they believed that she could attain salvation as a member of the Catholic Church. They were compelled to admit that she could. "Then," she said, "I am going to study Catholic teaching, and if I find that I can conscientiously embrace it, I shall." At the end of four years of study, questioning, reflection and prayer, she saw clearly that she not only could, but must, accept the Catholic Faith in its fullness. From that time she was as loyal and devout a Catholic as her husband. The children were received at various dates, some before and some after their mother. Laura, the eldest, though only a child, showed herself a staunch little Protestant and declared loudly that no matter who should desert that banner, she would remain firm. Her father sent her to the Catholic school at St. Peter's Church, and there, under the teaching of the Sisters of Charity and especially the gentle influence of the saintly Sister Editha, she soon became the most ardent Catholic of the family.

These events were the source of unbounded consolation to the new convert. With all his family safely gathered into the true fold and thoroughly united with him in heart and soul, he felt himself strong to face the world and to

undergo whatever trials might await him. He entered joyously upon a life of religious activity and labor, which though of an unpretentious kind and necessarily limited to the scanty hours of leisure left him by his business engagements, was nevertheless of astonishing proportions and effectiveness.

From the moment of his reception into the Church, the former Minister was completely changed. In the words of a more recent convert, instead of his struggling to hold the Faith, the Faith held him. It penetrated and possessed and ruled his whole being. The anxious questionings that had disturbed his mind for so many years gave place to secure rest and inward peace. He was at home at last, and his spiritual nature flowered out in a way that showed it had found congenial soil and sunshine. Mr. Richards never underwent such a period of acclimatization as some converts experience after their entrance into the Church. He never felt any of their repugnances to Catholic doctrines, the result, no doubt, of their early prejudices. As he said himself, he "took it strong." From the beginning, he was as fervent and enthusiastic in all the exercises of Catholic piety as though he had been reared in the faith. The invocation of the saints and special devotions to them and imitation of their virtues, particularly of the Blessed Mother; the

use of pictures and statues, of holy water and the sign of the cross, the gaining of indulgences, and all such practices of Catholic devotion were welcomed by him with a truly childlike simplicity and manly piety. His rosary was always with him, and when traveling on the cars or the ferry boat, his favorite occupation was to recite the beads unnoticed. The offices of his good wife were frequently called into requisition to mend the pockets worn through by the constant handling of the beads. Mr. Richards had too much good sense to be subject in any degree to that strange and ridiculous fear that haunts some timid souls lest the saints should stand between them and Christ, the only Mediator. He knew, with the instinct of human nature and of Faith, without argument, that it cannot be an obstacle to friendship with the Savior to love His Mother and His friends, and that He cannot repel the soul from His embrace because it seeks Him accompanied by His best beloved. From the beginning of his Catholic life, he received Holy Communion frequently, on Sundays and all the principal feasts. No one who beheld on these occasions his rapt countenance and the tears trickling down his cheeks, could doubt for a moment the closeness of his union with His divine Lord. The practice of mental prayer soon became familiar to him, though even before he learned any set method of medi-

tation, his constant preoccupation with Divine things, his frequent aspirations during the day and the reading of spiritual books, which formed one of his chief delights, combined to make his life almost a continual prayer and direct union with God.

Another beneficial effect of the Catholic atmosphere was the gradual mellowing of the character of the former Puritan and Minister. In spite of the acknowledged personal magnetism and unselfish devotedness which had helped to make him so much loved by his people and particularly by the poor, he had always retained a certain degree of stiffness and preciseness of manner, with a slight tendency to too great warmth and severity in reprimanding. This latter trait was never entirely overcome; but it was rather an ardent and vehement reprobation of everything bad, low and faulty than any personal harshness. For the rest, a certain joyous enthusiasm and a kindly good humor and ready sympathy for others, joined to his intense zeal, made his piety most attractive and encouraging to all who came to know him, Protestants as well as Catholics.

CHAPTER X

NEW FRIENDSHIPS AND LABORS

At that early period, St. Peter's was the only Catholic church in Jersey City. It was a small building of stone, on Grand St., and has long since disappeared to make room for the new convent and parish school. The Rev. John Kelly, the pastor, was a favorable example of the parish priest of the old régime. White-haired, ruddy-faced, amiable in disposition, gentle and fatherly in manner as well as in heart, he had the love and intense devotion of his people. Most unworldly himself, he had learned to know the world and human nature by a long and varied experience. Educated in part at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, he spent a short time with the Jesuit Fathers at Frederick, Md., where he taught in the nascent College of St. John, together with James Curley, afterward the distinguished and venerable founder and director of the Georgetown College Observatory. After ordination and some time spent in parish work in Albany, the young priest volunteered to take part in the mission to the Republic of Liberia, on the West

Coast of Africa, which had been determined upon by the second Provincial Council of Baltimore in 1833. Catholics had taken a considerable share in the founding of this place of refuge for liberated slaves. Charles Carroll of Carrollton was at one time president of the American Colonization Society, and a number of the earliest colonists were Catholic negroes from Maryland and the adjoining States. With Very Rev. Edward Barron, Vicar General of Philadelphia, and Denis Pindar, a lay catechist, Father Kelly reached the colony early in 1842. After a year or two, Father Barron was made Bishop, and was joined by seven priests of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. Five of these Fathers died of the terrible African fever, as did also the Catechist. The two American priests, themselves wasted by the same disease, gave up the mission and returned to the United States. Father Kelly brought with him, with great pains, the skin of a huge chimpanzee as a contribution to the Georgetown College Museum of Natural History. This found its way later to the United States Museum under the care of the Smithsonian Institution, where it still remains, constituting probably the only existing monument of this early effort in foreign missionary labor by Catholics of the United States. Father Kelly found at last his true missionary field in the ordinary work of the

secular clergy. The factories and crowded garrets of the poorer quarters of Jersey City afforded abundant scope for his zeal and charity. The waves of Irish emigration which had risen to unprecedented heights during the black years of the famine still continued to break upon the shores of America. The great majority of the Catholic people were poor and struggling. Father Kelly devoted himself with his whole heart and soul to their assistance, not only spiritual but temporal. It was fortunate for Mr. Richards and his family that their first pastor was one whom they could love and admire so heartily. He took a kindly and fatherly interest in their welfare. At the same time he had the sagacity to discern the new convert's capacity for religious work and to avail himself of it in the interests of the parish. In this he differed from many pastors of that day, who rather discouraged and repelled lay participation in Church work. Indeed, it cannot be said that this spirit has entirely died out even yet, although anything more inimical to the true spirit of the Catholic Church and destructive of her influence on modern society can scarcely be imagined. Mr. Richards was at once enlisted as a teacher in the Sunday School, a function which he continued throughout life, either as a preceptor or superintendent, in the various parishes in which he dwelt.

Another lifelong work of Mr. Richards which began at this period was that of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. The year 1857 saw the first beginnings of one of the greatest commercial and financial panics that have disturbed the business world of America. Widespread and acute distress prevailed, affecting of course particularly the relatively poor Catholic community. To assist in meeting these evils, a conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was organized on October 4th, 1857, the first in Jersey City, and probably one of the earliest in the United States. In this work Mr. Richards was the leading spirit. He served as Secretary of the first meeting and was immediately elected President. So energetic were his efforts and those of his fellow workers, though they were few in number and themselves mostly of very limited means, that after six months, when the President wrote to Archbishop Bayley to ask episcopal approbation for the enterprise, he was able to report that through the liberality of Father Kelly "and that of his worthy assistants, who have not only taken up frequent collections but also contributed freely from their own private means, we have succeeded in raising nearly fifteen hundred dollars, which has been all expended in the various modes of charity peculiar to the Society. We have contributed relief to some three hundred families,

embracing nearly one thousand persons, and in the discharge of their self-denying duties the visiting committees have made over fifteen hundred visits to the poor and distributed more than two thousand tickets of relief. We have reason to believe that but for the timely institution of our society there must have been a large amount of extreme suffering and distress among our people, especially as the prejudices of our Protestant fellow citizens are in many cases so strong as to prevent their contributing anything to the relief of the Catholic poor."

In the year 1859, the new parish of St. Mary's being cut off from St. Peter's, Mr. Richards found himself under the spiritual direction of the new Pastor, Rev. Dominic Senez. For this worthy priest, the new convert soon learned to feel a profound reverence and tender attachment. Father Senez was above all a spiritual man, devoted to prayer and meditation. But he was also most zealous and self-sacrificing in his work for his flock, and capable and energetic in the management of the material affairs of his parish. His familiar homilies were masterpieces of true pastoral eloquence. His vivacious yet fatherly and spiritual conversation in private life and in his pastoral visits endeared him to every family. They felt that the Holy Spirit came with him and that peace and fervor lingered after him in the household. The firm

and enlightened direction in the confessional, of which Father Senez was master, was particularly valuable to the new convert with his scrupulous conscience, ardent devotion, self-contempt and desire for penance.

In April, 1859, Mr. Richards resigned the presidency of the St. Peter's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul and organized another in St. Mary's parish, of which he was as before the head and the soul. His devoted service in this Conference is described for us by a friend and co-laborer, Captain James Conroy, now an Adjuster of Marine Insurance but at that time a young Captain of a tugboat plying in New York harbor.[1] Capt. Conroy says: "I was a rather wild young man, allowed to grow up with almost no religion. When quite young, I had run away to sea and since that time I had scarcely entered a church. One evening I was on my way with a party of young men to the Elysian Fields, Hoboken. Passing St. Mary's Church, which was filled with people, I caught a glimpse through the open door of a large crucifix in the sanctuary. Though I was a Catholic, the sight was strange to me and I went in. A mission was in progress given by the Paulist Fathers. Father Baker was preaching. As I listened, he described my life

1 (Note)—Captain Conroy died shortly after the above account was written, but not before having read it and approved of this whole chapter as perfectly accurate.

exactly. Every word seemed intended for me individually, and I wondered how he could know my interior so perfectly. From that moment I was a changed man. I began the fervent practice of my religion. Soon I was noticed by Mr. Richards, who introduced himself to me, and we became fast friends. The example of his fervor, his unwearying zeal and his cheerful, genial kindness, exerted a powerful influence over me. At his suggestion, I joined the little Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. Very often, after the evening rosary in the church and visit to the Blessed Sacrament, he would say: 'Come, Captain, there are many poor families suffering to-night. Let us get a handful of tickets from Henry Carroll, the baker, and see what we can do to relieve them.' Sometimes it was snowing hard or raining, and I felt strongly inclined to answer that as I had to take my boat out early in the morning, I preferred to go home and to bed. But I could not resist his infectious zeal. We made our rounds among the poor families, of whom there were indeed great numbers. Everywhere his coming brought not only relief but consolation and courage. I used to wonder at the skillful way in which, after having relieved their temporal wants as far as lay in his power, he went on to ask them, quite naturally and sympathetically, about their spiritual affairs, their attend-

ance at mass, reception of the sacraments, the Catholic education of their children, *et cetera.* Everyone confided in him at once. Yet he was clear sighted in detecting impositions. Once we visited the house of a woman undoubtedly poor and in need, where we found several neighbors gathered with her about a table. Mr. Richards gave the relief in his usual kind way, but when we had gone out he said: 'Captain, we must come back here. There is something going on.' After attending to the next case on our route, we returned, knocked and entered suddenly, and found the women still about the table with a huge pail of beer in the center. My companion reprimanded them, indeed gave them a warm lecture, yet in so gentle a way as to leave no sting."

During the dark days of distress that preceded the Civil War, Mr. Richards' kitchen was thronged every evening, and even in the mornings at the breakfast hour, with poor people seeking help in their misery. To all of them he attended with unalterable patience and sympathy. That cold, suspicious spirit that too often grows upon charity workers, leading them to see in every poor man an impostor and to take more satisfaction in detecting a fraud than in relieving real distress, was odious to his mind. Neither did he ever show a trace of that haughty condescension and rudeness which

too often take from beneficence all its grace and force the poor to accept an insult with the alms. His charity was supernatural—and therefore more exquisitely and perfectly natural, not forced or assumed.

It was probably in connection with his work in the Conference that Mr. Richards was led to take an active share in improving the condition of the public penal and charitable institutions of Hudson County. The treatment of prisoners and paupers was at that time far from satisfactory. Dirt and inhumanity were much too common. Still more objectionable was the almost total exclusion of the Catholic clergy from all religious ministrations in many of these places. We at the present day can perhaps hardly realize to what extent and with what bitter jealousy the Church was barred out from this most necessary field of her lifegiving labors, and what a battle our fathers had to fight in order to gain their plain rights in a country proud of liberty and boasting of religious freedom. Wherever the battle was fought and won, the officials afterward recognized and acknowledged that She whom they had opposed as their enemy had proved to be really the best friend and most efficient helper in their task. But the conflict while it lasted was bitter and stubborn.

Several Catholic gentlemen in Jersey City banded themselves together to remedy the bale-

ful conditions. Mr. Charles H. O'Neill, a prosperous merchant, who was universally respected for his sturdy, energetic character and spotless integrity, became their leader. He and Captain Conroy and others were elected to the Board of Freeholders. They visited the institutions regularly, pointed out abuses coming under their personal notice, and insisted on reform and improvement. Mr. Richards aided them with his pen, advocating the measures in the public press and drawing up protests to the authorities. The result was a rapid and permanent improvement in every department. All the public institutions were opened to the visits of the priest. The new poor house at Snake Hill was a vast improvement upon its predecessor. Mr. O'Neill was repeatedly elected Mayor of the city, and fulfilled the duties of that office with such integrity and independence as to command the profound respect of all good citizens. A great victory had been gained by quiet and persistent effort, without any of the spectacular features that accompany so many reform movements in the same field at the present day—features which sometimes lead a much deceived public to suspect that the whole agitation is intended more for the political advantage of the reformers than for the benefit of the poor and unfortunate.

One of the greastest pleasures and encourage-

ments enjoyed by Mr. Richards at this time was the friendship of many converts like himself. The movement of which he had been one of the first fruits in the West had had, as we have seen in a preceding chapter, an earlier spring and more abundant fruitage in the Eastern States, particularly in New York. Hence after the first difficulties of his position had been overcome and his natural shyness and timidity had in some degree worn off, he found himself welcomed by a very considerable number of educated and distinguished men, among both clergy and laity, who had preceded or followed him into the Church. In a single letter written from Albany on Easter Sunday, 1858, in which he gives an enthusiastic description of a Pontifical High Mass at the Cathedral, he speaks of meeting Rev. Edgar P. Wadhams, afterward Bishop of Ogdensburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Norman C. Stoughton ("the veritable Mr. Stoughton to whom Havens paid a visit once with the intention of giving him a call to St. Paul's, Columbus"), Mr. William S. Preston, brother of Rev. Thos. S. (afterward Monsignor) Preston of New York, and his family, and a Mrs. Holt of Washington. Of the Prestons he says that Mr. Preston, "his wife, his wife's mother and wife's grandmother have all by the grace of God been brought into the Church. Including Mr. Preston's children, there were

four generations present." Among the clerical converts with whom he came frequently in contact and with several of whom he contracted warm and lasting friendships, were, beside Fathers Preston and Wadhams mentioned above, Doctor William Everett, Pastor of the Church of the Nativity, Fathers Hecker, Baker, Young and all the band of Founders of the Paulist Society, and Rev. Edward Dwight Lyman, who like Mr. Richards had begun life as a Presbyterian. With Dr. Forbes, then a priest at St. Ann's Church, he was slightly acquainted. The relapse of this clever convert into Protestantism was a profound grief to Mr. Richards, who found it hard to account for such a step. While Dr. Forbes was at St. Ann's, his two daughters kept house for him. The good Irish Catholics, it is said, could never reconcile themselves to hearing these young ladies speak of the priest as "Papa."

Of the converts who like himself had been unable or unwilling to embrace the priesthood, the leader was undoubtedly Orestes A. Brownson, whose writings had exerted so powerful an influence in Mr. Richards' conversion. Brownson was then writing and lecturing in New York. The great reviewer was a man of gigantic frame and splendid proportions. His broad shoulders supported a magnificent, domelike head, with a great mane and beard of gray hair.

He was kindly and almost jovial in manner, but careless of his personal appearance. On ordinary occasions his shirt front was soiled with snuff. But when he appeared in public, he was propriety and dignity itself. His leonine aspect and majestic bearing, his rich and powerful voice and the force and vigor with which he poured forth argument and criticism, combined to produce an ineffaceable impression. Mr. Richards considered Brownson's style, in its mingled strength and copiousness, its absolute clarity of logic and keenness of philosophic insight, and a certain irresistible rush and sweep of thought and argument, to be unequaled in American literature.

It is much to be regretted that Brownson's immense powers seem to have been allowed to run comparatively to waste after his conversion. His *Review,* incomparably the most powerful defender of the Church at that period, kept up a struggling existence. Ardent and impatient natures may be tempted to question whether any institution in the world allows such stores of available energy to go unutilized as the Catholic Church. In this she is no doubt like Nature itself which lavishes incalculable forces in the waterfall, the tides, and the play of the winds, and which sheds a hundred thousand seeds for one that takes root and comes to maturity. But considering the supreme impor-

tance of the work of the Church, it would perhaps be well if some ecclesiastical engineer would investigate the causes of waste and teach us how to utilize every available footpound of spirtual energy.

In Brownson's case, it is probable that suspicions as to the entire orthodoxy of his peculiar philosophical system had much to do with the coldness of many of the clergy and laity toward his *Review.* Of late years, Brownson has been blamed for abandoning temporarily, under the advice of Bishop Fitzpatrick, his own philosophy and presenting instead the claims of Christianity and the Church on the traditional grounds marked out for many centuries by the Fathers and Schoolmen. But in his otherwise admirable work, *The Convert,* Brownson proclaims not only the similarity, but the positive identity of his system of the origin of human ideas with that of the Italian Abbate, Gioberti. This latter theory under the name of Ontologism, was afterward condemned by the Holy See. Brownson strenuously denied that he had ever held or taught the propositions cited in the papal decree, and made distinctions to uphold his own doctrine. There can be no doubt that the teaching of the Ontologists to the effect that in every act of intellectual perception we know God, at least implicitly, as the primary object, and that without this no other cognition is pos-

sible, was very attractive to men of idealistic and religious mind. In spite of Brownson's protests and distinctions, Catholic scholars generally felt that Bishop Fitzpatrick's caution had been fully justified.

Other lay converts with whom Mr. Richards came in contact at this period were Dr. Levi Silliman Ives, the former Protestant Bishop of North Carolina; Col. James Monroe of the U. S. Army; John A. McMaster, Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal; Benjamin W. Whitcher, Chandler Berrian, Dr. Joshua Huntington, familiarly known as the Groper, from his little work *Gropings after Truth;* Dr. William H. Hoyt, and many others in a constantly increasing circle.

Dr. Ives' dramatic entrance into the Church together with his wife, a daughter of Bishop Hobart, has been detailed in a preceding chapter. He was a most dignified and accomplished gentleman and did good service as a Catholic layman, particularly in connection with the Catholic Protectory, of which he was the founder and the first President.

For Mr. Hoyt, a peculiar privilege was reserved. After the death of his excellent wife, he undertook studies for the priesthood and was ordained at the advanced age of sixty-five.

For James Roosevelt Bayley, then Bishop of Newark, Mr. Richards felt a sincere reverence

and admiration as well as gratitude. The good bishop's encouragement and constant kindness and the influence which he exerted in the new convert's favor, were powerful in smoothing the latter's path. The Rev. George Hobart Doane, after his conversion in 1855, also became a fast friend of the subject of this memoir. Father (afterward Monsignor) Doane, was a son of the Anglican Bishop of New Jersey, George W. Doane, and brother of the present Bishop of Albany, William Crosswell Doane. As Vicar General and Chancellor of the diocese of Newark, under Bishop Bayley, and as Rector of the Cathedral parish, Monsignor Doane had a most useful career in the Church of his adoption. The rapidity with which many of these early converts were advanced to the highest posts in the Catholic Church is worthy of note as an indication that no trace of suspicion or narrow jealousy, such as is said to have existed to some extent among the old Catholic families of England, was found among American Catholics in regard to their new brethren in the faith. Instances were James Roosevelt Bayley, Bishop of Newark and later Archbishop of Baltimore, who is said to have been offered the Cardinal's hat but to have declined it in favor of Archbishop McCloskey of New York; Tyler of Hartford, Wadhams of Ogdensburg, Wood of Philadelphia, and many others.

The strongest and most intimate of all the friendships formed by Mr. Richards with converts was with Ferdinand Elliott White, the former Rector of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church in New York. Mr. White had come into the true fold in 1851, only shortly before Mr. Richards. After a similar period of distress and anxiety in obtaining a bare subsistence for himself and his family, he had settled down as bookkeeper for a firm of Catholic merchants in New York, and had taken a modest dwelling in Jersey City. He was a mild-mannered, scholarly man, but of heroic soul. Devotedly fond of study and the exercises of a highly spiritual religious life, he must have felt the drudgery of his office work intensely repulsive. But he performed it with a cheerful and serene fidelity until advancing age and blindness made it impossible for him to guide a pen. His wife, a saintly woman, his two sons and his stepson had followed him into the Church. The home life of this admirable Catholic family was very attractive to Mr. Richards, and a strong friendship sprang up between the two families, especially the boys, which was a benefit to both.

During this period, Mr. Richards was privileged to assist in an humble way in a great work, the establishment in this country of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. These religious were brought from Germany to Cin-

cinnati by Mrs. Sarah Peter, a noted convert of the time and a very remarkable person from many points of view. Mrs. Peter was a daughter of Governor Thomas Worthington of Ohio, and during her father's sojourn in Washington was distinguished for beauty and brilliancy among the younger women in society. Marrying Edward King, and after his death William Peter, British Consul at Philadelphia, she was left a widow a second time with an ample fortune. In Rome, she was converted to the Catholic faith and was admitted to frequent audiences with Pius IX, for whom she conceived a profound veneration and enthusiastic devotion. From this time she devoted herself with ardor to the service of God and of suffering humanity and to the propagation of the Catholic religion. Her efforts were encouraged by the fatherly Bishop Purcell, and so active did she become in good works for the diocese that she was jestingly known as the Auxiliary Bishop of Cincinnati. At the breaking out of the Civil War, Mrs. Peter equipped a hospital boat at her own expense and went herself to care for the sick and wounded soldiers. In addition to other distinctively religious and charitable undertakings, she was the chief mover in the organization of the Cincinnati Academy of Fine Arts, which developed later into the Art Museum of that city. In her

frequent visits to Rome, she was received with the greatest consideration by Pius IX. On one of these occasions, in 1874, when some great religious function was going on in St. Peter's, Mrs. Peter, then an old woman leaning on a staff, was ushered in somewhat late, looking in vain for a seat. The Holy Father paused, said with a smile to the Cardinals near him: *Ecco nostra cara Signora Peter!* and beckoned her to a place near himself. On another occasion, as the procession was leaving the sanctuary, Mrs. Peter dropped her cane and tried in vain to reach it. The Holy Father stopped, raised the staff himself, and handed it to its owner, saying gayly: "Signora Peter, you have done what all Europe has failed to do. You have stopped Pius IX in his career!"[2]

In the year 1858, this valiant woman consulted her Bishop and the Holy Father himself as to introducing some community of German sisters for the service of the sick poor of German nationality and Irish sisters for the Irish poor. With their approbation, she carried out both of these designs. The German religious chosen were the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, founded at Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle) in 1845 by Mother Frances Schervier. In this Foundress, wonderful not only for her exalted spirituality, her faith and absolute confidence in

[2] *Life of Mrs. Sarah Peter*, Vol. II, p. 544.

God, but also for her strong, unalterable common sense, Mrs. Peter found a ready response to her own resistless energy. A first colony, of five Sisters and one Postulant, set out for America on August 10th, 1858, under Sister Augustine as Superior and Sister Felicitas as Assistant. The latter was a woman of high cultivation, commanding ability and engaging manners, united to a profound and tender piety. Arriving at Cincinnati, the new foundation met many difficulties and discouragements. But these were happily overcome, and new colonies arrived in the following and subsequent years, while vocations began to develop almost immediately among the good German and Irish girls who came into contact with the sisters in their work for the poor and suffering. Mrs. Peter had learned to know and esteem her fellow convert, Henry Richards. His house in Jersey City was a convenient stopping place in her frequent journeys to and from Europe. Happening to be there one Christmas when all the children of the neighborhood, Protestant as well as Catholic, had been gathered for a Christmas tree, she was enlisted to tell them stories. It was no little evidence of the power of her personality to see a great crowd of children, only a moment ago romping in wild excitement, now oblivious of presents, candies, lights and games, listening breathlessly, under the spell

of that leonine countenance and musical voice, as she told them of her adventures in the great African Desert and her encounters with a rebellious dragoman whom she threatened with an enormous whip from the back of a camel.

Mrs. Peter hastened to enlist the services of her friend in favor of her sisters. Of their first colonies he was always the steadfast friend and devoted assistant. He welcomed them at the steamship on their arrival, conducted them to his own house, attended to their baggage, saw that their goods were passed through the customs house, &c. He looked upon the stay of these good religious in his house as the visit of angels. The embroidered scapulars and other articles of devotion which the religious sent in token of gratitude were treasured with veneration by the whole family in spite of the fact that the scapulars were of such generous dimensions that the children irreverently spoke of them as "chest warmers."

It was not long before Mr. Richards' admiration for the Sisters and their work led him to desire their presence in Jersey City, where they were greatly needed by the poor. As the Pastor, Father Senez, concurred in this desire, formal application for a foundation was made to Sister Felicitas and her counselors and was favorably received. By what seems to have been a misunderstanding, a later application

from the neighboring city of Hoboken was acted upon first. Both foundations, however, were happily accomplished and the two hospitals of St. Mary and St. Francis have long been centres of grace and blessing, both temporal and spiritual, to the two cities. The following letters will give an idea of Mr. Richards' correspondence with Sister Felicitas and the religious under her charge. The good Sister's command of the English language was still somewhat imperfect; but both her ability and piety are evident.

"L. J. Ch.

"Maria Hilf, Nov. 12th, 1862.

"*To Mr. Richards.*

"My dear Sir: Just now I received your dear lines and I hasten to give the desired answer. We feel ashamed at your and Rev. Father Senez's benevolence and most kind interest for us—as our insignificance renders us entirely unworthy of it.

"We are ready to follow your kind invitation to Jersey City at a seasonable time. We will accept with most humble gratitude all arrangements Rev. Father Senez may make in preparation for the foundation, and it would be superfluous to assure you of my agreeing with all this, as I am perfectly convinced of your good understanding of the spirit of our Order, and as I entertain too great a veneration for Rev.

Father Senez's enlightened piety and wise circumspection. On the festival of the Immaculate Conception, five postulants will be admitted into the Novitiate, so that their assistance here would enable us, by Christmas, to give five sisters for the new establishment in Jersey. As the foundation in Jersey City, when I received Rev. F. Couvin's letter, was still appointed to be made in spring, His Reverence, however, wishing to have the Sisters even during winter, and as I consider both the foundations as one and the same, according to the opinion I gained on the subject during my presence in Jersey City, and believing you to be guided in both by the same interest, I gave my consent, through Mrs. S. Peter, to supply Hoboken, if necessary, even in the course of winter, directing, however, Rev. F. Couvin to Rev. F. Senez, —leaving it to their judgment which of the two foundations should be the first one.

"The fact is, that we can make but one foundation before spring, and can be ready for the second towards May, June or July. I concluded from Rev. F. Couvin's explanation about Hoboken that there the number of poor was greater than in Jersey and therefore perhaps the aid of our sisters more necessary for this winter;— however, I directed, as I remarked, Rev. F. Couvin to you and Rev. F. Senez. I would now most humbly request you to be kind enough to

see Rev. F. Senez and Rev. F. Couvin about the subject, and we are ready to comply with whatever you will then determine. Perhaps Rev. F. Couvin has himself deferred the matter and besides for both cases the moment is not very remote,—but as I remarked, we could give sisters after Christmas for the first colony.

"I perfectly agree with Rev. F. Senez' arrangements concerning the old church and engaging the other house, especially as I would like the sisters as near the church as possible. As soon as a house shall be acquired, and Rev. Father Senez permits our coming, we shall be ready to follow, quite willing to undergo the little troubles in finding means to provide for the little we want.

"Finally it would be necessary to have the written consent of Right Rev. Bishop of Jersey, to present this to our Most Rev. Archbishop in order to obtain his episcopal blessing for the new foundation. A few lines of the approbation of the Right Rev. Bishop would be sufficient. M. R. Archbishop requested this procedure.

"It will give me great consolation, my dear Sir, to accompany the sisters to Jersey, in order to participate, a short time at least, as well in the little pains and troubles of the beginning, as also in the blessings and merits of the good sisters. My unworthiness does not allow me to enjoy the favor for a longer time. *Fiat vol-*

untas! I hope confidently that the burning spirit of our holy seraphic Father will accompany the weak and insignificant efforts of his poor children with his heavenly blessings! This consuming spirit of our glorious Father, overflowing with compassionate clemency, shall animate us to labor with redoubled zeal in our holy vocation and to consecrate all our faculties and strength to the service of the suffering. That glorious patriarch of the poor, our holy Father himself, will, by poor and weak instruments,—the more capable, as they are more humble and low,—to heal with the oil of his holy charity the wounds of those poor sufferers, and then bring them into the arms of that 'Good Shepherd' and 'compassionate Samaritan'—into those clement, wide-opened arms, into which His divine heart invites all those that are 'burdened and heavily laden.' May the most loving Heart of Jesus replenish you with the treasures of His charity and grace, my dear Sir, and may the most pure, immaculate heart of the virginal mother Mary intercede for you in this intention.

"Sending my most humble respects to our Rev. Father Senez,—and praying you to remember us to your dear family, I am, dear Sir, in the Sacred wounds of our Divine Savior,

"Your humble servant,

S. Felicitas of St. Francis.

"Mrs. Peter sends her most affectionate regards to you and your family—"

"St. Mary's Hospital (Hoboken, N. J.)
"L. J. Ch."

"Feast of St. John the Evangelist, 1863.

"*My dear Sir:*

"I received your kind letter of the 21st of Dec., in return for which I trust the sweet Infant Jesus will have visited you with the plenitude of His peace, His love and of all His graces. I prayed for you in this intention during this holy time, and God grant you may have received a copious share in that heavenly peace, which the angels promised to those of 'a good will.' You ought to have, dear Sir, the most firm confidence in the *exceeding great charity* our Lord bears to you, for I am convinced that this charity is the cause of your internal afflictions and painful struggles, by means of which He will humble, purify and sanctify our souls. Proceed then in good faith, and with a most filial confidence in that road which God's paternal love has pointed out for you. Never let us seek anything else than *His holy will.* If sometimes, in consequence of our weakness and of the blindness of our poor sinful hearts, our eyes are held like those of the two disciples who went to Emmaus, so that we do not know the Lord, who is indeed walking with us, let us notwithstanding

continue to seek Him and to trust in Him like them: 'Stay with us, O Lord, because it is towards evening and the day is now far spent.' The ways of this life are rough and dark; sometimes the struggle is vehement; but the Divine Infant, Who already in the manger begins to atone for our guilt by sufferings, teaches us by His holy example, courageously to enter the narrow but painful path that leads to a never ending, blessed life! Oh, let us manfully strive to join one day that blessed multitude, whom our dear holy St. John saw 'ascending from the desert of this life, as coming out of great tribulation, and whose robes were washed in the blood of the Lamb.' May this sweet Lamb of God in the crib of Bethlehem and His immaculate most dear Mother bestow this greatest of all graces upon you and upon us all!

"In the sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

"Your devoted Sister in Ch.

"S. Felicitas of St. Francis.

"N. B. In regard to our wishes for the foundation in Jersey City, I think we have to wait patiently till it pleases our Lord lovingly to remove all the obstacles, small and great, in due season. Please accept our dear Sister Dominica's best respects and love and my own to you and your dear family.

"S. F."

It may be in place here to give an outline of Mr. Richards' method of life at this period. He rose before the rest of the family every morning and spent some time, generally about half an hour, in meditation and mental prayer. He then attended mass at the parish church in company with his wife. On his return, the family having been gathered together, he read aloud some passages from the New Testament, at times commenting briefly on the sense. Family prayers followed, which he recited with great devotion, all responding. Other members of the family were encouraged, but not obliged, to hear daily mass. His communions were frequent and fervent, and no feast days of any solemnity, especially of the Blessed Virgin, were allowed to pass without being sanctified in this way. The devotion which he felt on these occasions was plainly evidenced in his rapt countenance, closed eyes, and oftentimes the tears trickling down his cheeks during his preparation and thanksgiving. The journey to his office in New York was always made on foot as far as the ferry, and even to old age he would never ride when it was possible to walk. He walked with a rapid, energetic step and with an alert air. Yet no one who saw or accompanied him frequently could doubt that his thoughts were almost constantly fixed on God and spiritual

things. The ferry across the Hudson was one of his favorite places for saying the beads. This he did so quietly, with his hand in his pocket, that no one could notice it. His office-work was efficient and methodical and his business letters were models of clearness and practical wisdom. His cheery, hearty manner and conversation, which was not without an occasional dash of humor, endeared him to his fellow workers, all of whom, both Protestant and Catholic, felt for him a hearty liking, mingled with profound respect. He took a very modest lunch at his desk. On fast days, a couple of graham crackers and a glass of water made up his midday collation. On Wednesdays and Saturdays he abstained from flesh meat in honor of the Blessed Virgin. On the part of a chronic dyspeptic, these austerities were plainly imprudent and they were afterward moderated by his spiritual director. But he always retained his love for penance and persevered in the practice of little mortifications of the senses. In the evening after dinner he invariably paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the church. The remainder of the evening was spent in visiting the poor, in reading of an almost exclusively religious character, correspondence, and writing articles of an equally religious tone for the public prints. Gradually this last work absorbed a greater

portion of his time. The local papers not infrequently contained attacks upon the Church in one form or another. This was especially the case with one of these sheets, the editor of which was noted for bitter prejudice. The Know Nothing spirit, though defeated and discredited, was still vigorous and active up to the breaking out of the Civil War. Mr. Richards made it his duty to take up all of the more explicit and violent of these attacks and answer them in a calm but forcible style. The result was a change of tone in the journals of the town, which became notably more cautious and respectful. During this period, Chevalier J. V. Hickey, an Irishman of marked ability and cultivation, founded the *Catholic Review,* which for many years held its place as the leading Catholic weekly in New York. Some chance contributions of Mr. Richards proved so acceptable that he was encouraged to write regularly for the editorial columns. Scarcely a number appeared without one or more contributions from his pen. This labor continued even after Mr. Richards' removal to Boston in 1868 and until the death of Mr. Hickey. The subjects chosen were generally points of controversy between the Church and Protestantism, particularly the need of a final and infallible authority and the necessity of a visible head of the universal Church. He adverted

frequently also to the necessity and advantage of religious education and the duty of the State to support denominational public schools by a *pro rata* division of the school taxes. Occasionally he made excursions into purely devotional fields, writing with a simple fervor and unction not usually found even in religious periodicals.

He was encouraged from time to time by indications that his words were not without fruit. On one occasion, a Protestant gentleman and his wife, finding the *Review* by chance on a New York newstand, were deeply impressed by one of Mr. Richards' editorials, which answered precisely their intellectual and spiritual needs at the moment. They wrote to ascertain the author of the article and after some correspondence entered the Church.

As may be inferred from what has been said, Mr. Richards was a firm believer in regular order and strict discipline in the family circle. All were obliged to observe a fixed hour for rising and to take part in the family devotions. Up to the age of twelve or more, the children were obliged to go to rest at half past eight in the evening, except on extraordinary occasions, and no tears or expostulations could gain an exemption from the rule. Even when they were approaching adult age, they were expected not to go out without letting their parents know

whither they were going and with what companions. During the period of childhood they were subject to corporal punishment for any flagrant fault, even of negligence. But he never punished without giving a serious lecture beforehand, in which the fault was made so plain that the culprit rather welcomed the whipping. Early in his married life, he was somewhat too exacting with his children and reproved them too severely and minutely. But he was taught the unwisdom of this by his own observation and the gentle admonitions of his devoted wife, who, while she both loved and reverenced her partner profoundly, was yet not blind to his faults of temperament. He learned not to expect absolute perfection. For the rest, his exact justice, his control over himself so that he never corrected in anger, and the affection that shone even in his most earnest reprehensions, relieved his discipline of all bitterness.

Mr. Richards' advocacy of religious education did not stop at theory. He had no sympathy with those Catholics, whether converts or not, who bring their social ambition and exclusive prejudices into the kingdom of God, and who always find plausible reasons for depriving their children of the inestimable benefit of a Catholic education. For a time he was himself obliged by the pressure of circumstances to send several of his children to neutral schools,

private and public. But this he did only with the formal concurrence of his pastor and only for such a period as was absolutely necessary. Thereafter all were sent to Catholic colleges and convents, the two older boys to Seton Hall and the youngest to Boston College, while the daughters were educated respectively at Manhattanville and Kenwood. Meantime, he took the greatest care personally of their religious training, in order to make up for any deficiency in the school. The boys were in his own class in the Sunday School, where they enjoyed no privilege, except perhaps to be held more strictly to the standard in lessons and conduct than the other pupils. At home, he frequently called the children around him on Sunday afternoon or evening and gave them instructions and exhortations on the virtues and vices, as well as the most controverted doctrines of the church. In these little gatherings, not only his own children took part, but also at times their playmates, even of non-Catholic families, and all listened with the most intense interest. He did not hesitate to speak plainly to the boys about the dangers to their morals as well as their faith which they were likely to meet in their daily lives and associations.

During the latter portion of Mr. Richards' residence in Jersey City, the great political struggle was going on between the Northern

and Southern States which finally culminated in the Civil War. For him, this was a period of anxiety and suffering. He could not sympathize unreservedly with either side. After his conversion, he had become a Democrat in politics, thinking the principles of that party more in accord with the spirit of the Catholic Church than those of its rival, the Republican party, though he did not disguise the fact that on the dissolution of the Native American organization, many of its most bitter adherents had taken refuge in the Democratic camp. He was an ardent advocate of the rights of the individual States and was even inclined to State Sovereignty and the theoretical power of seceding from the Union in case of irreconcilable disagreement. He deplored the violence of the extreme Abolitionist faction of the North and their heated advocacy of the immediate and forcible freeing of the slaves, likely to result in such sanguinary uprisings as that which accompanied John Brown's invasion of Virginia. With all good men, he condemned the evils of slavery and longed not only for their abatement but for the complete extirpation of that unchristian institution. But he was strongly of opinion that this end could best be gained by gradual means and with due compensation by the States to slaveholders. He maintained that the best interests of the colored

race itself would be subserved by such a gradual emancipation, with an accompanying education for the duties of life and the responsibilities of citizenship. He dreaded the effects of suddenly setting adrift three millions of grown children, entirely illiterate and accustomed to dependence. Moreover, his residence in the South, and particularly in New Orleans, had taught him that large numbers of the slaves were well treated and apparently happy, and that their physical welfare at least was in most cases kept in view by their masters, if only through self-interest. While in itself slavery undoubtedly does tend strongly to the destruction of all morality, still in an immense number of cases, especially in Catholic families, this tendency was checked by careful religious and moral instruction. He had seen masters and slaves living in the most kindly and even affectionate relations, as members of one family. He realized by actual observation that the gross abuses depicted in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and other lurid Abolition literature were not the rule, and that there were other masters and overseers beside those who plied the whip and tore husband from wife and children from parents.

On the other hand, he was far from condoning these abuses. The arrogant vaporing of the fire-eating orators of the South was no less odious to him than the fanatical appeals of the

extreme Abolitionists of the North. He saw in secession the prelude to disintegration and anarchy. He believed and did not hesitate to express his belief, that the nation was being hurried into the horrors of civil war by reckless demagogues and selfish politicians on both sides. These views did not tend to make Mr. Richards and those who thought with him more popular among their fellow citizens of more violent, or as they considered, more patriotic sentiments. The Democrats who sympathized to a greater or less extent with the South had, in the beginning of the troubles, worn a badge consisting of the head of the goddess of Liberty, cut from the large copper cents then in use and fitted with a pin. This gained them the nickname of "Copperheads," which was soon interpreted by their enemies as a reference to the copperhead snake, one of the most venomous of American reptiles. When actual hostilities broke out with the bombardment of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor in April, 1861, the North burst into a flame of indignation and patriotic fervor, and those suspected rightly or wrongly of undue sympathy for the enemies of the Union became the objects of that odium which falls upon moderate and prudent men at times of great excitement. But Mr. Richards stood his ground firmly. His two elder boys, especially William, were anxious to accompany their

cousins, the Hillyers, to the field of battle. But their father refused positively to allow them to enlist, and his will prevailed.

Henry's brother, William, who had followed him into the Church, was of precisely opposite opinions in political matters. He was as sure that the Republican was the only party for a Catholic as his elder brother was of the contrary. On the accession of Lincoln's administration, William had given up his law and journalism in Iowa and had taken a government position in the Internal Revenue department. Naturally of a somewhat more vehement disposition than Henry, he advocated the entire Northern position with great vigor and ability. During his occasional visits to Jersey City, disputes became very warm, and this was still more the case when William's side was reenforced by John Adair McDowell, brother-in-law of Mrs. Richards, to whom allusion has been made in a preceding chapter. Mr. McDowell had organized a regiment of volunteers in Iowa, of which he was given command as Colonel. The three men argued often and long, sometimes far into the night. Yet the warmth of their contention never affected for a moment the cordiality and affectionate character of their ordinary intercourse.

When some of the Confederate raids into Maryland and Pennsylvania seemed to portend

a coming invasion of the North, a military company, composed of gentlemen who were exempt from the conscription or had escaped it, was organized in Mr. Richards' neighborhood in Jersey City, under the name of the Pavonia Home Guards. His partial sympathy with the South did not prevent his enrolling himself, under the leadership of his friend, Capt. Charles H. O'Neill, in this organization for the protection of home and country. The existence of the company was shortlived, as the battle of Gettysburg put an end to all danger of invasion. Its chief utility, besides a sense of security which it may have produced, was to amuse the small boys of the neighborhood, who looked on with intense delight at the middle-aged and elderly gentlemen marching and countermarching and discharging furious volleys from antique muskets at imaginary foes.

CHAPTER XI

BOSTON

1868—1878

Toward the end of the year 1868, a change occurred which resulted in the removal of Mr. Richards to Boston and affected in various ways the future of himself and his family. The English firm of steel manufacturers, in whose New York office he was employed, appointed Mr. Richards their New England agent. He went on immediately and began energetically the reorganization of the business. After a few months he was joined by the members of his family, except his second son William, who remained for some time longer in New York. During the short period of separation, Mr. Richards' loneliness was relieved by the kindness of a warm-hearted Catholic family, that of Mr. Arthur McAvoy, his first Catholic acquaintance in Boston. He took up his quarters not far from the Immaculate Conception Church in the South End. His delight in the stately and complete services in this great church of the Society of Jesus and his ardor in availing him-

self of the religious advantages it offered were almost childlike. Every morning saw him at Mass and every evening at Benediction. His feelings for this new home of his soul are expressed in his letters to his wife:

"*Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*

"Christmas.

"Boston, Dec. 25th, 1868.

"*My dear Wife:*

"Another Christmas has come and gone and we have been compelled to celebrate it apart from each other. That has been the only drawback on the pleasure of the day. We have had a magnificent celebration here to-day; equal, I think in some ways superior, to anything I have ever witnessed. I thought of friend White's question in his last letter: 'When are you going to make your pilgrimage to the other churches?' In fact, the services at *our* church are so attractive that I have no disposition to go anywhere else. Of course I shall find my way gradually to the other churches, but merely to gratify (not, I hope, an idle) curiosity, not to find a *home*. And my greatest desire now is to have you all with me in this exceedingly interesting and pleasant home. What a magnificent day we have had! (By the way, I used that expression once before, but no matter. I think the subject will justify the repetition.)

Everything was absolutely superb, except perhaps the decorations which were good but in point of taste hardly superb. But the music and the ceremonies! Well, if they did not elevate the hearts of the people to-day, those hearts must have been very heavy, very gross, very worldly."

The newcomer soon became an intimate friend of the Fathers then constituting the staff of the church. Father John Bapst, who some years before had been tarred and feathered for the Faith by a fanatical mob at Elsworth, Maine, was then Rector of Boston College and "The Immaculate," as the church was, and is familiarly called. He was a big, simple-minded Swiss, whose robust frame and noble countenance made his extreme gentleness and fatherly kindness more remarkable. In charge of the College, with the title of Prefect of Studies, but virtually in supreme control, was Father Robert Fulton, a Virginian, a genius, an infatuated lover of the classics, a witty and brilliant conversationalist, and yet an energetic and powerful administrator. Under his guidance, Boston College, opened only a few years before, in 1864, and destitute of means, was already beginning to make itself felt in the educational world and to confer on the Catholic community of Boston those benefits of cultivation and re-

finement which it has continued in subsequent years to bestow and which have made it probably the most important single agency in elevating the mind and manners of that community. Father Fulton used to say that the advent of Boston College was marked, in many of the Catholic families of the city, by a line as visible as a geological stratum. The boys who were too old to enter the new institution were in many cases comparatively rude and uncultured and engaged in more or less menial occupations, while their younger brothers were polished and ambitious of professional education and success. In Father Fulton's room, some of the Catholic gentlemen of Boston were accustomed to gather on Sunday afternoons or evenings to enjoy his talk, sparkling with wit, epigram and literary allusion, yet permeated with a kindly humor and a sincere though informal piety. Into this charmed circle, Mr. Richards and his eldest son, Harry, after the latter's advent, were at once received. Harry, who himself possessed many of Father Fulton's qualities, among them a no less keen sense of humor and an even greater power of saying amusing things without a sting, was an especially welcome and devoted attendant.

The other Fathers were Edward Holker Welch, a convert of an old Boston family and a bosom friend of the angelic Henry Coolidge

Shaw, who preceded him into the Society; Father Alexander Hitzelberger, a Virginian, most amiable, fatherly and spiritual in his ways, who had suffered imprisonment for fidelity to the seal of confession; and Father Alphonse Charlier, a Belgian, who still survives as the patriarch of "The Immaculate," surrounded by the intense veneration and affection of the people, particularly of the poor. A more worthy, distinguished, and altogether lovable community of priests and religious it would be difficult to imagine. On their part, the Fathers were not slow to appreciate the good qualities of their new friend and they soon employed his leisure hours in the various religious activities of a great church. In the Sunday School, of which Mr. William S. Pelletier was the devoted Superintendent, Mr. Richards was given the Perseverance Class of boys, comprising some forty or fifty members, ranging from fifteen to eighteen years of age. In this work, he found it necessary to amplify to some extent his methods of instruction. He was a firm believer in the catechetical method, the "form of sound words" to be committed to memory, the "line upon line and precept upon precept." But he explained carefully and exacted an account of his explanations in the pupil's own words; he illustrated with anecdote and example, proposed difficulties, and used every means to make

the class bright, interesting and practical. The Perseverance Class, as he received it, was difficult to interest and control, and for a time he was discouraged. But he hit upon the plan of writing out at home upon strips of paper questions relating to various subjects occurring in the day's lesson. Each of these was given to some particular pupil, who was expected to read up the subject from any available source and to give an account or explanation at the next Sunday's class. The success of this device was very marked. Moreover it afforded the teacher many opportunities to discuss objections against faith which the boys were sure to meet in after life and to introduce instruction on moral conduct. Here, as in his own family, he did not hesitate to speak to the boys plainly and earnestly of dangers to their morals and of the snares of bad companions, subjects which are too often passed over in silence by instructors. His students entertained throughout life unbounded veneration and affection for their teacher, and the writer of these lines has been told by more than one now in the priesthood that they attributed their vocation and above all the preservation of their chastity unspotted amid the temptations of youth in a large city to his timely warnings and wholesome counsels in the Class of Perseverance.

It was not long before the Catholics of Bos-

ton began to realize that a new force had been added to their community. Modest and retiring as the new arrival was, his zeal and enthusiasm were so ardent that he could not resist undertaking any work for God and religion which presented itself. This was seen for instance in his controversial paragraphs in the secular press. At that time the newspapers of Boston still indulged in frequent slurs and attacks upon the Catholic Church, a relic of the old Puritan prejudice and bitterness which has not yet entirely disappeared. These attacks generally went unanswered. Mr. Richards began to reply to them in a courteous but vigorous fashion, demanding from the editors the fairness of a hearing. One of the leading evening papers had been a frequent offender, but when Mr. Richards sent it a brief reply, printed the letter without comment. Some time after, another slur upon the Church from some correspondent having appeared in its columns, Mr. Samuel Tuckerman, an ardent convert, encouraged by his friend's example, wrote a rejoinder. But he waited in vain for his communication to be printed, and finally called upon the editor in person. "Mr. Tuckerman," said the latter, "I regret deeply the appearance of that attack in our columns. It slipped in without my knowledge. Had it come to my attention, I certainly would have excluded it. But as to print-

ing an answer, let me show you the result of Mr. Richards' paragraph some little time ago." Here he took from a pigeonhole a great bundle of letters, all written in a violent tone, directing the editor to drop the writers' subscription, asking how long it was since his paper had become a papistical sheet, &c.

In spite of such difficulties, the war was kept up until in the course of a few months a very decided change of tone in regard to the Church became evident in the leading papers of the city.

It was not merely in controversy that Mr. Richards' pen found employment. One little article in the *Pilot* on "Our Model Organist" made quite a stir among the musically inclined members of the congregation of the Immaculate. Dr. John H. Willcox was then Choirmaster and Organist of that church. The volunteer choir had been brought by him to a high state of perfection, and the eldest daughter and son of Mr. Richards had joined its ranks soon after coming to Boston. Dr. Willcox was a convert, personally a most lovable though somewhat nervous and erratic man, and musically a genius of a very high order. His improvisations, especially, were most extraordinary and delightful, seeming to introduce one to a higher world of angelic melody and heavenly harmony. Yet he would occasionally admit into his accompaniments or interludes characteristics which to

Mr. Richards' more severe and liturgical taste seemed not altogether suited to the house of God and the tremendous sacrifice. He therefore ventured to write the little article above alluded to, in which he sketched an ideal Catholic organist, praising him particularly for the absence of those faults which were really present in Dr. Willcox. No names were mentioned, but everyone saw the application. The Doctor himself seemed to doubt whether the article were *bona fide* praise of himself or a satire. Others were not so much in the dark and while enjoying the delicate irony of the criticism, speculated as to its author. Many attributed it to Mr. Patrick Powers, the bass soloist, later in life the President of the Emerson Piano Company. But the real authorship was never divulged.

Shortly after Mr. Richards' arrival in Boston, an event occurred that gave him unbounded consolation and cemented a most tender friendship that was to endure for life. This was the reception into the Church of Dr. James Kent Stone. Mr. Richards had known Dr. Stone for a few years and had exercised great influence in his conversion. During one of his business tours in the West, he had taken the opportunity to visit his old college, Kenyon, at Gambier, Ohio. There he found Stone as President, a handsome young clergyman of athletic frame,

spiritual aspect and charming, buoyant manner. The two men, much alike in character, in spite of the disparity of age, took to each other at once. The young President had advanced far on the road to Catholicity and was having difficulty with the Trustees on account of his High Church tendencies, as Bishop Chase had so many years before. At this time, Dr. Stone seemed to hold to the theory of an ancient British Church, independent of Rome, of which he made the Established Church of England and her daughter, the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, legitimate heirs. On returning home, Mr. Richards sent his new friend Father Waterworth's *England and Rome,* and suggested to Father Hecker to send the *Catholic World* regularly to Bexley Hall, the Kenyon divinity school. Stone's convictions, already no doubt somewhat disturbed, were still further shaken by the light thus received. The opposition of the Trustees became so acute that he was compelled to resign his position. Although the Board finally relented, on account apparently of his great personal popularity, and urged him to stay, he insisted on carrying out his intention and accepted an invitation to assume the presidency of Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., where the traditions from the time of the High Church Bishop Hobart of New York had been much more in accord with his views than those of

Low Church Kenyon. Here Dr. Stone devoted all his leisure hours for a year to the study of the early Fathers of the Church. Meantime Mr. Richards watched his progress closely, sending him from time to time such books as he thought suited to his stage of development, Newman's *Loss and Gain* among the number. He not only prayed himself incessantly but enlisted his family and friends and various religious communities in besieging Heaven for the favorable outcome of the struggle. At the close of the year, Dr. Stone was thoroughly convinced that the Roman Catholic Church of the present day, and she alone, was absolutely identical with the Church of the Gospels and the early centuries. This conclusion reached, he promptly severed his connection with Hobart and retired to Madison, New Jersey, there, like St. Paul in Arabia, to be alone with God. The result is told in the following letter:

"Madison, N. J., Dec. 12, 1869.

"*My dear Mr. Richards:*

"You who from the first have so faithfully watched my slow progress into the Catholic Church, will, I know, be glad to learn that I am safe home at last. *Deo gratias!* On Wednesday last, the blessed Feast of the Immaculate Conception, I was received into the Church by Father Wigger. Immediately after my re-

ception I went to the Passionist Monastery in West Hoboken for a short retreat, made my first Confession and also received Holy Communion yesterday morning. I hope to spend Christmas Day in Brookline. . . . If I find time, I will attend High Mass at the Church of the Immaculate Conception and have a shake of the hand afterwards if I am so fortunate as to find you there. Can you drop me a line to let me know at what hour they will say High Mass on Christmas Day—and also the number of your pew?

"I shall probably remain in Madison until Spring. Since you were here I have done scarcely anything at all upon the unfortunate book about which you are doubtless tired of hearing. Moreover, I have quite remodeled my plan in regard to its composition. So that in order to publish (which I have now pretty much determined to do) I shall have to keep hard at work through the winter. Do not think I have forgotten you because I have been so silent, for I have remembered you daily in the way you could most desire.

"Yours ever faithfully IN THE CHURCH—(oh! blessed thought!)

"JAMES KENT STONE."

The "unfortunate book" is, of course, *The Invitation Heeded,* an incomparable work which

has led to the Church in America almost as many souls as it contains words.

The friendship thus happily begun between the two men grew even more close and devoted, and, on Mr. Richards' part, reverential, when Dr. Stone was ordained priest in the Congregation of St. Paul and afterward became a religious of the Passionist Order.

Dr. Stone's career as Father Fidelis of the Cross and the immense services he has rendered, and is at this writing still rendering, to his order and the entire Church in both North and South America, do not enter into the scope of this biography, nor does a due respect for his modesty allow of their insertion here. But we may be permitted to print some letters that will illustrate the character of his correspondence with his loved and venerated Father in Christ. The following, addressed to the writer of these lines, will serve as an introduction to the series:

"St. Michael's Passionist Monastery,
"West Hoboken, N. J., Sept. 5, 1906.
"*Rev. Jos. Havens Richards, S. J.*

"My dear Father Havens: Gladly will I do what I can in reply to your kind and touching letter of the 14th ult. I have already expressed to your brother Will my great regret that I have not preserved your dear father's beautiful

letters, that I might present them to you. It seems a shame that I did not do so, and the only explanation that I can give is that I have not kept anything whatever from anybody. The first time that I saw your father was at Kenyon College, when he came there once for a visit at Commencement season. This was in 1867, I think. I saw him at my house. I had never met an educated Catholic before. . . . I was greatly attracted by his gracious and winning manner. We did not speak on religious subjects, but I was conscious of that influence of personal sanctity which all who knew him must have felt. Even in a casual conversation one could not help the conviction that his heart and mind were filled with the things of God. Of course I was greatly interested in his being a convert, and in the fact of his having been rector of St. Paul's, Columbus. After I became a Catholic, I learned from him that he had begun at that time to pray for me, and that he had then, or not long after, sent my name to the Apostleship of Prayer. God alone knows how much I owe to him. I do not think that I saw him again until I entered the Church, some two years and a half later, but we did not lose sight of one another. The impression—the *first* impression—made upon me was without doubt greater than I at all imagined at the time and was gradually deepening.

When I was at Hobart College, shortly before withdrawing from the ministry of the Episcopal Church, we exchanged some letters, and he helped me over some of my theological difficulties. He was a ripe controversialist, certainly as regards the Anglican position, and knew his ground well, but he always fenced gently, used great forebearance and never pressed too hard. He also sent me two or three books, Newman's *Loss and Gain* among them. After my reception into the Church, one of my first delights was to meet him. But I met you all then. From that time onward my friendship with your father is known to you all. I never knew anyone who seemed more constantly occupied with divine things. There never was a more ardent Catholic. He loved the Church with a really passionate affection. And when in after years his soul passed into the obscure night, and down into the valley of the shadow of death, when he suffered untold anguish, and thought himself an abandoned wretch, everyone else could see that he was only ripening in holiness and passing through what the saints pass through. May his life be our inspiration and his memory be in benediction.

"I am always, dear Father Richards,

"Faithfully yours in J. Xt.

"FIDELIS OF THE CROSS, C. P."

The first letter, written shortly after Dr. Stone became a priest in the Paulist Congregation, gives his enthusiastic appreciation of that religious body.

"Church of St. Paul the Apostle,
"59th St. and 9th Ave., N. Y.
"Feb. 4, 1871.

"*My dear Mr. Richards:*

"I was upon the point of condoling with you upon your long and grievous sickness; but you take it in such a good Christian way, and make it the occasion of so much grace and merit that I really think you ought to be rather congratulated. For the sake of those who love you, however, I cannot repress the hope that when this reaches you it will find you once more in vigorous health.

". . . I have made mementos for your sister-in-law at Holy Mass, and will do what little is in my power to help you in interceding for her conversion. I wish I could do much more. You know I owe you a great debt, which I can never pay back. . . . The more familiar I become with the spirit and working of the Paulist Congregation, the more convinced I am that God designed it to accomplish a special (perhaps a great) work in this new and marvelous field which has been thrown open to the Church.

The Community is beginning its work quietly, and, it may seem, slowly; but if in the course of ten or twenty years it has not greatly extended itself, and is not felt as a power in the land, then I shall confess myself to be a sad bungler at reading the intentions of Divine Providence. There is great elasticity in the organization of this little order, and a wonderful capability of adaptation (so it seems to me) to all those manifold phases of thought and character which are to be found among the American people. We shall have access to the public, and secure a hearing which could hardly be obtained by any order not American in its origin; and I think there is a promise of life, and of freedom of action, and of ability to use the pulpit and utilize the press which cannot fail, even humanly speaking, to produce great results. Besides, this is the *only* Congregation which has had its rise in this country; depend upon it, God has not raised it up for nothing. . . .

"I would not have it supposed that because there is a certain amount of what I have called *freedom* in our Congregation, there is therefore any *laxity;* on the contrary, there is a great deal of fervor, and one can be as ascetic as the old hermits of the desert, if God gives him such grace. . . .

"Please give my most kind regards to Mrs. Richards and all your family. Remember me

also to the kind Fathers at the Immaculate Conception. The older Fathers here frequently speak of you, and count you among their good friends.

"Yours ever faithfully,
"J. M. M. Stone."

The following letter reveals a fact not generally known, namely that, as early as 1871, Father Hecker considered seriously the establishment of a great Catholic weekly periodical, and even had the preliminary arrangements completed.

"St. Paul's Convent,
"9th Ave. and 59th St. N. Y.
"April 11, 1871.

"*My dear Friend:*

"I write to you confidentially about a matter which Father Hecker has just been discussing with me. He has been for a long time anxious to start a *weekly paper,* which shall at once take a stand altogether above any which we now have and which may be worthy of the Church in this country. Archbishop McCloskey (and other bishops) cordially approve and promise their support. Archbishop McC. offers $20,000 to set it going. Fr. Hecker will be proprietor, and it will be published by the Catholic Publication Society, as the *Catholic*

World now is; but the Archbishop's wishes will be scrupulously followed in all things, so that there can be no possibility of a collision. All that Fr. Hecker wants is an *editor.* The salary will be a fair one (I think Fr. Hecker said $3000). He must be a man with the freedom of a layman, yet the spirit of a priest; with the discretion which comes with age, yet the fervor of youth; a man whose heart will be in his work, and who understands the wants of the times, and how to deal with that latest phenomenon,—'the American mind'; in short, a well-educated, live, Yankee Catholic. *Do you know such a man?* I think *I* do, *just the man;* and what's more, I took the liberty of telling Fr. Hecker so, much to his edification. I trust that you are thoroughly well again. . . .

"Kindest regards to all,

"Faithfully yours in Jesus Christ,

"J. M. M. Stone.

"H. L. Richards, Esq.

"St. Paul's Church, N. Y.

"9th Ave. and 59th St.

"April 17, 1871.

"*My dear Goose:*

"You were indeed humble not to see that I meant you and that what I wanted was to find out, in an indirect and informal way, whether you would accept the editorship if offered.

You would not have much of the heavy writing to do. There would be a good staff of solid contributors. . . .

"Faithfully yours in Jesus Christ,
"J. M. M. Stone."

Mr. Richards felt compelled to decline the proposition.

"St. Paul's Convent,
"59th St. and 9th Ave., N. Y.,
"April 19, 1871.

"*My dear Mr. Richards:*

"Fr. Hecker is sorry, and so am I. But it's all right; where God's will is plain, we must be sure of that. . . . If anyone else should occur to you, let Fr. Hecker know.

"Very faithfully,
"J. M. M. S."

Father Hecker's project was finally abandoned, and his ideal of a great Catholic weekly has been realized only recently in *America* conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

"St. Paul's, W. 59th St.,
"Nov. 18, 1871.

"*My dear Mr. Richards:*

"I take the liberty of sending you by the same mail as this, a rosary which I have been

making for you in token of gratitude for many spiritual favors. Will you do me another, sometime, by saying it once for me? . . . The beads are seeds of the 'Indian Shot' or 'Rosary Plant' which grew in our convent garden. I gathered them, and perforated them with an awl and a jackknife, to the no small detriment of the ends of my fingers. The making of the chain has occupied a good many half hours at recreation; for I am but a clumsy apprentice at the art. I am sorry about Mrs. K. but I can't afford to stop very long to worry over her, or any other friend who won't see things in the right light. You know our patron is not St. Martha, but her sister, who was not 'troubled about many things.' *Otium sanctum quaerit charitas veritatis,* says St. Augustine. Like Mary then, let us study *Otio sancto vacare Deo,* in holy quietude to be at leisure for God. For but one thing is necessary.

"Kindest regards to all.

"J. M. M. S.

"The Rosary was blessed by Fr. Hecker."

"St. Paul's, W. 59th St., N. York,

"11 Dec. 1872.

"*My dear Mr. Richards:*

"I enter retreat this evening, but I must send a good-by word of thanks for your letter.

You know, I owe more to you than to any other person,—though your patience has learned by this time that I don't show much gratitude, either by writing or otherwise. I am sorry to hear of your ill health, knowing the spiritual trials with which it must be accompanied. But then, we shall not be sorry for it in the end. St. Teresa, you know, and S. John of the Cross, and all the Saints tell us that God leads by the way of desolation those to whom he has a special favor. Now, if you could see through God's plan, if you could be conscious all the time that God was *only trying you,* it would be no real dereliction, and consequently no real trial. No,—the more weary and prolonged the conflict, the brighter will be the issue and the more glorious the crown. We admit this abstractly; but we cannot realize it practically; for, if we did, we should be so sustained by it that the conflict would cease to be weary and doubtful to us. All we can do is to make an act of abandonment, and go on into the darkness. . . .

"Yours very faithfully,
"J. M. M. Stone."

The next letter comes after an interval of eleven years, during which Dr. Stone had quitted the Paulist order for the Passionists,

and after eminent services in this country, had been sent to take charge of the mission in Paraguay.

"PARAGUARI, PARAGUAY,
"July 22, 1883.

"*Henry L. Richards, Esq.*

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: If I mistake not, this is the 69th anniversary of your entrance into this miserable world, and I congratulate, not so much yourself as the world upon the event. One of the best things about you is that you haven't the least idea how much sweeter and better the world is for your being in it. You think you are only a bunch of old herbs laid on the shelf to dry. Well, dried herbs are often the most aromatic, and I can distinctly perceive down here in the heart of this ruined and unhappy paradise, a faint fragrance which I know is not that of any plant indigenous to Southern soil. It comes from the North. It has been wafted across the tropics. It is redolent of green and hale old age, of staunch and sturdy faith. Ah! it is a rare and choice old plant that! Not an exotic, for it can stand a Northern winter, and has a right to the soil; but it is a marvelous variety for all that—a graft of Puritanism on the old Catholic stock. I don't know whether you are a Puritan, but it's all the same. You breathe of Boston.

"Now see here;—I'm not going to write you a letter. I haven't written any letters that I could help for the last two years, and for many months I haven't written any at all. . . . I know it is too bad to disappoint you, there is so much I might write about, which would be interesting; about this beautiful, half-tropical land of Paraguay; and how it looks now after the war, that awful war, in which all the men were killed off, so that now there are only women, and young lads who were babies then; or we might ride away through the forests to visit the remains of one of the old Jesuit mission churches, and that would please you most of all, and your dear old eyes would fill with tears as you gazed on the ancient sanctuary, still rich in its ruins. Or I might give you a history of our foundation in Buenos Aires, and tell you how my last companion in the priesthood laid himself down to die, worn out, a gallant young soldier, patient and at peace, and how I was ready to lie down by his side; and how reënforcements came at last; and how prosperous we are now, with our neat little church and convent, and well-shaded grounds. I might do all this and other things besides, but you see I just won't, and as I said before, this is no letter but only a little love-token on your 69th birthday.

"And who can tell when I shall see you? I

may remain here, it is true, but I may be shipped off to Boston any day, or to New Zealand for that matter.

"Your health, my friend, for many years more,—*'ad plures annos!'*—which Havens will tell you is shocking bad Latin, but what does Havens know about South American Latin? And I hope I may read your contribution to some periodical not yet in existence, upon the fiftieth anniversary of your reception into the Catholic Church,—from which epoch, by the bye, you seem to date your genuine career, which will also explain a phenomenon that appears to puzzle you, viz., that you are growing younger when you ought to be growing old. So here's three cheers to my grand old friend far away, and let the 'penny whistle' pipe the sound till it startles the solitudes of this sleepy Paraguay, and let the shrill echo fly, past the Amazon, over the Gulf, past Cape Hatteras, till it faintly reaches the heart of Boston. What are time and space anyway? It's years since we met, and it's leagues that we're parted; but all that is easily annihilated, or almost annihilated, and when we get to Heaven (which why shouldn't we!) what will have become of years and leagues then?

"Allow me to remark, however, that you seem to be growing somewhat reckless in your vigorous old age, writing 'about Hell,' and ac-

cusing your enlightened fellow citizens of 'bigotry and cupidity.' Well, you may accuse *me* of whatever you like, and if you accuse me of ingratitude and stupidity, I shall say it is perfectly true.

"So give my sincerest affectionate remembrances to all at home, and good-by, my dear old friend,—I won't say for two years more, but for a time.

"Yours in the love of our Lord,

"Fidelis of the Cross,

PASSIONIST.

The summer of 1872 saw Mr. Richards in England, whither he had gone to meet the principals of his firm. In the journey, his attention was given, as usual, chiefly to religious objects and interests. His impressions were recorded in a series of letters to the *Pilot,* from which we extract the following pen picture of Cardinal (then Doctor) Newman, as a specimen of his style: "Shall I try to describe the Doctor's appearance? He is, then, scarcely above medium height, quite thin and spare, with that same ascetic look which characterizes the illustrious Dr. Manning, whom, in general appearance, he somewhat resembles; hair quite gray, in fact almost white, and lying upon his forehead in a manner indicating either neglect or an unusually wayward disposition, prominent

nose, eye undimmed, a decidedly intellectual cast of countenance, a slight stoop indicating the approach of age (he is now 71); yet the moment he begins to speak, you see that he has lost none of that clearness and vigor of mind, that deep intellectual insight and comprehensiveness of genius, that intuitive perception and grasp of philosophic thought, for which he has always been distinguished. His voice is soft and low, almost feminine, in fact, except in the lower register, as in giving expression to some pathetic passage, when it is deep and full of feeling. His manner is quiet and refined, his style conversational, without effort at eloquence, and with no action except a slight motion of the right hand in giving utterance to an unusually stirring and eloquent thought. Evidently the Doctor was not cut out for a sensational or even for what is ordinarily called a popular preacher. He utterly eschews the tricks of oratory. Yet there is an eloquence of its own even in his modesty and humility, which speaks to the hearts of his hearers and prepossesses them in his favor, while any defect of manner is more than compensated by the eloquence of thought, the strength of reasoning, the beauty of language and the chasteness of illustration which characterize all his public addresses. I ought, in justice to the Doctor, to remark before closing, that, though not by any

means a handsome man, he is not as ugly as some of his photographs make him. The first that I saw in the States were, I must say, mere caricatures. Lately, I am happy to say, they have succeeded in securing at least two very good photographs, representing him in a sitting posture, in the act of reading or studying."

Early in the year 1873 was organized the Catholic Union of Boston, of which Mr. Richards was one of the most prominent members from the beginning. This organization, begun in compliance with the desire of Pius IX himself, was intended to be a union of educated Catholics in all countries for the defense of the Church and the advocacy of Catholic interests in public life. For some years it exercised considerable influence both in Europe and in this country. Rome having been occupied by the troops of United Italy in 1870, one of the first works of the Catholic Union after its foundation was to hold everywhere great popular meetings to testify loyalty to the Holy Father and to protest against the usurpation of his states. The Boston meeting was held in the Music Hall on Nov. 13th, 1873, and was attended by many thousands of people within and without the building. The chief speaker was the recent convert, Dr. James Kent Stone. Among the subsidiary speakers, Mr. Richards

made a brief and telling address. Very soon the Catholic Union undertook a battle for the authorization of Catholic worship and other religious privileges in the public charitable and penal institutions of Boston. In a letter to the New York Tablet under date of July 14th, 1874, Mr. Richards announces the victory gained and expresses the surprise common to himself and many others that "in this enlightened nineteenth century, here in Boston, the very centre of 'light and knowledge and liberty and progress,' it should have taken so many years of unwearied, patient labor to accomplish a simple act of justice, nay, to persuade these liberal descendants of the old Puritans to be consistent with their own professed principles, to grant to Catholics what they claimed for themselves and, theoretically at least, for the whole world—the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences." He takes pleasure in acknowledging that the immediate occasion of the favorable decision seemed to have been the speech of a Methodist minister, the Rev. Dr. Pierce, editor of *Zion's Herald,* before the Board of Public Charities at their annual dinner at Deer Island. After the expiration of the term of the first President of the Catholic Union, Mr. Theodore Metcalf, Mr. Richards, though comparatively a newcomer in the city, was

elected to that position and filled it with efficiency and honor for two years. In this capacity, he organized a great reception to Cardinal McCloskey of New York, to Archbishop Williams of Boston and to the Papal Envoys, when the Cardinal, having received the red hat, came to Boston to confer the pallium, in the name of the Pope, upon Archbishop Williams. The reception was held on May 4th, 1875, and Mr. Richards' address on that occasion was marked with dignity and good taste mingled with respect and enthusiastic loyalty. It was received with the warmest applause.

At the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Catholic Union in 1898, he was the oldest living ex-President of the Boston organization.

Loyalty to the Church, even in matters rather of counsel than of strict obligation, was Mr. Richards' most prominent characteristic. This thoroughly Catholic spirit was put to the test when he was called upon to leave the congregation of the Immaculate Conception in order to devote his time and energies to his parish church. As we have seen, he was tenderly and enthusiastically attached to the Jesuit Fathers, and though living in Roxbury, he looked upon "The Immaculate" as his spiritual home. But his Pastor, Father Gallagher, for whose unassuming piety and zeal Mr. Richards also felt

deep reverence, had just finished the new church of St. Patrick and wished his convert friend and parishioner to take charge of the Sunday School as Superintendent. He made the sacrifice and thenceforth he and all his family attended their parish church. A lecture which he delivered at this period for Father Gallagher on *Protestantism, Its History and Eccentricities,* was well received. Other lectures, delivered in Jersey City, Boston, and Winchester, on *Why I Became a Catholic, The Experiences of a Convert, Should Catholics be Satisfied with the Public Schools,* and *The Catholic View of the Bible,* and several of his addresses before the Catholic Union and other bodies, are models of clear and forcible composition in popular style. They were delivered with a voice of exceptional beauty and with great earnestness and effect. But Mr. Richards' invincible modesty, always leading him to underestimate his own powers and to shrink from notoriety, prevented him from gaining any great vogue as a popular lecturer.

The financial panic and depression of business in 1873 and the years immediately succeeding, brought notable changes in Mr. Richards' life. His business affairs had gone on prosperously and some of his friends predicted that his conviction that Providence wished him and his family always to remain poor and in sen-

sible dependence upon Him who feedeth the young ravens was to be proved mistaken. He was in danger of growing rich. However, admonitions to the contrary were not wanting and they always found him faithful in his contempt for the goods of this world. On one occasion, when he had lost a considerable sum of money through what seemed to be plain fraud and dishonesty on the part of a business acquaintance, Mr. Richards declined to prosecute the offender in either the civil or criminal courts, refrained from taking any notice of the injury and bore the loss with the most perfect equanimity.

When the panic came, the importing houses, already burdened with an enormous tariff, found it very difficult to continue. The Sheffield firm represented by Mr. Richards entered into combination with American manufacturers, and sending skilled workmen to this country, essayed to make English steel on American soil. The experiment was not at first an unqualified success, and resulting disagreements finally forced Mr. Richards to resign his post. He therefore saw himself at the age of sixty-four thrown again upon the world to begin life, in a material sense, over again. His sons had not yet attained to a position by which they could enable him and the other members of his family to live at ease. Yet his faith and confidence

never wavered. "God will provide!" his favorite exclamation, came from his lips in the same cheery tones.

After a short time, his confidence in God's loving providence was justified by his appointment as Visitor to the Poor for the Board of Charities of the City of Boston. It was an humble office for one of his experience and former standing in the business world. But it precisely suited his tastes and afforded him a wide field for the exercise of his sympathetic charity toward the poor and suffering. The provision made for the poor in the city of Boston is worthy of admiration and could be profitably imitated by other municipalities. It is based upon the assumption that the city is responsible for the maintenance of its honest poor. Under the direction of a central Board of Overseers, Visitors are assigned to the various districts into which the city is divided. Every Visitor is expected to know his district thoroughly and to render immediate assistance to any family found to need it. In this work, all the private agencies of benevolence are of course enlisted; every effort is made to avoid imposture, to find employment for the deserving, to aid the destitute in becoming self-supporting and not to pauperize them unduly. But the immediate and final responsibility in every case is not on the voluntary agencies, but on

the city; and an efficient organization, especially through the corps of Visitors, renders the system available to the poor, and effective. To some ultraconservative minds, this may seem socialistic. But a moment's reflection, and still more, a short experience, will show that it is only Christian. Men are not free to be members of society or not; they are born in it, as truly as in the material world. The social organism is one body; and as it is natural and necessary for the whole body to assist and cherish any limb or member that is weak or ailing, so is it right that the body politic should care for its destitute and suffering members.

For twenty-three years, first as Visitor, and later, as advancing age rendered the long tramps and constant climbing of stairs almost impossible for him, in the office of the Board, did Mr. Richards exercise a tender and generous charity seldom perhaps found in so high a degree in the paid agents of official philanthropy. His unassuming kindness and cheery manner brought sunshine into darkened lives, and his visits were looked for as those of an angel. Beside the material relief given and the words of comfort and cheer, he tried, in his own prudent, but simple and direct way, to raise the thoughts of the poor to spiritual things. If he found they were Catholics, he enquired as to the fulfilment of their religious

duties, and urged upon them the reception of the sacraments. Many a family has been recalled from vice as well as misery by his timely and fatherly counsels. In this work he became even more deeply convinced of the absolute necessity of religious education than he had previously been. He used to declare that he could tell a girl who had been trained in the Sisters' school from one who had attended the public, irreligious schools as far as he could see them on the street. His experience in the work of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was of advantage in his official work for the poor. Sometimes, if all the municipal and voluntary organizations did not suffice to meet the wants of the case, he would call on friends to add their contributions to his own. An instance of this is the case of a blind girl of more than ordinary intelligence, whom he found in distress. The city would no doubt have sent her to an asylum for the blind; but to this she felt an unconquerable aversion, and no available institution of the kind seemed to offer a favorable environment as to religion. Indeed, the subject of one of Mr. Richards' published articles had been: *The Tendency of the Perkins Institute for the Blind to Convert Catholic Pupils to the Protestant Faith.* He therefore spoke to several friends, each of whom contributed a small amount monthly, and thus supplied what

was wanting to the support of the blind woman in independence for years. As she was very devout and appreciated greatly the high mass at the *Immaculate,* a seat was obtained for her exclusive use behind one of the great columns. The solicitude of Mr. Richards for his charges was not limited to the alleviation of their immediate ills, whether temporal or spiritual. He continued his watchful charity as long as he felt there was any good to be done, and oftentimes kept up a regular correspondence by letter for their encouragement, instruction and guidance. What was remarkable about all such letters coming from his pen was the absence of anything like a patronizing tone. He wrote not as a superior or benefactor, but as a friend on a perfect equality, and often as an affectionate father. Some examples will illustrate this better than description. The following letter to one of his blind protégées evidences his unfailing interest in the spiritual welfare of those whom he befriended, as well as his delight at news of conversions:—

"Winchester, Mass.,
"Independence, July 4, 1889.

"*My dear M——*

"Your enthusiastic letter gave me a great deal of pleasure. I was delighted to learn that you had had the great privilege of assisting at

the mission and that you entered into it so heartily and enjoyed it with such genuine spiritual zest. And you had the great pleasure of attending the celebration of Father Barry's twenty-fifth anniversary. Well, you have enjoyed an abundance of spiritual riches. I am almost afraid that you have mounted the ladder of perfection so high that I, poor clodhopper, will not be able to reach you. . . . Well, I am glad of it, for now you will be a constant stimulus to us to follow after you and try to imitate your example. I am glad now to be able to send you some material aid, for I take for granted that in your state of happy exaltation you are not entirely free from the demands of our lower nature. You must eat and drink and have wherewithal to be clothed, and while I rejoice at your spiritual exaltation I cannot but express the hope that you will not neglect the body, but that you will return to us in due time very greatly improved in physical condition, *mens sana in corpore sano,*—a sound mind in a sound body. . . . Did I tell you about the young convert, Mr. Power, for whom I stood sponsor when received by Father Bodfish? Well, he is here now on a visit, and the other day he brought another young convert to see me, a Mr. Mayo, son of a Unitarian minister who is a popular lecturer on the subject of public schools. He is a fine young fellow and

a splendid musician. Another young man, a Methodist, was received at the Immaculate Conception the other day. So they come one by one. Bye and bye, please God, they will come like doves flocking to their windows. *Deo Gratias!*

"Your affectionate friend,
"H. L. Richards."

Some of the letters are little theological treatises. An example of this is the following, written to the blind girl mentioned above. It is evidently intended for the instruction of "Mattie," a friend of hers, similarly afflicted, who later came into the Church.

"Winchester, July 20, 1887.

"*My dear M*——

"I enclose two Immaculate medals, as they are called, one for you and one for Miss Mattie. You may tell her it is not a charm, that we do not expect it to perform miracles, though there are well authenticated cases in which a medal worn by a soldier has stopped a bullet and apparently saved his life, as if by a miracle. Tell her it is like the homeopathic medicine,—if it does her no good it will do her no harm. The medals have been blessed by our dear young priest, Father Lee, who is a good, holy and zealous soul. You can explain to Miss Mattie

that the Church acts upon the principle that everything devoted to an exclusively religious purpose is very properly blessed by the priest. God, of course, is the source of all blessing, but certain persons have special authority to bless in His name so that the blessing is more than a mere prayer—it actually conveys God's blessing to those who are fit to receive it. Thus in the Old Law, God said of the Sons of Aaron, —'They shall invoke My name on the Children of Israel and I will bless them,' and our Lord said to his disciples,—'Into whatsoever house you enter, say, Peace be to this house, and if the son of peace be there your peace shall rest upon him.' Hence it is a beautiful Catholic custom when the priest visits a house for the members of the family to kneel and ask his blessing. In blessing material things, the idea is that though God created all things good at first, yet, by the fall the world has come under the dominion of the devil and the blessing of the priest rescues material things from that power. It may be asked how medals, or water, or candles can possibly help us on the way to heaven. In themselves they plainly have no such power. But they tend to excite good dispositions in those who use them aright, not only because they remind us of holy things but also because they have been blessed for our use by the prayers of the Church. There is certainly

no superstition in believing that if the Church prays that the sight or use of pious objects may excite good desires in her children, God will listen to these prayers and touch in a special way the hearts of those who use them aright. So I hope Miss Mattie will not have any scruple in wearing her medal, but in the light of this little dissertation be able to appreciate it at its true worth.

"Did I acknowledge your good, long and very interesting and I may add delightful letter in my last? If not, I wish to thank you for bestowing so much labor and pains to keep me advised of your doings and feelings and to puff me up like an inflated bladder. Of course I feel proud of your good opinion but you know what I think of the puffing process. Tell Miss Mattie I'm afraid the propensity is catching. She must try and avoid it as much as possible. Pray for me, a poor old sinner in the sight of God, but don't praise me. . . .

"Your affectionate friend,

"H. L. Richards."

CHAPTER XII

Winchester

1878—1903

At the time of his financial difficulties in 1878, Mr. Richards removed his household to the little town of Winchester. He soon found that the change, though made from motives of economy, had resulted in many other advantages. He became deeply attached to the beautiful little town and to the friends whom he made there, so that, except for church facilities, at that time rather meager, he would have looked back to Boston without the least regret. His house being near the railway station, he would sometimes go by an early train to St. Mary's Church in Boston, receive Holy Communion, return to Winchester for breakfast, and go again to Boston, reaching his office in full time for business. An indication of his youthful spirit was his habit of continuing his writing or other work at home until the train was about to start: then, running through the yard and scaling the low wall at the foot of the garden—from which one or two stones had been

removed—he would mount the steps of the cars, often already in motion. This he continued, in spite of all remonstrances from wife and children, until his removal from that house put an end to such hairbreadth escapes, after he was seventy years of age.

Although his energies were now somewhat divided between his new home and Boston, he was soon engaged, with all his wonted zeal, in active work in his new parish. Its comparatively neglected condition at that period filled him with grief. The results of Mr. Richards' work in the Sunday School were soon apparent in the improved behavior of the boys and in their respectful salutations of the priest on the streets. He endeavored to implant a habit of Catholic reading among both parents and children, giving books and papers himself for the purpose. The example of his frequent communion and intense devotion gave heart to those who aspired to better things. But he was convinced that Catholicity in Winchester would never flourish satisfactorily without a parish school. The young people, educated in the public grammar schools and high school, were too often only half Catholic, almost totally wanting in Catholic sentiment and devotion, even when not entirely ignorant of the leading doctrines of the Church. The very excellence of the schools in other particulars was rather a

source of danger to the faith and devotion of the Catholic children. The Apostolate of the Press, which Mr. Richards had exercised diligently from the early days of his conversion, assumed greater proportions in his life after his removal to Winchester. His connection with the *Sacred Heart Review,* as a regular editorial contributor, opened to him a new and very congenial field. His eldest son, Harry, had been engaged by the founder and director of that paper, Father (now Monsignor) John O'Brien, as sub-editor, a position which he filled for several years and until his shattered nerves and ill-health compelled him to withdraw, much to the disappointment of his chief, who was always looking for his return. Harry's crisp and telling "Editorial Comments" were extremely popular and increased very greatly the influence of the paper. Both father and son conceived an immense admiration and affection for Father O'Brien. They looked upon him as a very remarkable man, as well as an exemplary priest. They considered his ability and energy in the founding, systematizing and extending of his journal to be equaled only by the clearness of sight, sound judgment and thoroughly Catholic spirit with which he managed and controlled it. An instance of this was the fact that when the great school controversy was raging violently in the Catholic, and even secular,

press—a controversy in which many of the Catholic papers displayed undignified bitterness and most of them were ranged on what proved to be the wrong side—Father O'Brien allowed no allusion to the conflict to appear in his columns.

On his part, the priest-editor formed the highest regard for his two co-laborers and gave them every encouragement in their work for God and the Church. Up to the time of his death, Mr. Richards continued to furnish to the *Sacred Heart Review,* from his own pen, one or more editorials every week, beside other communications in the form of letters. At the same time, he performed similar service for Hickey's *Catholic Review* of New York, and *Donahoe's Magazine* of Boston, as long as the founders of these publications lived, and gave occasional articles to the *Pilot,* the *Catholic Columbian, Truth,* and other religious periodicals in various parts of the country.

When it is considered that all this was accomplished by a man already advanced in years, whose daily business occupations were laborious and exhausting and who at the same time kept up an enormous correspondence, a wide reading and a leading part in parish activities, the industry and vigor displayed in the task seem astounding. Mr. Richards was always very modest in his appreciation of his own writings.

He often said that he was blowing only a penny whistle, that he was familiar with only two or three subjects and that the impossibility of having easy access to any great Catholic library or of purchasing all the books he needed kept his work confined within very narrow limits. But this was by no means true. While he did insist most frequently upon Catholic education and the need of the infallible authority of the Pope in the Christian Church, as a Supreme Court in matters of doctrine and conduct, he ventured also with a firm step into countless other fields. Among the papers found after his death is a list of some hundreds of articles from his pen, treating of almost every conceivable religious topic, from the most fundamental to the most elevated. In treating of the Existence of God, the Argument from Design, and the latest phases of the contest between Agnosticism and the Church, he is as clear and effective as in his treatment of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart or the Holy Angels, or the Qualities of True Mysticism. He also kept a watchful eye upon non-Catholic organs, and any especially gross blunder or misrepresentation on the part of the *Independent,* the *Outlook* or other such publications was pretty sure to receive a courteous but crushing refutation at his hands.

Some of the titles are suggestive and almost arguments in themselves, as for example, *Don't*

Unchain the Tiger! in reference to the dangers of godless education. The following letter expresses forcibly the principle on which he always acted, of not allowing attacks on the Church to pass unchallenged:—

THE POWER OF THE PROTEST

Boston, Mass., Sept. 24, 1900.

Editor Review:—

I was very glad to see the suggestion of the *Institute Journal,* of California, in your issue of Sept. 22, in regard to the best means of stopping the anti-Catholicism of the daily press.

I have long felt the truth of the suggestion, and have even thought of writing to urge it upon our people, that the proper and most effective way of bringing the editors of the daily press to a realizing sense of the inexpediency of admitting to their columns articles obnoxious to the Catholic body is for Catholics themselves—clerical and lay—to write to their papers letters of protest and expostulation whenever such an article appears.

Indeed, it has often surprised me to notice the apparent apathy and indifference shown by our Catholic people even under the most shameful attacks upon their faith and their Church.

Why should we sit still while that which is

our dearest treasure on earth—our holy faith —is attacked and vilified by ignorant and unscrupulous writers? It is a very simple thing —it will take but a very few moments—to write a brief and earnest protest. It is not necessary always to enter into an argument on the subject —simply let it be understood that the article in question is obnoxious to Catholics; that the attack or the insinuation is false, groundless and uncalled-for, and likely as not has been answered a thousand times, and if the publishers do not wish to offend their Catholic readers and thereby lose their patronage they had better be more careful about admitting such articles to their columns.

It is undoubtedly because Catholics so tamely submit to the frequent anti-Catholic attacks of the daily press that the managers take for granted that either their invidious assertions can not be contradicted, or, if they can, that Catholics do not care enough about it to make any protest.

Where is the very respectable and somewhat numerous Catholic Truth Committee of the Catholic Union; or the Committee of the Catholic Alumni Sodality; or where are the intelligent professional and business men of Boston and vicinity who might well be supposed to take sufficient unofficial interest in defending the Church of their preference—if not of their af-

fections—from the aspersions of ignorant and bigoted penny-a-liners, to prompt them to take their pen in hand for an earnest protest whenever occasion presents itself? Rev. Dr. Tracy has set us a very good example in his recent letter to the *Herald.* It is not always necessary to have his learning and ability, for as a general rule it is not so much discussion as simple protest and expostulation that is needed. Suppose we all resolve to turn over a new leaf in this matter and see what will come of it.

The "kicker" has a very important place in society. Up to this time we Catholics have been satisfied with being kicked. Now let us do a little kicking ourselves.

X. Y. Z.

At one time, when the works of Ernest Rénan were attracting renewed attention from the public, Mr. Richards conceived it to be his duty, as a Catholic writer, to make himself familiar with the noted rationalist's works, *ad refutandum.* The result of his study was a supreme contempt for the methods and arguments of that brilliant writer. Stripped of its imaginative and literary adornments, Mr. Richards considered his work puerile in the extreme. Rénan's theory of the self-deception of the witnesses to the gospel narrative and his ingenious statement of what he considers the illusions of

Mary Magdalene, the disciples at Emmaus and the Apostles, as to the identity of the risen Saviour, seemed to him to require far more faith than the supernatural facts themselves.

Allusion has been made above to Mr. Richards' correspondence. This constituted one of the great works of his life. His letters were a powerful instrument in that zealous apostolate which he was always quietly carrying on for God and the Church. Whenever he met a non-Catholic who seemed to have some glimmerings of the truth, he sought occasion to write him and to fan the spark of faith. If he thought some Catholic to be in danger either to faith or morals, from unfavorable surroundings or worldly inclinations, his sympathy and zeal were at once aroused, and he endeavored by frequent and friendly letters to stimulate him to love of his holy religion and obedience to its precepts. When some conversion, especially of a former minister, was announced, he would frequently write, without any previous introduction, to welcome the newcomer into the family of the faithful. He knew well the loneliness and desolation that is apt to beset such converts while they are cut off from their old associates and have as yet made no ties in their new home, and he had himself experienced the strengthening effect of a kind and brotherly word of welcome. These advances were always

most gratefully received. To those in suffering, sorrow and trials, his letters brought consolation, strength and spiritual instruction. Indeed, he seemed endowed with an especial power as a consoler, due, perhaps, not only to his lively faith and loving trust in God, but also to his own experience in severe mental trials. Among his correspondents were persons in all classes of society, rich and poor, cultivated and unlearned, old and young; and to all without distinction he gave the same careful attention and ready sympathy. To some poor boy or girl who had come under his notice in his charitable work for the city, he would write with the same punctuality and fullness of sympathy as to the most fashionable lady seeking his spiritual aid. His tone to the one was as courteous and free from any trace of superiority or patronage as to the other. What he saw chiefly in every man was the human soul. If any good could be done to a soul, no amount of labor or trouble was too much or seemed to weigh at all in his consideration. The following extracts may serve to give some idea of this side of his life and work.

He writes to his friend, Chevalier J. V. Hickey of New York, on the occasion of an accident by which a son of Mr. Hickey had lost a hand:—

"WINCHESTER, Nov. 8/84.

"*Dear Mr. Hickey:*

"I can not tell you how deeply I sympathize with you and yours in the affliction that has so suddenly fallen upon you. It is poor consolation, perhaps, that it might have been worse, but it is not poor consolation to the Christian to reflect that our kind Heavenly Father permitted it for His own wise purposes which we can not now comprehend. It is not poor consolation to think that perhaps the salvation of the child may depend upon that accident and that it may be the occasion of his doing more good in his generation than he otherwise would have done. You do not tell me which arm it was that Val will have to dispense with, but it may be well for the little fellow to reflect that one arm is better than none and that many a man has done great things even with a left hand. I have known some soldiers who wrote a splendid hand with the *sinistrâ manu.* He can't expect to make a first class baseball player, but with my experience with my own boys, two of them having been maimed by the rough game, I should not consider that a great loss. There are compensations in nature and in Providence. I should not at all wonder if Val should follow in the footsteps of his distinguished father, and as the loss of a limb does not affect the mind, he may be able to cope even

single handed with him. Let the young man remember that it is the intellect and the moral character, especially the latter, that make the man. If a blind man could be an efficient head of the Post Office Department of England, and another a splendid surveyor, what can not a man with one arm and two eyes do?

"We have reason to congratulate ourselves that such good progress has been made in securing our rights in the public institutions of the country. Let us take courage from the past to fight on till the last vestige of bigotry is banished from the last institution in the land. . . . In addition to my daily remembrance of you and yours in my poor prayers, my own feelings prompt me to make special intercession that the trial of our dear Val may be blessed to him and to his parents. I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing him some day and shaking his bereaved hand. Give him my sympathy and love, and I am,

"Very truly and sincerely yours,

"H. L. Richards."

The following is to the sister of the same gentleman, on his death.

"Winchester, Feb 24/89.

"*My dear Miss Hickey:*

"I have just learned with great surprise and real grief of the death of my dear friend, your

brother. I expected he would write the notice of my death; now he has gone before and I am left to labor on, for how long is known only to Him with whom are the issues of life and death. What a mysterious Providence! How incomprehensible! Yet it is all right. It is all for the best, though we can not see how. My deepest sympathies go out for all his dear family. I know well what a terrible trial it must be to you all. I pray God with all my heart to sustain, support and comfort you and his dear wife and children under this sore bereavement. Let us not grieve overmuch. He has fought a good fight and has gone to his reward, which will be great. We shall in due time follow him, who can tell how soon? What a motive to seek earnestly to lay up treasures in Heaven, that we may be prepared to meet him with joy and spend a happy eternity with him in Paradise!

"I have been confined to the house for the last week with a severe attack of lumbago and sometimes fear I may be permanently disabled. These are providential monitions of the uncertainty of life, to which I do well to take heed.

"We shall of course hear in due time what arrangements have been made for carrying on the work from which your brother has been so unexpectedly snatched away. I shall miss him. I owe him a debt of gratitude for his encouragement and the opportunity he has given me of

doing something for the cause of God and Holy Church. As in life he had my best wishes and prayers, so in death he will not be forgotten by me. His name will simply be transferred from my list of living 'intentions' to that of the faithful departed. God rest his soul! Amen."

A lady, a convert much esteemed by Mr. Richards, had lost a child:—

"WINCHESTER, May 19/99.

"*My dear Child:*

"No, God is *not* 'so far away.' He has come very near to you. When you say, 'I can not bear it,' I make allowance for the first outbreak of grief. I know it is like tearing the very heart-strings, but don't say you can't bear it. That seems like complaining of Providence. If in our severest afflictions we can not see the hand of a kind and tender Father and most merciful Saviour, where shall we go for consolation? Remember what the Apostle says to the Hebrew disciples (12-11) 'Now all chastisement for the present seemeth, indeed, not to bring with it joy, but sorrow. But afterwards it will yield, to them that are exercised by it, the most peaceable fruits of justice.' Dear child, can you not feel that God knows best what is for the highest good of the child? God made the child and gave it to you, and now He has taken it away. Can

you not bring yourself to say with holy Job,—'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord'? Think that your dear child has been taken away from the evil to come and is forever safe in heaven. That, certainly, should be a great consolation to you and it will be when the paroxysm of a first grief has subsided and you have had time for sober, pious reflection.

"Need I assure you that you have the sincerest sympathy and most fervent prayers of all my family? God bless you, my dear child, and your good husband, and give you patience, resignation and consolation under your severe affliction, is the prayer of your faithful and devoted friend,

"H. L. Richards."

Occasionally there is some personal reminiscence of interest, as in the following:

"Winchester, Dec. 3, 1902.

"*My dear M——*,

". . . I am glad the *Transcript* [1] is such a source of pleasure to you. I can easily imagine what a new world it must open up to you. Bellamy Storer, the father of the present Minister to Austria, was a conspicuous figure in Cincinnati when I was an Episcopal clergyman in

[1] A publication for the blind.

Columbus, O. He was a magnificent man—a great Episcopal Churchman, very handsome and high-toned, and we were very proud of him. The son seems to be a real chip of the old block. . . .

"Your devoted friend,
" H. L. Richards."

The even course of Mr. Richards' life at Winchester was varied by some joyous events which may be brought together here, although occurring at considerable intervals of time.

The first of these was the ordination to the priesthood of his youngest son. His reverence for the priestly state was unbounded. Had he been unmarried when entering the Church, he would undoubtedly have wished to take Orders. Before the decision of Leo XIII settled definitely the question of the validity of Anglican Ordinations, he congratulated himself that he might possibly be a true priest. Undoubtedly God intended him to remain in the world and in family life in order that he might be an example of a thoroughly loyal, supernatural and zealous layman. But when his son entered the Society of Jesus, he felt that he was to be represented in the holy priesthood by one who would stand in his place and do the work that was denied to himself. During the winter of 1884-1885, Mr. Richards, then nearly seventy-one

years of age, passed through a severe illness. Convalescence was slow, and his emaciated frame and feeble step gave to his family and friends cause to apprehend that he might die before the fulfilment of his ardent wish to see his son a priest. By the kindness of Father Robert Fulton, then Provincial, the ordination was advanced a year. Mr. Richards and his wife journeyed to Washington and thence to the Scholasticate at Woodstock, in company with his brother William and the latter's wife Helen, and daughter, Miss Janet E. Richards. There they enjoyed the hearty hospitality of the Fathers during the period of ordination. Mr. Richards' state of joy and consolation during these three days was intense. Those who saw the white-haired veteran, humbly serving his son's first mass in the chapel of the Scholasticate, with his erect figure, noble face and air of rapt devotion, felt that he had reached the climax of his earthly desires and that he was chanting in his heart, "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, in peace!" In fact, however, the joy of the ordination seemed to give him a new life. From that time, his health improved rapidly, he became stouter and more florid than ever before, and at the time of his death, in his ninetieth year, he was actually more youthful in appearance than at this period eighteen years earlier. Father Fulton used

Cynthia Cowles Richards

jokingly to say that Mr. Richards had played a trick on him; that he had obtained the advancement of ordination on the plea of approaching death and then had the audacity to get well, in violation of the contract.

Another very joyful occasion was the Golden Wedding, the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage. This fell on May 1, 1892, when Mr. Richards was seventy-eight years of age and his wife seventy-one. Their plan was to celebrate it very quietly, as a purely family festival, and chiefly with religious observance. But they were both too much loved and revered by all who knew them, to be able to carry out entirely this modest programme. On the day of the anniversary, Mass was celebrated in the church of Winchester by their Jesuit son, who, with the cordial consent of his Superiors, had come on from Georgetown University for the purpose. From his hands, the aged father and mother and the other sons and daughters all received Holy Communion. Though the mass was unannounced, many friends were in the church and some joined in the reception of Holy Communion. During the joyous breakfast that followed, Dr. Robinson, then Pastor of Chicopee, a convert and an old friend of the family, arrived and kissed the blushing bride on the forehead, a violation of clerical decorum which nevertheless was received with enthusiastic ap-

plause. Mrs. M——, one of their dearest non-Catholic friends, appeared with fifty exquisite roses in her arms, herself more beautiful and charming than they. Sprays of orange blossome were brought by Mrs. Edward S—— from her own tree, carefully tended and nurtured in anticipation of the event. Visits and congratulations poured in throughout the day from all quarters and all classes, Catholic and non-Catholic, rich and poor, clergy and laity. Late in the evening, when the reception was over and the guests had departed, the venerable bridegroom, drawing his bride to a seat beside him, and gathering their sons and daughters around, essayed to read them an unexpected Sermon on the Golden Wedding which he had secretly prepared. Its purport was chiefly to thank God for the gift of the true Faith, as the greatest blessing of the fifty years, to urge his children always to cherish and practice that faith in its fullness, and finally to express a tender and ardent gratitude to his wife, to whose steadfast affection and holy example and counsel, he attributed all that was good in his life and even all hope of his own salvation. At this point, his voice gave way, and tears and sobs of emotion prevented his continuance. The eldest son, Harry, uttered a few words of tender affection and reverence, and with warm filial em-

braces, all retired and the Golden Wedding was over.

In spite of advancing age, Mr. Richards continued to show all the fire and vigor of youth. His duties under the Overseers of the Poor and his self-imposed tasks of writing, were fulfilled with the same fidelity and energy. He took part regularly in the Nocturnal Adoration at the Cathedral under the direction of his friend, Dr. Thomas Dwight, a convert no less devout than himself. When the Alumni Sodality was established at Boston College in 1899, he attended their meetings regularly, going in from Winchester escorted by his second son, William, who had proved to be the main staff and support of his old age.

Eight years after the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding, the golden bond was rudely broken by the death of Mrs. Richards. After a short illness from the prevailing epidemic of the grippe, she was stricken with apoplexy. The family circle had remained unbroken for more than forty years; and when the Mother was found to be paralyzed and speechless, consternation ensued. By the aid of a good Catholic nurse, the priest was called and all preparations made for the sacraments. To the joy of her husband and children, the invalid recovered consciousness sufficiently to make her confession and receive Extreme Unction, when she re-

lapsed into a semi-comatose condition, in which she remained until her gentle spirit passed away a few hours later. Her life of earnest, unobtrusive piety had been a perpetual preparation for death, and her frequent and fervent communions constituted no doubt a viaticum by anticipation for that last journey when, through her inability to swallow, the Bread of Angels was denied to her. The likeness of her spirit to that of her husband was shown in the fact that her last conversation, on the evening preceding the final stroke, was a consultation with her second son William, as she lay on her sick bed, concerning the relief of a poor family in Winchester, an act of charity which was to remain a secret between them. When morning came, she asked, in scarcely articulate tones, what was the intention of the Sacred Heart leaflet for that day. When told, she murmured an aspiration to the Sacred Heart, and these were her last words before the great change that showed the end was at hand.

Cynthia Richards, from the time of her conversion, was a most intelligent and devoted Catholic. Before coming into the Church, she had made a prolonged and careful study of its doctrines and practices, and had observed the effect of both upon her husband's character. Throughout life, in spite of her household duties and social engagements, she kept up a

habit of wide and diligent reading, and very little in current Catholic literature escaped her eye. She was moreover possessed of a direct, feminine logic and a sure Catholic instinct. She was as fond of all Catholic devotions and as much at home in them as though she had never been for a day outside the fold of the Church. As she advanced in age, she not only increased in wisdom and devotion (more gentle and motherly and unselfish she could not possibly become), but she also grew strikingly beautiful. Her face filled out with more softly rounded outlines, a faint flush mantled in her cheeks and gave new life to her fine and delicate complexion, and through her refined features shone more clearly than ever the serious, kindly, faithful spirit that ruled her life. The spiritual soul, through years of patient and loyal striving, had moulded the bodily frame to its own likeness.

Her husband's love for her had never grown cold. The tenderness and warmth of his affection rivaled that of the most ardent lover. When separated by the absence of either from home, he wrote her every day, and he could scarcely bear her absence from his side for even a few days. His letters written in old age begin with the most endearing titles, and are more replete with expressions of tender affection than his love letters before their mar-

riage. Sometimes, in childlike fashion, he makes with his pen a circular scroll enclosing the word "kiss." No cloud had ever come between them. Even those who knew them most intimately never heard a sharp or angry word from either to the other. Mrs. Richards' love for her husband was mingled with deep reverence, almost religious veneration, for his character and virtues. Yet she was not blind to his faults; and it was her quiet, loving influence and wise counsel that moderated his ardor, softened his otherwise somewhat rigid and rugged character, and helped him greatly toward that perfection of Catholic manhood to which he actually attained. The shock of her death was naturally a crushing blow to her husband's loving heart. His supernatural faith and habitual resignation to God's will did not desert him; but his physical frame could not endure the burden. Four days after his wife's death, he was taken with one of those accessions of nervous depression and desolation of soul which had affected him so mysteriously at several preceding periods of his life. Those around him had only glimpses of the mental agony that he endured; but that was sufficient to fill them with distress. Yet his faith never wavered; and not only his essential love of God, but his zeal for His service and for the spread of the Church continued to glow as brightly as

ever. Unable to read himself, he had Catholic publications read to him by other members of the family. He rejoiced intensely, in the midst of his own misery, at every evidence of progress and success in any part of the universal Church. To any one who spoke to him, he answered briefly, with a kind smile and an effort at cheerfulness; but relapsed immediately into a sad silence. Once during this period, which lasted five months, he was cheered by a visit from Father Fidelis (Dr. James Kent Stone) whom he loved as a son. When his children lamented to Father Fidelis the heavy trial which their father was undergoing, he answered: "Your father is a saint. This trial is only a final purification. It will pass away and he will never be troubled in that way again." The event proved the good religious to be a true prophet. The cloud gradually lifted from Mr. Richards' mind, and from that time until his death, nearly three years later, he enjoyed peace of soul and his accustomed fervent devotion.

The year 1902 brought the fiftieth anniversary of the former minister's reception into the Church. It occurred on the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25, and was celebrated very quietly but with intense gratitude. Among the congratulations that poured in on that occasion, Mr. Richards appreciated highly

the two letters sent by the Novices and the Junior Scholastics of the Jesuit Novitiate of St. Andrew-on-Hudson. The following is his answer to the Novices through their Manuductor, Henry M. Brock:

"Black Horse Terrace, Winchester,
"Jan. 27, 1902.

"*Dear Father Brock:*

"I can hardly find words to express our deep sense of gratitude for the wealth of spiritual graces procured for me by your admirable community, even the novices whom you represent offering their congratulations and fervent prayers for my health and happiness on the occasion of the jubilee of my conversion. I count greatly upon the first fervor of the young novices who, in their zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, are preparing themselves for the blessed work of battling with the world and sin and building up Holy Church on earth.

"You speak of my 'courage in following the Star of God's grace.' I deserve no credit on that ground. If ever there was a conversion through the constraining influence of the grace of God, mine was emphatically such. I shall never cease to adore the infinite patience and long suffering forbearance of our dear good Lord and Savior and his constraining grace

which I may well say dragged me into the Church in spite of my lack of courage and self-denial, *Deo gratias!* It is impossible for me to conceive why the good Lord chose our dear son to serve Him in the holy ministry and in the illustrious order of St. Ignatius, except that he had the advantage of a saintly mother, who I hope is now in heaven. Certainly it was no merit of mine.

"Please present my thanks and assurance of deep appreciation of the kindness and charity of your confrères and be assured I am most truly and sincerely as gratefully,

"Yours,

"H. L. Richards."

The jubilee was signalized by the publication of an article, afterward reprinted in pamphlet form, entitled, *Fifty Years in the Church.* Twice before had similar articles issued from his pen. When he had completed his thirtieth year of Catholic life, he addressed, through the *Catholic Columbian,* a letter to the surviving members of his former congregation of St. Paul's Church, Columbus. His purpose was to counteract the fears that sometimes harass those who are drawn toward the Catholic Church lest, after entering her fold, they should be disappointed and should not find there the peace, the certainty of truth, and the spiritual

assistance and sanctity which they imagined to reside in her. He wished to testify to his old friends and to the Protestant world in general that he had found the Church not only everything that he had expected, but far more, and that every year only served to increase his love for the Holy Mother of the Faithful and his gratitude to God for being sheltered within her bosom. He made an earnest appeal to his readers to consider impartially the claims of the Catholic Church to be the true Church of Christ and to follow courageously the light received. The article attracted wide attention, was copied by Catholic papers even as far as India, and was circulated as a pamphlet. At the completion of his fortieth year, he issued a similar appeal, somewhat varied in outline, and the same was done, as is stated above, in his jubilee year. The *Fifty Years* booklet has recently been reprinted by Herder. At least one conversion can be traced directly to the influence of one of these little pamphlets.

Mr. Richards' younger brother, William, to whom he was tenderly attached, died in Washington on August 5, 1899. He had lived as a consistent and devout Catholic and met death with constancy and peace. It was evident that Henry's long probation was drawing to a close and the ties that still bound him to earth were being severed.

At the end of January, 1901, he resigned his position in the Bureau of Charities, the duties of which he had faithfully fulfilled up to the age of eighty-six and beyond. But the leisure thus gained was not spent in inactivity. He rejoiced to find himself free to devote his remaining energies unreservedly to his writing and other labors for God and the Church. In this, his association with his eldest son was a great joy and assistance. Harry had never recovered from the nervous prostration which had forced him to relinquish his work on the *Sacred Heart Review.* Compelled to remain at home and unable, as a general rule, to apply himself to writing for any considerable time, he yet retained all his keenness of intellect and brilliancy of wit. Every article was discussed between the two gray-haired men with the freedom of companions and the earnestness of apostles. Harry's cool judgment moderated the ardor of his father's indignation against the malicious attacks on the Church which they were called upon to refute, while his skill as a practiced journalist gave a command of restrained and temperate expression more incisive and effective in controversy than vehement denunciation. The humble docility with which the older man finally submitted on all occasions to the criticisms of the younger, though sometimes not without first contending

vigorously for his own view, and the profound respect and affection of the son, were equally beautiful and edifying to all who knew them. The following letter written during this period, may serve to illustrate this mutual feeling:—

"Asbury Park, N. J.
"July 24/01.

"*My dear Father:*

"Mary will be surprised and Commie will be shocked when I say that my reason for not sending you a birthday letter was that I did not know your birthday. I knew it was in July, but I didn't know just when. Well, men are like that, and I'll wager that *you* don't know *mine.*

But it's not too late to tell you that I love you above all earthly things, and that I admire and venerate you so greatly that it seems of no use at all to try to tell you about it. Your humility is so great and I am such a pragmatic, know-it-all sort of pedagogue-prig that you are in the habit of deferring to me and looking to me to settle questions as they come before us, when the natural and proper order would be just the reverse. However, these things are not essential. The real gist of the matter is that we love each other with a complete and absolute confidence that nothing can shake. I'm altogether unworthy and undeserving of such

a father, but I'm not going to quarrel with Providence for giving him to me.

"Faithfully, your son,

"HARRY."

The three years that were thus passed before Mr. Richards' death were like the sunset glow before the close of day. His character, chastened by trials and more and more transfigured by love of God and man, revealed new depths of beauty and tenderness. He lived in heaven, but took a kindly interest in the things of earth. To his family and friends, his bright, cheerful smile and serene conversation were a constant joy. Those who had recourse to him for consolation and guidance in their troubles found still the same ready sympathy and wise counsel. Having been constituted the paymaster for the family expenditures, he had no greater delight than drawing the checks for the numerous charities in all parts of the country to which he had always contributed. To his youngest daughter, who, on account of his increasing infirmities, had been constituted a kind of general manager and admonitor, he showed an obedience quite childlike in its simplicity. In addition to his writing for the *Sacred Heart Review* and other Catholic periodicals, a large share of his time was devoted to prayer and religious reading. Formal medi-

tation was not easy for him; but his whole day was a mental prayer, for his thoughts turned naturally to God and heavenly things. Besides frequent drives in the beautiful country about Winchester, his chief recreation was to pace up and down the ample porch of his residence, rosary in hand. Every afternoon he boarded the electric car and went to the church at Medford to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. It was evident that his interest in everything going on around him did not take his mind from the constant thought of another world. He had always appreciated deeply the shortness of life and had often spoken of the necessity of being ever prepared. His health, always precarious, had led him to expect, from year to year, the last great change. Contrary to his expectations, he had passed far beyond the allotted span; and he now looked for death without apprehension, as for the coming of a welcome friend. The first positive warning was a slight attack of paralysis of the brain and tongue. It lasted only an hour or two, and left the patient apparently as well as before. He made light of it and could not understand the alarm of the family. But repeated returns of the same symptoms during the next few months confirmed their fears. At last an attack so severe and prolonged occurred that his end seemed to be at hand. The pastor was hastily

summoned and the Jesuit son telegraphed for. But when the latter arrived, immediate danger had passed and the sick man laughed merrily at the unceremonious fashion in which he had been compelled to make his confession and receive the other sacraments without any of that careful preparation which he had been accustomed to think necessary. After some days, as he was improving steadily, his Jesuit son came to take leave and ask his farewell blessing. The old man placed both hands on his son's head and said, with a simple solemnity: "*Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus!*" During the next two months, renewed but slight attacks followed. He was surrounded by all the care that medical skill, devoted nursing and the most tender and solicitous affection could render, while he, on his part, kept up with unfailing courage and fidelity, not only his religious exercises and when possible his labors, but also his courteous and unselfish consideration for others about him. His eldest daughter, who had been devoted in reading to him, having been disabled from this office of love by a severe illness, a professional reader was employed to take her place. The invalid took constant care to have such reading selected as would interest and benefit the reader as well as himself. Peace, serenity and tranquil cheerfulness char-

acterized his looks and words during this last period of his earthly trial. Constant prayer and the Holy Viaticum, received as often as possible, gave him spiritual strength and joy. It is said that those who are scrupulous and fearful during life, generally have a peaceful and joyous death. This was certainly verified in Mr. Richards' case. On the Thursday before the First Friday of November, he had suffered a slight accession of paralysis, affecting to some extent his right arm and hand, and had expressed his apprehension lest he should be unable to write again, a deprivation which he seemed to dread more than any other. Yet he spoke placidly and with entire resignation to God's will. The next morning, he recited as usual the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin in Latin, with the aid of a reading glass, while lying in bed. Sometime after dressing, he was found by his daughter, lying on the couch, speechless but fully conscious. He stretched out his arms toward her with a look full of sweetness and tenderness that said more plainly than words, "It has come at last!" The priest was hastily summoned, and as the dying man received Holy Communion, his face shone like that of an angel. Gradually he sank into unconsciousness. When his Jesuit son again arrived, he had given no sign of intelligence for nearly twenty-four hours. Yet at the words,

uttered in a loud voice: "Father, I am Havens; I want to give you absolution!", he opened his eyes as though the spirit were recalled from the confines of another world; then closed them for the last time on earth. An hour or two later, he passed quietly away, while his children, kneeling about his bed, recited the prayers of the Church that he loved so loyally and so well. It was Sunday, November 8, 1903. On his tombstone are inscribed the words of his patron, St. Paul:—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

APPENDIX

The following sermon, preached at Gambier at the opening of the fall term in 1849, under circumstances detailed on page 228 of this work, created a violent sensation in that stronghold of Low Church theology. It reveals so clearly the preacher's conception of the Church shortly before his actual conversion and states so powerfully the grounds of his convictions, that it has been judged well to print it here in full. Its phraseology is not always that of Catholic theologians, and in regard to some points, as the power of forgiving sins, he falls definitely short of Catholic truth. But in general his teaching, though the result of his own independent study of the Christian system, seems to agree substantially with Catholic doctrine concerning the Church as the mystical body of Christ.

SERMON

On the Organic Nature of Christianity.

1st Corinthians xv. 22.

"For as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive."

This is not, as many seem to suppose, a declaration of Universal Salvation. It is not said, you see, that all shall be in Christ as all are in Adam. Such

a declaration were in direct conflict with the whole tenor of the New Testament. The meaning of the passage, evidently, must be, that as all who are united with Adam die, so all who are united with Christ shall be made alive. That is, as all who are united with Adam in the material way die, so all who are united with Christ in the supernatural way shall be made alive. Adam is represented as the head of the natural race of mankind, and Christ as the head of the new spiritual race; and the assertion, it seems to me, is equivalent to this; as all who are born of the race of Adam do, by virtue of their organic connection with him, die; so all who are new-born of the new spiritual race of Christ are, by virtue of their organic connection with him, made alive. Observe, if you please, that it is by virtue of what I have taken the liberty to term an "Organic Connection" in both cases, that the effects predicated of each are said to follow. We know not *how* it is or *why* it is that God has so constructed us that, by virtue of our connection with Adam, as the original of our race, we suffer the consequences that were inflicted upon him because of his sin. We only know that it is so. This is the fact. There is such a thing as an organic connection that binds us all to our head, and through him binds us together in one. We are one race, having one constitution, one origin, one destiny. Because Adam our great progenitor died, we all die. He died in consequence of his sin. And so, death hath passed upon all men, as saith the Apostle, "For that all have sinned." And I repeat: The assertion of the text is, that there is a corre-

sponding organic connection between Christ and the new spiritual race of which he is the Head, by virtue of which all who are thus united to Him are made alive. This, my beloved brethren, is a very important principle of the gospel—one that, I fear, is too much overlooked by many to the great prejudice of gospel truth and the detriment of the best interests of the Church and of our race. Let me enlarge somewhat upon the principle as it is evidently set forth in Holy Scripture, that I may if possible give you a clear apprehension of it, and that we may all be led to appreciate more fully the bearing of the principle upon the great scheme of the gospel and feel more deeply the importance of realizing and acting upon it in the great work of the Christian life.

Now I think it will be of some use to us in endeavoring to get clear apprehensions of the subject to observe that there is a natural life and there is a spiritual life. The natural life is that with which we are all born into this world. Spiritual life is supernatural,—something over and above natural,—something added to it. Natural life is that which fits us to be inhabitants of this world. Spiritual life fits us to enjoy an unseen and spiritual world. Natural life is that with which Adam was first created. But contemporaneous with his creation he was endowed also with the spiritual life. It is said, "God breathed into him the breath of life and man became a living soul." In one sense the soul itself is living. It lives by virtue of its own inherent nature—that nature with which God en-

dowed it. The very idea of spirit involves life. But when God breathed into Adam, he became a living soul in another and higher sense than that of mere natural life. He was not merely a man, but a man "made in the image and likeness of God." God's spirit dwelt in him and imparted to him a moral character,—made him another different being from what he would have been but for this indwelling of the spirit. It was this which exalted him above the mere brute; which elevated him in the scale of being,—gave him a twofold character, sanctified him, made him pure, holy, perfect,—in a word, made him like God, and therefore capable of enjoying a higher, purer, more perfect state of existence here and the full fruition of God in Heaven hereafter. While his natural constitution as a man, endowed with all the qualities, the powers and faculties peculiar to a human being, fitted him to live in and enjoy this world, the indwelling of the spirit of God opened up to him another world, taught him to look beyond this visible, tangible scene and to fix his thoughts and affections upon the unseen and spiritual and to live with reference to them. And thus he may be said to have lived another and a higher life even here, and that life was a spiritual life. He lived and moved and had his being and his happiness in God. God made him like Himself, and to be happy only in Him. And hence, it was the union of this twofold life,—this life of nature and life of the spirit,—that constituted his perfection and his supreme happiness. Now, it was this spiritual life that was lost by the fall and which "brought

death into the world and all our woes." Adam sinned and the spirit departed from him. The union between his soul and God was dissolved and he *died;*—died *spiritually,* at least, and, as it was the indwelling of the spirit that preserved and perpetuated natural life, so the seeds of death were also sown in his body and hence the curse in all its fearfulness and extent embraced death temporal, death spiritual and death eternal, and it left him a helpless, degenerate, miserable creature. It left him imperfect and, therefore, not sufficient for himself. He was, if I may use the expression, deprived of his better half, a poor widowed spirit, left all alone in weakness, and helplessness, and loneliness, with none to comfort him; restless, dissatisfied,—conscious of an aching void within, which nothing earthly could fill, and seeking, and longing, and striving in endless and vain endeavor to find something, yea, even though it were guilty and unlawful pleasure, to satiate the inordinate craving that was consuming his very life. And now the great question arises, what is the remedy for this state of things? How shall man be delivered from this dreadful and unnatural condition? Blessed be God! He has answered the question, and answered it as He alone could do. It is obvious at first sight that, to restore man to his primitive condition, you must restore his spiritual life, and for the restoration of that life you must in some way bring about a reunion between his soul and God. You must restore to him that better half which has been lost by the fall. The desecrated Temple must be reenshrined by the in-

dwelling of the Spirit of God. This is the object of the institution of the gospel and the Church. We can very easily conceive how God might have imparted this spiritual life to mankind as individuals—unconditionally and without the intervention of any means or instrumentalities. Indeed, we can conceive the possibility of God's imparting this life to the world without the necessity of the mission of his Son, Jesus Christ. But He has not done it. God acts by means and He determined in redeeming man from the thraldom of sin to employ a system of means which in His infinite wisdom He saw best adapted to accomplish the end. Man is a free and accountable being and he must be dealt with according to his character and the circumstances of his condition. The problem is to reunite man to God and restore to him the spiritual life which he had lost. How shall it be done? Why, God sends His only begotten Son, the Eternal *Word,* the Second Person of the adorable Trinity, to take upon Him our nature and thus to bring Divinity down to humanity that humanity might be elevated to the Divinity. He was perfect man as well as perfect God and hence in *Him* the union is consummated. There, in that Person, is humanity restored to its primitive purity and perfection. There is the spirit of God dwelling in man and restoring to humanity the spiritual life which had been lost. But the question arises, and it is a very important one, how should this be made effectual to the restoration of the *race?* The spirit is given without measure to Christ, but how shall it be given to the world at

large? There, in that illustrious Personage, is a man reunited to God and dwelling in Him and having life in Himself and having it abundantly, yea, sufficient for the whole world. But how shall this life be imparted to others? His being human does, indeed, adapt Him to the work for which He has been sent. He is a man and He knows what is in man, and He can come in contact with him, and exert an influence over him. But how shall He so operate upon the race as to restore that lost spiritual life which is to elevate him to his primitive condition and enable him to fulfill his high and noble destiny? Now is it not clear at this stage of our investigation that there must be, as I have said, some organic connection between Christ and the race in order to the transmission of that life which he has come to impart? It is not enough that He is man. It is not enough that He is God and man united, and that He has, in His own person, brought Divinity down to humanity. It is not enough that He mingles with men and sympathizes with them and exerts an influence over them. It is not enough that He preaches to them and delivers a system of ethics superior to anything that the world has ever seen before. Nay, I go farther, and say that it is not enough that He shall die for them, that He shall pour out His heart's blood upon the cross and make a vicarious atonement for them. All these, undoubtedly, are important and essential in their place. But these are not all that is necessary. Viewed merely as an individual—as a man however perfect, or as the God-Man—as a glorious Personage in whom Divin-

ity and humanity are united—his acts can be of no consequence to us unless there is some organic connection between Him and the race by which the benefits which he came to bestow can be made over,—transmitted to us. It is not enough merely to proclaim the *facts* of the gospel. All experience confirms the constant and uniform teaching of Holy Scripture, that it is folly to rely upon any mere history or even philosophy of Christianity. There is indeed a philosophy of life as it has been termed, and it is certain that the only *true* philosophy of life is embodied in the Christian system. And it is important that that philosophy should be studied and understood by all. But the philosophy of life is not the life itself; nor is the possession of the life necessarily connected with the possession of the philosophy of life. That philosophy may be understood even in its profound as well as its simple teachings, by one who has never, even in its first beginnings, experienced the life itself. It is really quite strange how much importance is by many attached to the mere matter of preaching, as if the proclamation of the facts and philosophy of Christianity were all that is necessary for imparting spiritual life to the world. *It is not so!* I care not with what zeal or eloquence or impassioned earnestness;—I care not with what accumulation of impressive accessories this proclamation be attended;—were there nothing more, it were a hopeless task. We might well sit down in despair and hang our harps on the willows. Do not misunderstand me. I am not now dispara-

ging preaching. It has its importance in the Christian scheme, as a means to an end. And it is not to be overlooked or underrated. What I am saying is that by itself and disconnected with any scheme,—separated from other accessories,—divorced from a *visible, tangible system of organized union with Christ,* it is a matter of very little consequence. There must be something corresponding with the organic connection that exists in the natural race and by which we all as members of that race receive our natural life. There must be a *principle of continuity* and *reproduction* by which we become Christians just as there is a principle of continuity and reproduction by which we become men. And this, my beloved brethren, lets us somewhat into the secret of the profound mystery of the Incarnation. I do not mean that it explains the mystery, but it shows its connection with the System of Christianity and in some measure reveals its meaning—its profound significance. We see it is not merely the knowledge of the fact of the union of the human and divine in the person of Christ that is of so much importance. It is not merely the fact of the death of Christ for the sins of the world. It is not any nor all of the facts of the gospel history, in themselves considered. It is not any inference from those facts, any system of teaching grounded upon them that, in themselves, are of so much consequence to us. It is something deeper than that. This Incarnation brings God down to man and brings man in contact with God and establishes the organic connection that I have

been speaking of, by which we can not only learn the philosophy of life but become partakers of that life itself.

By the divine appointment, Christ was constituted the organic head of a new race, that is, of a spiritual race, and in order to become partakers of the spiritual life which he imparted we must come into organic connection with Him in the way which He Himself hath appointed. He is called the "*Second Adam.*" There is a force and a meaning in the expression which, I fear, is not generally understood. What else can be inferred from it but that Christ stands in a similar relation to those who are united with Him that Adam does to those who are united with him? That is, as the first man, Adam, was the organic head and representative of the natural race, through whom by a principle of continuity and reproduction, peculiar to itself, we all receive our natural life; so Christ, the second Adam, is the head and representative of the new spiritual race through whom, by a corresponding principle of continuity and reproduction, peculiar to itself, we derive our spiritual life. Natural life is the result of natural generation. So spiritual life is the result of spiritual regeneration, and as natural generation is possible only by virtue of an organic principle which unites the race to its head, so spiritual regeneration is ordinarily possible only by virtue of an organic principle which unites the spiritual race to its spiritual head.

But it is a very serious and important question: What is this organic connection? In deciding this

question, we appeal at once to Holy Scripture. We may form plausible theories upon the subject and endeavor to maintain them by specious reasoning and ingenious argumentation; but, after all, it must be decided as a matter of *fact*. Let us then go to the fountain head. Let us go back to the very origin of Christianity and take our stand by the distinguished Personage who claims to be its Author. His labors on earth are now nearly completed. His work is almost done. He has poured out His heart's blood upon the Cross for the redemption of the world. He has burst the bonds of death and triumphed over the grave. For forty days He has mingled with His few chosen friends, with all the familiarity of the most friendly and endearing intimacy. He has instructed them in the things that pertain to the Kingdom of God. And now the time of His departure is at hand. But, before He leaves them, there is one more important step to be taken. It is a solemn transaction, for it has a most important bearing upon the work which He has come to accomplish. He calls around Him the eleven chosen disciples and after a few words of explanation, doubtless, adapted to their circumstances, He breathes on them and says unto them: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Now this is a most extraordinary declaration. What does it mean? He breathed on them and said unto them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost!" Is it a mere figure or is it reality? Admit, if you please, that it is figure; still

it is full of the most important and profound spiritual significance. For the least that can be said of it is that it is a striking ceremonial indicating the communication of power and authority to perform the most serious and important acts. But it is not mere figure. It is not a mere ceremonial, however striking and significant. It is *reality*. Doubtless, there was an actual communication of the Holy Ghost, who is the author and source of all power and authority and grace. But for what purpose? Why, do you not see? The God-Man is about to leave us and He is now making provision for the communication of spiritual life to the world after He has gone. And he imparts to them the Spirit, the life which he has in Himself that it may be imparted by and through them to the world. Hence he adds in the most solemn manner. "Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Man in his natural state is sinful, and in order to the reception of spiritual life his sins must be forgiven. Hence He confers upon these chosen ones power and authority to declare and pronounce to the people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins. Here, then, we have the first step—the first link in the chain that constitutes the organic connection which we are endeavoring to ascertain and to trace. These eleven chosen disciples are made, if I may so express myself, the depositaries of the spirit and therefore of the grace and spiritual life of which He is the Author, and they are commissioned to communicate this great gift to others, in connection with

the remission of sins. Hence it is that the Church in her office of ordination directs the Bishop to lay his hands upon the head of the candidate and say: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Priest in the Church of God now committed to thee, by the imposition of our hands; whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained." In other words, she repeats the solemn ceremonial by which the Apostles were first set apart for the work to which they had been chosen, the ceremonial which has been repeated in every age since that time and by which a constant, regular and unbroken succession of ambassadors has been kept up. And thereby she does undoubtedly give her sanction to the solemn truth that the gifts and graces of spiritual life which flow from the great fountain of the Incarnation *must be sought in the channel appointed for them to flow in.* But the transaction of which I am speaking indicates, as I have said, only the first link in the chain. That the Apostles were made the depositaries of grace with the commission to communicate to others, seems clear. But how shall this be done? The answer to this question will indicate the second link, and that answer is to be found in another transaction which took place not long after that of which I am speaking and which was not less solemn, impressive and significant. He is now on the point of departure, and He calls the disciples—the same chosen few—about Him and says unto them: "All power is given unto Me both in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all

nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," and adds: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Now every word here is pregnant with meaning. "All power is given unto Me both in heaven and on earth." Why this solemn declaration of His power? Why, He is about to delegate power and authority to them. He is to leave the world Himself, but before He goes He must appoint agents and ministers to act in His stead; and these chosen ones, whom He has prepared by a long course of training for the work, are now to be appointed to this office. It was as if He had said, "Because I have all power in heaven and earth, therefore I delegate this power to you. I appoint you as my representatives—my vicegerents on earth. You are to act in My name and by My authority. Whatsoever you shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven and whatsoever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. I commission you not only to teach in My name but also to constitute a society. I do now constitute you into a society and give you authority to rule and govern it as well as to make disciples by baptizing in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and I promise to be with you even unto the end of the world." Here then is the second link. The grace of forgiveness and spiritual life—that great gift with which they have been intrusted, is to be communicated through the medium of Baptism. Hence the Catholic Church in all the world has ever taught her children to express their belief in "one baptism for

the forgiveness of sins." Hence St. Peter, on the day of Pentecost, when the multitude were pricked in their hearts and said, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" replied, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sin and ye shall receive the Holy Ghost." Hence Ananias who was sent for the instruction of Saul of Tarsus, after enlightening him as to the will of God concerning him, adds, "And now why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins." Hence the Apostle says, "We are saved by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." And all this is in perfect accordance with the declaration of Our Lord to Nicodemus, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he can not see the Kingdom of God"; and on the occasion of which I have before been speaking, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved and he that believeth not shall be damned." True, we must "believe." All who have come to years of discretion must receive the truth of the gospel and receive it in the love of it. But it is not belief merely that imparts spiritual life. We must come into organic connection with Christ the Head. The life of Christianity is a corporate life. We can conceive how God might have imparted spiritual life to individuals, separately and independently. He might have *created* each individual anew by a sovereign, independent act of creative power. And so He might have created the race, each independently of all the rest, without any connection with the race, or rather

without any race at all, properly speaking. But as in the latter case He chose to establish a principle of continuity and reproduction which, after the first act of creative power, should perpetuate the race itself, so in the former case He has chosen to provide means by which children shall be new-born to Him by a principle of continuity and reproduction which makes them all one, binds them together in one body and through that body to the one Head, even Christ.

This, my beloved brethren, is the design of the church. It is, you see, a visible, organized body in which the new spiritual life is deposited and through which it is to be perpetuated. The God-Man has taken it into union with Himself. He has breathed upon it the Divine effluence. The Holy Ghost has taken up His abode in it, and the God-Man has promised to be with it to the end of time. And baptism is the door of entrance into this body—the divinely appointed instrument through which union with the Body is to take place. Sons and daughters are to be born to God. The Church is the "Bride" —the "Lamb's wife," the mother of us all, and baptism is, as the Apostle says, the "Bath of regeneration." It is that through which we are born to God. And this explains what the Church means by "baptismal regeneration." You see, it is not, as many seem to suppose, the same as conversion. She does not mean that in baptism an adult person is necessarily spiritually renewed, that his heart is changed and his affections transformed.[1] That

[1] The statement of the effects of baptism would have been made clearer if it had been said that in infants who are incapable of placing any obstacle in the way, a principle of

is not it. But she does teach that baptism effects a change of state. That is, it takes a man out of a state of nature and places him in a state of grace,—out of the world and places him in the Church, that spiritual society in which Christ Himself dwells and where He vouchsafes all the blessings of His grace to every humble, penitent and believing soul. It brings him in contact with those channels through which the Head of the Body has Himself appointed that the quickening streams of spiritual life shall flow. Hence it is that the office of Baptism teaches us to pray to Almighty God that the child coming to his holy baptism "may receive remission of sins by spiritual regeneration," and after it has been baptized to thank Him "that it hath pleased Him to regenerate this child by His Holy Spirit, to receive him as His own child by adoption and to incorporate Him into His holy Church." Hence, the catechism teaches the child to say that in baptism he was "made a member of Christ, a child of God and inheritor of the Kingdom of heaven." And hence, too, in the Communion service, after we have solemnly offered the great sacrifice and partaken of the victim, and thus renewed the life which was imparted in baptism, we are taught to render most hearty thanks to Almighty God "for that thou dost vouchsafe to feed us who have duly received these holy mysteries with the spiritual food of the most precious Body and Blood of thy Son our Saviour

new spiritual life is implanted by the grace of God which, if properly developed and corresponded with, when the child reaches years of discretion, will result in the sanctification and salvation of the soul.—(Mr. Richards' note).

Jesus Christ and dost assure us thereby of thy favor and goodness towards us and that we are *very members incorporate in the mystical body of thy Son,* which is the blessed company of all faithful people and are also heirs through hope of thy everlasting kingdom by the merits of the most precious death and passion of thy dear Son."

Here, then, my beloved brethren, is the deep spiritual significance of the Church. Here is the philosophy of the profound mystery of the Incarnation. The Church is the Body of Christ. It is not a mere human organization. It is not a "voluntary society for religious purposes." It is not a mere system of externalism; a visible, outside framework, without spirit or meaning or life or power. No, it is the sacred *Body of Christ.* He dwells in it—dwells in it, not figuratively, not symbolically, not hypothetically nor constructively, but *really.* He dwells in it in the Person of the Holy Ghost. His promise to be with it was not figurative. It was a promise of real indwelling. "I go away and come again." He did go away. He has come again and He has come with power. He is really present with His Church. He is in it,—He is a part of it. We can not come in contact with it without coming in contact with Him. That contact may not necessarily impart life. To the faithless and unbelieving, the hypocrite and self-deceived, the proud and self-dependent, that contact will minister cursing rather than blessing. The streams of life which, to the humble, penitent, believing soul, impart health and refreshment, to these will be a consuming fire. The "Real Presence," my

beloved brethren, is an awful and yet a precious Truth. *Christ is* with us. The great fact of the Incarnation is thus, as it were, perpetuated. The God-Man is still upon earth. We come in contact with His body. The Union of the Human and the Divine consummated in the Person of Christ is still continued among us, and it is extended to the race. "Say not in thy heart who shall ascend into heaven, that is, to bring Christ down from above; or who shall descend into the deep, that is to bring Christ up from beneath. But what saith the Gospel? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart, that is the word of Truth which we preach." The "Word" is nigh thee. There is a form and a meaning in the expression not generally appreciated. The Word! That is not merely the shadow, the shell, the husk of Truth. Not the philosophy of Truth. But Truth is its Divine essence and living power. Truth as it exists and is manifested through Him who has declared emphatically, *"I am The Truth."* This is nigh thee for He Himself is nigh thee. Yea, when you come in contact with His body and fulfill the conditions which He requires; when you come with an humble, worthy, punctual and obedient heart, then He visits you with His own precious Presence. He imparts to you the streams of life, the waters of salvation. He, Himself, is in thee. "He is in thy mouth and in thy heart." He dwells in you and becomes your life. You feed upon Him. You eat His flesh and drink His blood—"the spiritual food," as the Prayer Book has it, "of the most precious body and blood of Christ," and you, thereby, live a

new life. You are transformed into the image and likeness of God in which Adam was first made. You walk forth in newness of life, redeemed from the bondage and thraldom of sin to the glorious liberty of the children of God. This, my beloved brethren, is the profound *realism* of the Church. *If it is not this, it is nothing.* It is a mere sham, and Christianity itself an inexplicable enigma. If the Church is not this, then they are right who discard it except that to be consistent they should discard the whole of Christianity and adopt its legitimate opposite, absolute individualism, by which every man becomes his own Church, his own Priest, his own Pope and infallible guide, and at last his own Lord and God and Master.

Now, there is a word or two of caution which, to those who are not familiar with these truths, or with this mode of presenting the truths of the gospel, it may be necessary to allude to. And in the first place, remember that it does not follow because the Church is the body of Christ and the depositary of spiritual life therefore no one can be partaker of this life *under any circumstances* without union with this body.[2] This is God's ordinary mode of dealing with men. This is what is declared in the gospel. The promise of the "Covenant" is contained in the Church. But we believe that the mercy of God may and does overflow the bounds of His covenant. If a man is deprived of the institutions of the Church and yet honestly and conscientiously does his duty

[2] The preacher here fails to distinguish clearly between the body and the soul of the Church, and thus seems to contradict the axiom "*Extra ecclesiam nulla salus.*"

according to his circumstances, we can not believe God will be so hard a master as to reject him. Nay, the Apostle declares expressly that in every nation "he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." We are judged according to our light and opportunities. God accepts us according to that we have and not according to that we have not. It is impossible for us in any particular case to define the limits of human responsibility. But in proclaiming the gospel, it is our duty to proclaim it as God has given it. It is *not* our business to preach exceptions. We have to do with great general principles. We must declare the law with the same strictness as if there were no exceptions and we must declare the promises as if circumscribed by indispensable conditions.

But in the second place, remark, if you please, that it does not follow from the principles laid down in this discourse that mere contact with the Body of Christ will necessarily impart spiritual life.

Here follows an extempore exhortation to the hearers to work out their salvation with fear and trembling, to avail themselves of all the privileges and graces vouchsafed in the Church to make their salvation sure.

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